

You Know You're From New Orleans

You know you're from New Orleans when somebody "axed" for you,

And "Flying Horses" you once rode while visiting the Zoo.

You wait in line at Galatoire's so you can get a table,

And know the Irish Channel just cannot be found on cable.

The only speeds to go in town are either "Slow" or "Stop",

And "Red Drink" is the name you give your favorite kind of pop.

You know that April is the time to have yourself a Fest,

And know exactly what it means to see a poor boy "dressed".



You're not misspelling just because you write it down as "krewes"

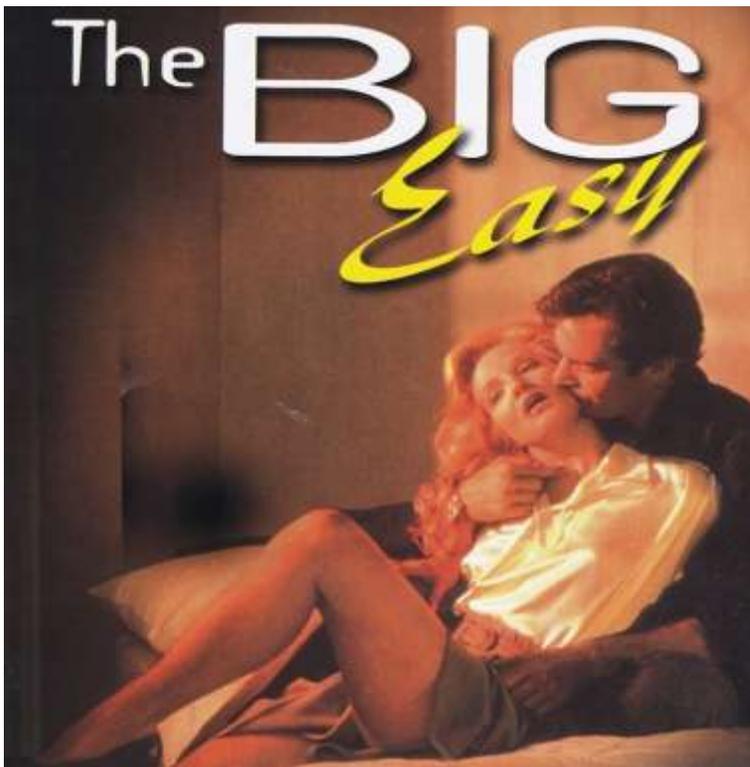
And not a sucker 'cause you know just "Where you got dem shoes?"

Your favorite color's purple, like the shade from K & B,
And remember when McKenzie's was a special place to be.

You like chicory in your coffee and "Old Hickory" in your Square,
And know "Big Easy" natives almost never call you "*chère*".

You also know that snowballs are not thrown to have a fight.

They're not winter white projectiles, but a Summertime delight.



"Oh, chère!"

The seasons here are Crawfish, Oysters, Shrimp and Crab;
And you know, with throws at Carnival, it's still polite to grab.

The elevation of your tomb is higher than your home,
And prayer is FOR - not TO - the Saints when you are in the Dome.

“Mosquito hawks,” not dragonflies, is what you say down here,
And once again we can enjoy an iced-cold Dixie Beer.

You’re also from New Orleans if your mother makes a roux,
And you know there were no bellhops if you stayed at Hotel Dieu.



You love those icy “Schooners” that they’re serving at Liuzza’s,
And remember all the crawfish advertised at Al Scramuzza’s.
Your last name isn’t always quite pronounced the way it’s spelled,
And you know that Harvey Welding School is where one went to weld.

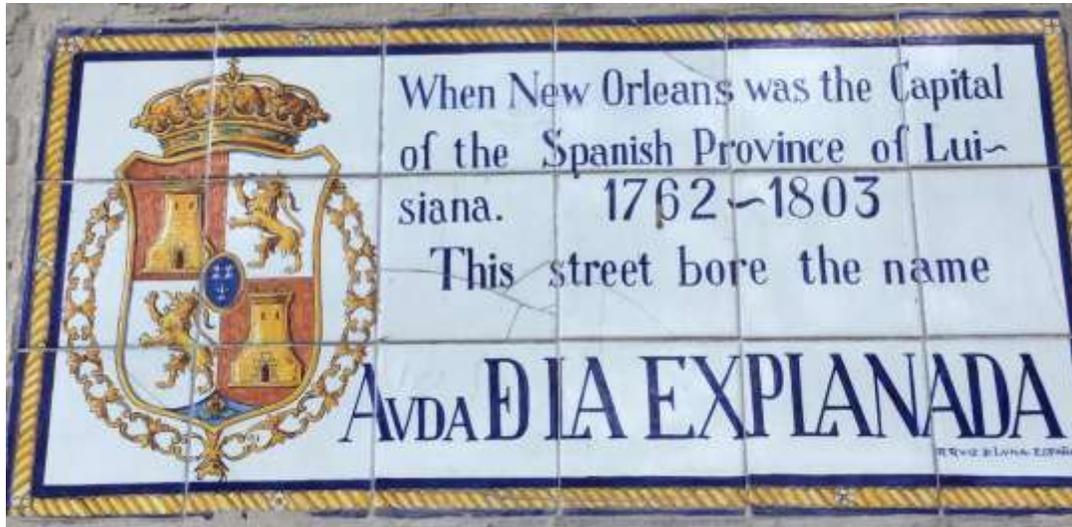


"Schooner" and "Scramuzza"

A "camelback" is not a hump, you'll know if you're from here,
Just a "shotgun" with a second floor, positioned to the rear.
The boulevards have "neutral grounds," it's locally agreed;
And "Magazine" means street to you, not something else to read.

It's Es-pla-NADE - not es-pla-NOD, that Old French avenue,
Where "hand grenades" are not so ODD, the tourists drink a few.
Not strange at all that you should call a Quarter street Bur-GUN-dy,

And it's just fine that you should dine on red beans on a Monday.



During Spanish rule, the Avenida de la Esplanada

There's "Moss" upon our oak trees, and it's where to buy antiques.

And on Bourbon Street there's bourbon,

Just as Royal Street has boutiques.

You drink daiquiris in go-cups, and discuss the food we eat,

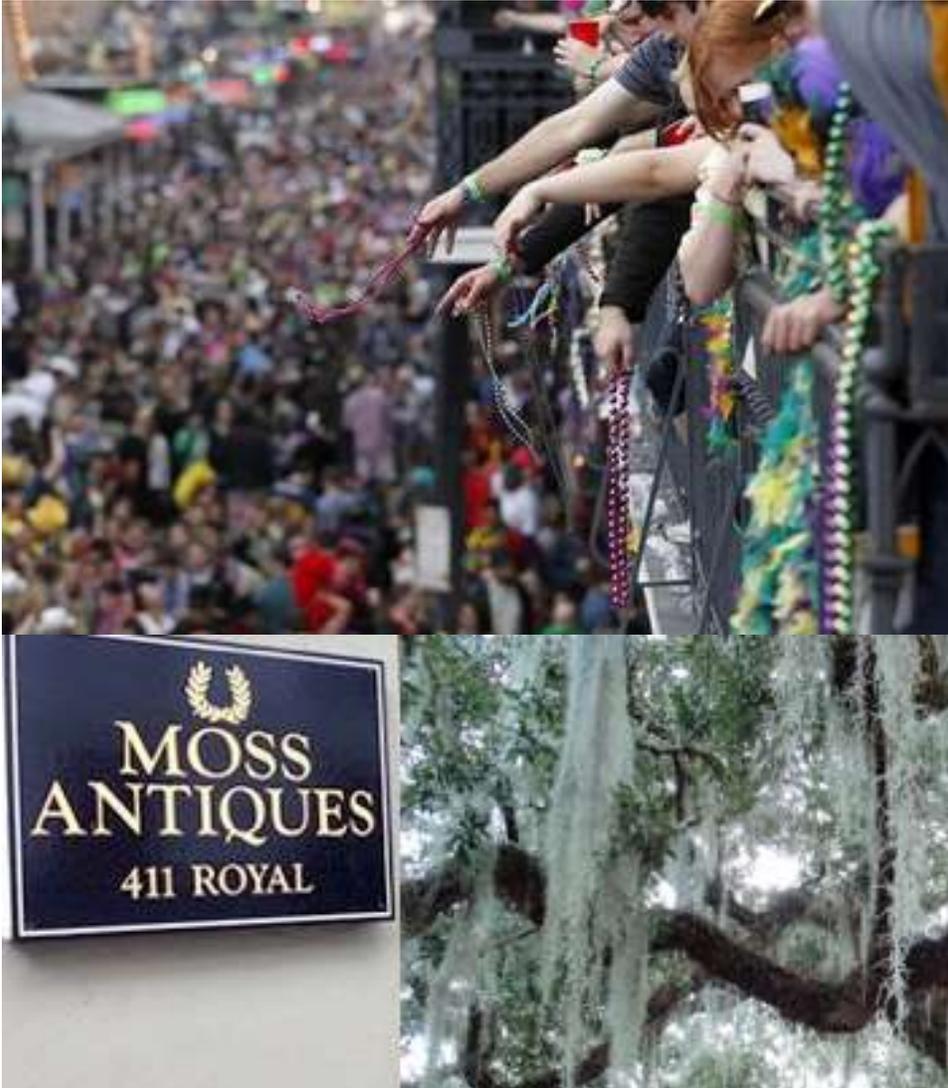
And will second-line at slightest sign of far-out funky beat.

You know you're from New Orleans when parades are everywhere,

At just a moment's notice, there's a festival or fair.

"Where'd you go to school?" implies the high school you attended,

Wop salads were on menus once, and no one was offended.



Mardi Gras and Moss in the Crescent City

Our martinis we like dirty, like our politics and rice.

And when K-Doe crooned, that Toussaint tune was always oh so nice.

We have kings and queens, a world-class cuisine

And a music scene with flare,

And our heartstrings zing each time Irma sings

“How I Wish Someone Would Care.”



Three hundred years of hopes and fears, our city has evolved,

And “sucking heads” is commonplace when crawfish are involved.

After years of yellow fever, wars and hurricanes - and more,

You know you’re from New Orleans if it’s all worth fighting for.

NED HÉMARD

New Orleans Nostalgia
"You Know You're From New Orleans"
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