

SCARLET AT MIDNIGHT (hasnbarger)

It's a long way to Baton Rouge
And it's a longer way to a past I've
never seen.
But I like my inventions and my bad
intentions,
So I'll fire up this old motor again.

And drive south like sly carpetbagger
Drive south like a hurricane wind
Eat me some catfish outside of
Clarksdale
Meet me a woman who has been
where I've been.

And how long till I see Scarlet at Midnight

How long till I see Scarlet again.

And how long till I smell the sea through the window

How long till I feel the sand on my skin.

Up on the levee down in the delta
I watch the moon rising up over a
barge
That's headed past Vicksburg and on
to gulf coast
To ply a great ocean where albatross
fly.

Out in the distance I can hear a soft
roaring
Out in the distance I smell a salt sea
And a muddy concoction made of oil
and oysters
A muddy concoction as muddy as me.

CHORUS

Been twenty years since I felt like a
cowboy
Since I felt the west wind under my
heels
An eighteen wheel trailer lies by the
highway
Looks like the end of the earth in high
gear

It gives me a reason to be a little
careless
Give me a reason to feel like I feel
Lonely and reckless, anxious and
scattered,
Free as the pelican over my head.

CHORUS →

And how long till I see the moon through the live oaks

And how long till I touch a woman in need.

And how long till I see Scarlet at midnight

And how long till I see Scarlet again.