

Katina

Out of the South
Slowly, surely she came.
Ripping and snorting,
Katrina was her name.
The people fled before her,
But some could not get away.
And, the rain fell down,
Down on the people below.
And, the river rose,
On the people with nowhere to go.
Nowhere to go.

She came ashore at daybreak.
Roaring like a runaway train.
Spitting out tornados, death, heartbreak and pain.
And, down in the Heartland,
Mothers and fathers were brave.
And, the rain fell down,
Till old Pouchy, it overflowed.
And, the river rose,
And, finally the levee, it broke.
It finally broke.

A Century of fears, finally realized.
A Century of tears, please help us survive.
Oh, God won't you show us that you're still on our side?

Hour after hour,
And, day after day.
The newborn, the children,
The elderly and gray.
Up on the rooftops,
They prayed to the Lord to be saved.
And, the rain fell down,
Down on the people below.
And, the river rose,
On the people with nowhere to go.
Nowhere to go.

And, the rain fell down,
And, the river rose,
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