

## Waits Tom

### "I Wish I Was In New Orleans"

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Well, I wish I was in New Orleans, I can see it in my  
dreams,  
Arm-in-arm down Burgundy, a bottle and my friends  
and me

Hoist up a few tall cool ones, play some pool and listen  
To that tenor saxophone calling me home  
And I can hear the band begin "When the Saints Go  
Marching In",  
And by the whiskers on my chin, New Orleans, I'll be  
there

I'll drink you under the table, be red-nosed, go for  
walks,  
The old haunts what I wants is red beans and rice  
And wear the dress I like so well, and meet me at the  
old saloon,  
Make sure that there's a Dixie moon, New Orleans, I'll  
be there

And deal the cards roll the dice, if it ain't that old Chuck  
E. Weiss,  
And Claiborne Avenue, me and you Sam Jones and all

And I wish I was in New Orleans, 'cause I can see it in  
my dreams,  
Arm-in-arm down Burgundy, a bottle and my friends  
and me  
New Orleans, I'll be there

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