

## **Louis Armstrong** **"Basin Street Blues"**

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Basin Street, Basin Street  
That's the place where my friends all meet  
Down in New Orleans, in that land of dreams  
And you don't know how nice it seems

It's dear to me, yes-sirree  
And that's the place I'm so longing to be  
Where I can lose  
These old Basin Street blues

No, Basin Street, my Basin Street  
Where the young and the old folk meet  
Down in New Orleans, in that land of dreams  
You don't know how nice it really seems

But it's dear to me, yes-sirree  
And that's the place I'm so longing to be  
Where maybe I can lose  
These old Basin Street blues

And oh, well I'm talkin' 'bout  
Basin Street, Basin Street  
Where the folk who know what's happenin' meet  
Down in New Orleans, in the land of dreams

And you don't know how nice it seems  
Or just how it really means

Dear to me, yes-sirree  
It's dear to me, yes-sirree  
Can't you see why I'm gonna lose  
These old Basin Street blues

Oh, I wanna go where I can lose  
These old Basin Street blues  
Oh yeah

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