

Nicola Arigliano "Basin Street Blues"

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(Din dan don tan scio-chi-pi-ti-tÃ n ghin-tu
Vai, one, two, toh)
(Yeah, go man!)

Basin Street... is the street
Where the elite... always meet
In New Orleans... land of dreams
You'll never know how nice it seems
Or just how much it really means.

Glad to be, yes-siree,
Where welcomes free, dear to me,
Where I can lose... my Basin Street Blues.
Po-po-po-pÃ² po-pÃ² po-pÃ²... po-pÃ²
(Go man, yeh)
(Yeh)
(Yeh)
(More... Dario Lapenna, go man, blues... yeah)

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Where the elite... always meet
In New Orleans... land of dreams
You'll never know how nice it seems
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Glad to be, yes-siree,
Where welcomes free, dear to me,
Where I can lose my Basin Street Blues.
Po-po-po-pÃ² po-pÃ² po-pÃ²... po-ahaaaa
(Blues!... very very very
Grazie, grazie, la banda, la banda)

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