

Tom Waits

"I Wish I Was In New Orleans"

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Well, I wish I was in New Orleans, I can see 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 a 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, I can see 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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