

I Wish I Was In New Orleans (In the Ninth Ward)

Tom Waits

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 want 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

Songwriters

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