

# I Wish I Was In New Orleans (In The Ninth Ward)

Tom Waits

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

Songwriters

TOM WAITS Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.  
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>