

I Wish I Was In New Orleans (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 meHoist 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 thereI'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 thereAnd 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

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