

New Orleans

Stevie Nicks

In the city of dreams lies the city's ghost
There's a beginning, there's a middle and an end
In this city we reach out for the middle ground
We throw a great party, so hard to start to mend
We forgive, at least we try
In the midst of the sea of dreams lies a perfect storm
In the sea of tears lies a city ghost
In the spirit of the morning glow
Well, the people hope that their lives will get better
The people hope that their lives will get better
I wanna get a room in New Orleans
I wanna sing in the streets of the French Quarter
I wanna dress up, I wanna wear beads
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by Ann Rice
And go on down Bourbon Street
I see a sea of smiles
I see a haunted city reaching out
I see hope in all their faces
Behind the mask of Mardi Gras
Where the good and the righteous walk
And the wicked as well
I wanna get a room in New Orleans
I wanna sing in the streets of the French Quarter
I wanna dress up, I wanna wear beads
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by the vampires

I wanna dress up, ooh yeah
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by Ann Rice
And go down Bourbon Street
Go on down Bourbon Street
Within these rooms, I go up to my balcony
And I hang the paintings on the wall
And I open up my gallery, and I open up my doors
I stare at the city, I stare at my city
I wanna get a room in New Orleans
I wanna sing in the streets of the French Quarter

I wanna dress up, I wanna wear beads
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by the vampires
I wanna get back to New Orleans
I wanna sing out in the streets of the French Quarter
I wanna dress up, I wanna wear beads
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by Ann Rice
Go down Bourbon Street
Go down Bourbon Street
Go on down Bourbon Street
Go on down Bourbon Street
Go on down, go on down, go on down
Go on down Bourbon Street
In the city of tears lies the city's ghost

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