

# Basin Street Blues

## New Harlem Ramblers

Won't you come along with me  
To the Mississippi  
We'll take a boat to the land of dreams  
Steam down the river, down to New Orleans  
The band's there to meet us  
Old friends there to greet us  
Where all the proud and elite folks meet  
Heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street  
Basin Street is the street  
Where the best folks always meet  
In New Orleans, land of dreams  
You'll never know how nice it seems,  
Or just how much it really means  
Glad to be, oh yes-sirree  
Where welcome's free and dear to me  
Where I can lose, lose my Basin Street Blues  
Basin Street, oh Basin Street  
Is the street, mama  
New Orleans, land of dreams

Lyrics provided by

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