Basin Street Blues

Jack Teagarden

Now won't you come along with me
To the Mississippi?
We'll take a trip to the land of dreams
Blowing down the river, down to New OrleansThe band is there to meet us
Old friends to greet us
That's where the line and the dark folks meet
A heaven on earth, they call it Basin StreetI said, Basin Street, Basin Street
Where the elite always meet
Down in New Orleans, the land of dreams
You'll never know how nice it seemsOr just how much it really means
Just to be, yes, siree, in New Orleans
The land of dreams where I can lose
My Basin Street bluesNow, you're glad you came with me
Down the Mississippi
We took a trip in a land of dreams
And floated down the river down to New OrleansWhere to, Basin Street, Basin Street
Where the elite always meet
Down in New Orleans, the land of dreams
You'll never know how, how much it seemsOr just how much it really means
Just to be, yes, siree, yeah, New Orleans
The land of dreams where I can lose
My Basin Street blues

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