

# Basin Street Blues (feat. Carol Welsman)

Michael Kaeshammer

Basin Street, Basin Street  
That's the place where my friends all meet  
Down in New Orleans, in that land of dreams  
And you don't know how nice it seemsIt's dear to me, yes-sirree  
And that's the place I'm so longing to be  
Where I can lose  
These old Basin Street bluesNo, Basin Street, my Basin Street  
Where the young and the old folk meet  
Down in New Orleans, in that land of dreams  
You don't know how nice it really seemsBut it's dear to me, yes-sirree  
And that's the place I'm so longing to be  
Where maybe I can lose  
These old Basin Street bluesAnd oh, well I'm talkin' 'bout  
Basin Street, Basin Street  
Where the folk who know what's happenin' meet  
Down in New Orleans, in the land of dreamsAnd you don't know how nice it seems  
Or just how it really meansDear to me, yes-sirree  
It's dear to me, yes-sirree  
Can't you see why I'm gonna lose  
These old Basin Street bluesOh, I wanna go where I can lose  
These old Basin Street blues  
Oh yeah

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