New Orleans

Stevie Nicks

In the city of dreams lies the city's ghostThere'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 tryIn 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 betterI 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 StreetI 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 wellI 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 vampiresI 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 StreetWithin 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 cityI 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 vampiresI 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 RiceGo 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 StreetIn the city of tears lies the city's ghost

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