

# Basin Street Blues

## Pete Fountain

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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