

# Basin street blues

Louis Armstrong

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 Orleans  
The 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 Street  
I 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 seems  
Or 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 blues  
Now, 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 Orleans  
Where 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 seems  
Or 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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