

# Willie Nelson, Basin Street Blues

No won't you come along with me  
Down the Mississippi  
We'll take trip to the land of dreams  
Floatin' down the river down to New Orleans

And the band'll be there to meet us  
Oh, friends to greet us  
That's where the light and the dark folks meet  
A heaven on earth - they call it Basin Street

Basin street is the street  
Where the elite always meet  
Out in New Orleans, the land of dreams  
You'll never know how nice it seems  
Or just how much it really means  
And I'd rather be, yes-sir-ee  
New Orleans the land of dreams  
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues

Now ain't you glad you came with me  
We went down the Mississippi  
We took a trip  
To the land of dreams  
We floated down the river  
Down to New Orleans

Basin street - that's the street  
Where the elite always meet  
Down in New Orleans, the land of dreams  
And you'll never know how nice it seems  
Or just how much it really means  
I'd rather be, yes-sir-ee  
New Orleans the land of dreams  
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues