

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