



well i wish i was in new orleans
 i can see it in my dreams
 arm in arm down burgundy street
 a bottle and my friends and me
 hoist up a few tall cool ones
 play some pool and listen to that
 tenor saxophone calling me home
 and i can hear the band begin
 when the saints go marching in
 by the whiskers on my chin
 new orleans i'll be there

i'll drink you under the table
 be red nose go for walks
 the old haunts what i wants
 is red beans and rice
 and wear the dress i like so well
 meet me at the old saloon
 make sure there's a dixie moon
 new orleans i'll be there

and deal the cards roll the dice
 if it ain't that ole chuck e. weiss
 and claiborne avenue you and me
 sam jones and all
 and i wish i was in new orleans
 i can see it in my dreams
 arm in arm down burgundy street
 a bottle and my friends and me
 new orleans i'll be there.

-tom waits
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