

Brenda Lee, Basin Street Blues

Won't you come along with me,
To the Mississippi
We'll take a boat to the land of dreams
Steam down the river,
Down to New Orleans
The bands there to meet us,
Old friends to greet us
Where all the elite, always meet,
Heaven on earth they call it Basin Street

Basin Street is the street where the elite, always meet
In New Orleans land of dreams
You never know how nice it seems
Or how much it really means
Glad to be, yes siree, where welcome Street,
Dear to me
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues

Well, Basin Street, you know it's the street
Where all the swinging people meet
In New Orleans, land of dreams
You'll never know how nice it seems
Or just how much it really means
Glad to be, ah, yes siree, where welcome Street
Dear to me
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues

Oh, ain't ya glad ya came with us,
Mmmmmmmmm down the Mississippi
Down to the street, where the folks all meet
Heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street