

Tom Waits, I Wish I Was In New Orleans

Well I wish I was in New Orleans
I can see it in my dreams
Arm in arm down Burgundy
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 Clayborn Avenue me and you
Sam Jones and all
And I wish I was in New Orleans
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Arm in arm down Burgundy
A bottle and my friends and me
New Orleans I'll be there