

Willie Nelson & Wynton Marsalis, Basin Street Blues

"(Willie Nelson, vocal)"

Now won't you come along with me
To the Mississippi.
We'll take a trip to the land of dreams
Floatin' down the river down to New Orleans.

The band is there to meet us
Old friends to greet us.
That's where the light and the dark folks meet
Heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street.

I said, Basin Street, Basin Street,
Where the elite always meet
Down in New Orleans, the land of dreams
You'll never know how nice it seems
Or just how much it really means

Just to be,
Yes siree,
In New Orleans
The land of dreams
Where I can lose
My Basin Street Blues.

"(Two verse trumpet-saxophone duet)
(Two verse guitar break)
(Two verse trumpet break)"

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

We went to Basin Street, Basin Street,
Where the elite always meet
Down in New Orleans, the land of dreams
You'll never know how nice it seems
Or just how much it really means

Just to be,
Yes siree,
In New Orleans
The land of dreams
Where I can lose
My Basin Street Blues.