

Basin Street Blues

Louis Armstrong

Won't you come along with me
Down that Mis - sis - sip - pi;
We'll take a boat to the land of dreams,
Steam down the river down to New Orleans.

The band's there to greet us,
Old friends will meet us,
Where all people like to 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'll never know how nice it seems
Or just how much it really means.

Glad to be, yessiree,
Where welcomes free, dear to me,
Where I can lose my Ba - sin Street Blues.