

Basin Street Blues

Sam Cooke

Basin Street, Basin Street
That's the place where my friends all meet
Down in New Orleans, in that land of dreams
And you don't know how nice it seems

It's dear to me, yes-sirree
And that's the place I'm so longing to be
Where I can lose
These old Basin Street blues

No, Basin Street, my Basin Street
Where the young and the old folk meet
Down in New Orleans, in that land of dreams
You don't know how nice it really seems

But it's dear to me, yes-sirree
And that's the place I'm so longing to be
Where maybe I can lose
These old Basin Street blues

And oh, well I'm talkin' 'bout
Basin Street, Basin Street
Where the folk who know what's happenin' meet
Down in New Orleans, in the land of dreams

And you don't know how nice it seems
Or just how it really means

Dear to me, yes-sirree
It's dear to me, yes-sirree
Can't you see why I'm gonna lose
These old Basin Street blues

Oh, I wanna go where I can lose
These old Basin Street blues
Oh yeah