The people hope

In the city of dreams
Lies the city's ghost
There's a beginning
There's a middle and an end in this city
We reach out for the middle ground
We throw a great party
So hearts will start to mend
We forgive... at least we try

In the midst of the sea of dreams
Lies a perfect storm
In the sea of tears
Lies a city ghost
In the spirit of the Mardi Gras
Well, the people hope
That their lives will get better

That their lives will get better

I wanna get a room in New Orleans
I wanna sing in the streets of the French Quarter
I wanna dress up
I wanna wear beads
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by Anne Rice
And go down Bourbon Street

I see a sea of smiles
I see a haunted city reachin' out
I see hope in all their faces
Behind the mask of Mardi Gras
Where the good and the righteous walk
And the wicked as well

I wanna get a room in New Orleans
I wanna sing in the streets of the French Quarter
I wanna dress up
I wanna wear beads
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by the vampires

I wanna dress up, ooh yea
I wanna wear feathers and lace
I wanna brush by Anne Rice
And go down Bourbon Street
Mmmmm, go on down Bourbon Street

Within these rooms
I go up to my balcony
And I hang the paintings on the wall
And I open up my gallery
And I open up my doors
I stare at the city
I stare at my city

I wanna get a room in New Orleans
I wanna sing in the streets of the French Quarter

- I wanna dress up
- I wanna wear beads
- I wanna wear feathers and lace
- I wanna brush by the vampires
- I wanna get back to New Orleans
- I wanna sing out in the streets of the French Quarter
- I wanna dress up
- I wanna wear beads
- I wanna wear feathers and lace
- I wanna brush by Anne Rice
- Go down Bourbon Street
- Go down Bourbon Street
- Go on down Bourbon Street
- Go on down Bourbon Street
- Go on down
- Go on down
- Go on down
- Go on down Bourbon Street

In the city of tears
Lies the city ghost