

# I Wish I Was in New Orleans

Tom Waits

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  
And 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  
I can see it in my dreams  
Arm-in-arm down Burgundy  
A bottle and my friends and me  
New Orleans, I'll be there