

## Basin Street Blues

Brenda Lee

Won't you come along with me,  
To the Mississippi  
We'll take a boat to the land of dreams  
Steam down the river,  
Down to New Orleans  
The bands there to meet us,  
Old friends to greet us  
Where all the elite, always 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 never know how nice it seems  
Or how much it really means  
Glad to be, yes sirree, where welcome Street,  
Dear to me  
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues

Well, Basin Street, you know it's the street  
Where all the swinging people meet  
In New Orleans, land of dreams  
Your'll never know how nice it seems  
Or just how much it really means  
Glad to be, ah, yes sirree, where welcome Street  
Dear to me  
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues

Oh, ain't ya glad ya came with us,  
Mm down the Mississippi  
Down to the street, where the folks all meet  
Heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street