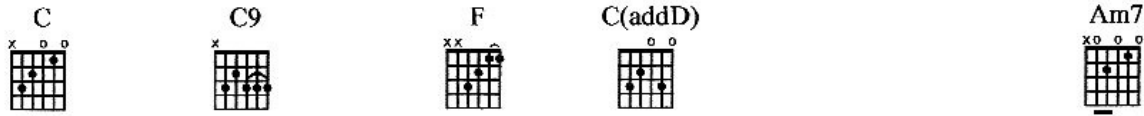


I WISH I WAS IN NEW ORLEANS

(In the Ninth Ward)

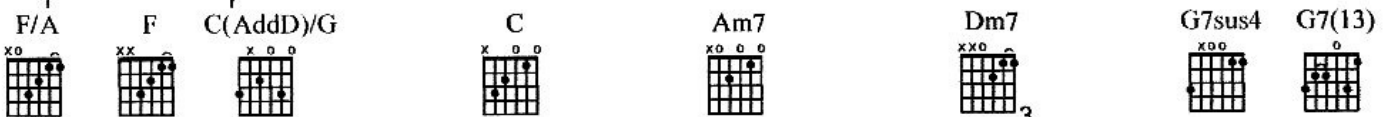
Words and Music by
TOM WAITS

Gospel like, freely





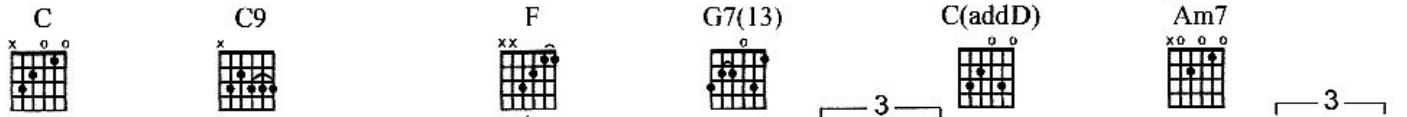
Well, I wish I was in



New Orleans, I can see it in my dreams...



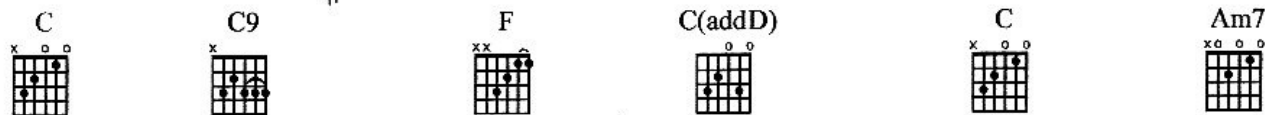
Arm in arm down Bur - gun - dy, a bot - tle and my friends and



me. Hoist up a few tall cool ones, play some pool and lis - ten to that
un - der the ta - ble, be a red nose, go for walks, 3 the



ten - or sax - o - phone call - in' me home. And
old haunts, what I wants is red beans and rice. And



I can hear the band be - gin well. "When the Saints at Go
wear the dress I like so well. Meet me at the

Dm7



G7sus4



G7(13)



C



C9



F



Em7



E♭dim



3

March-ing In.™
old sa-loon..

By the whis - kers on my chin. New -
Make sure there's a Dix - ie moon. New -

3

1.2. C/G



G7(13)



C



G7(13)



C



C9



3. C/G



Or - leans I'll be there.
Or - leans I'll be there.

I'll drink you bot - tle and my -
And deal the

Dm7 G7 A♭(addB♭)



C(add9)



friends and me, - New - Or - leans I'll be there.

3. 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.