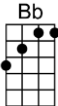
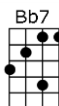
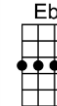
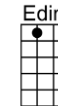

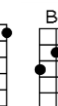
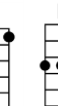
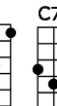
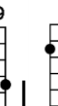
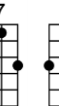
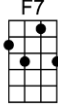

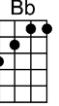
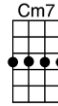
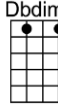
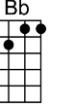


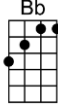


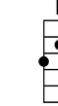


BASIN STREET BLUES - Spencer Williams

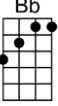

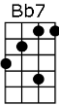

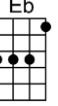
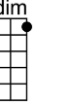
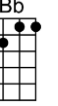
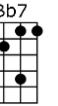
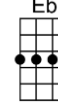

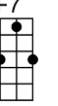
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

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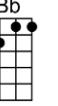
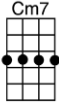
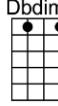


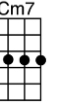
Won't you come a-long with me (come a-long with me)

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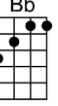


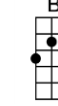
Down the Missis-sippi; (Down the Missis-sippi)

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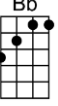

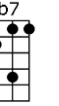

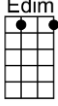
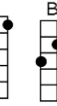
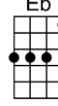

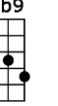
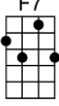
We'll take a boat to the land of dreams, steam down the river down to New Or-leans.

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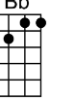



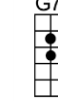
The band's there to meet us, (the band's there to meet us)

 |  |  |  |

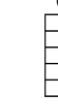

Old friends to greet us, (old friends to greet us)

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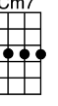
Where all people like to meet, heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street

 |  |  |  |  |




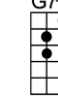
Basin Street is the street where the best folks always meet,

 |  |





Down in New Orleans, land of dreams

 |  |  |  |

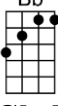



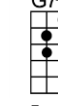
You'll never know how nice it seems, or just how much it really means.

 |  |  |  |  |

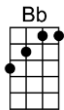
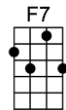
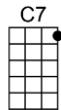
Glad to be, yes-siree, where welcome's free, dear to me,

 |  |  |  |

Where I can lose my Basin Street Blues.

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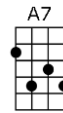
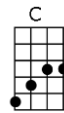
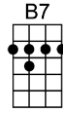
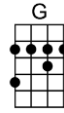
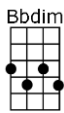
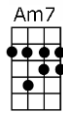
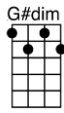
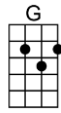
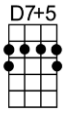
Glad to be, yes-siree, where welcome's free, dear to me,



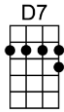
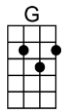
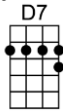
Where I can lose my Basin Street Blues.

4

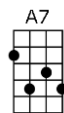
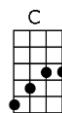
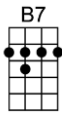
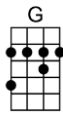
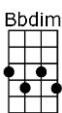
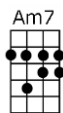
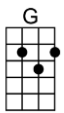
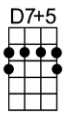
BIRTH OF THE BLUES



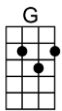
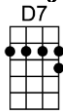
They heard the breeze in the trees singing weird melo-dies



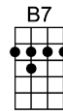
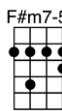
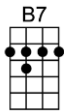
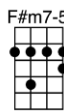
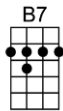
And they made that the start of the blues



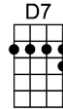
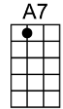
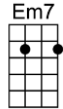
And from a jail came the wail of a down - hearted frail



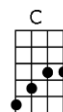
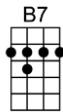
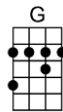
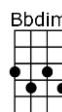
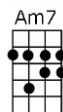
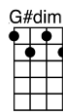
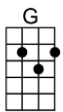
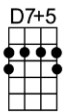
And they played that as a part of the blues



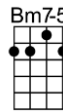
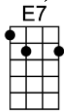
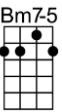
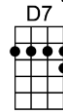
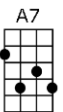
From a whippoor-will, out on a hill, they took a new note,



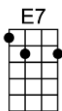
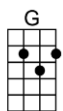
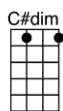
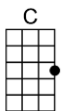
Pushed it through a horn 'til it was worn into a blue note



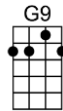
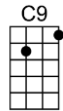
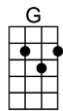
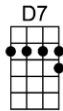
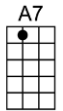
And then they nursed it, and re - hearsed it, and gave out the news



That the Southland gave birth to the blues.



They nursed it, re-hearsed it, and gave out the news



That the Southland gave birth to the blues.