

## Tom Waits - Iwish I Was In New Orleans

```
C7
Intro: C
   Am D7 Dm G
    C7
        F
            Em Ebdim7
    G7
         C
            G7
                 C7
                                   Orleans
Well I wish
            Ι
                 was
                     in
                           New
          Am
                   Dm
                            G7
Ι
          see
                    in my dreams
          C7
          arm down
                    Bur
                              dy
Arm
    in
                         gun
                   Dm
                          G7
          Am
                              C
A bottle
          and
                my
                    friends and me
                     G7
Hoist up a few tall cool ones play some
                        D7
         listen to that tenor saxophone
pool and
          G7
callin me home.
```

And I can hear the band begin "When the Saints Go Marchin' In" By the whiskers on my chin New Orleans I'll be there

I'll drink you under the table beer red nose, go for walks the old haunts what I wants is red beans and rice

And wear the dress I like so well 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 Claythorn 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 F C C A bottle and, my friends and me, D7 G Ab New Orleans I'll be there

Alternative version: Intro: C C F { C = 032330 Am D7 Dm G C C F Em Ebdim7  ${Ebdim7 = 001212}$ C C C G7 G7 C C Well I wish I New Orleans was in Dm G7 Т see in my dreams C = 032030C arm down Bur gun dy Arm in Dm **G7** Am A bottle and my friends and me G7 Hoist up a few tall cool ones play some D7 listen to that tenor saxophone pool and G7 callin me home.

And I can hear the band begin "When the Saints Go Marchin' In" By the whiskers on my chin New Orleans I'll be there

I'll drink you under the table beer red nose, go for walks the old haunts what I wants is red beans and rice

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And I wish I was in New Orleans I can see it in my dreams Arm in arm down Burgundy C F С A bottle and, my friends and me, Dm G Αh New Orleans I'll ... be ... there

## Acordes



