

Intro:

Vs1:

Took a trip to visit New Orleans,
See some friends, take a look at the town. **Love that town!**
The hotel was great, you're a tourist, **you rate,**
Vieux Carre, just party on down.
Was the first time I'd been since Katrina, **Oh my!**
Toured the garden, and Uptown's OK. **But OK?**
Shared an evening with friends in a mansion,
Still a feeling that won't go away.

Chorus:

And the rain's falling down on New Orleans,
Nola's muse is completely her own.
But, the song's not the same, 'cause the good folks that know it,
Just have no place to go home.

(riff along with scat singing/vocalese, and harmony oo's & ah's)

Saw miles and miles of destruction,
Traffic lights still can't be trusted.
The hustlers are back, with no place to go,
Saw more than one being busted.
Sat in with cats down on Frenchman,
Dug the scene on sidewalk for sure.
The folk looked like me, and my children,
No room for the dark and the poor.

Chorus: 2x plus tag

SequeParade whistle - Dixie cadence roll-off!

Vamp:

When the Saints go Marchin', **Ain't got no place to go home.**
When the Saints go Marchin', **Ain't got no place to go home.**
Ain't got no place to go,
Ain't got no place to go, (this repeats until walk-up into final chorus)

Saints go marchin', Ain't got no place to go home,
Saints go marchin', Ain't got no place to go home,

Final Chorus plus tag