I'm Saving Up The Means To Get To New Orleans

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
HARRY DE COSTA

Allegro moderato

1. I've been a-round your town and seen the sights, But now I'm through, I'm telling you,
   That I've made up my mind to stay home nights, There's lots to do, I mean it too,
   Because my old friend bank-roll was getting thinner, and before it got too late,
   I hired a furnished room, Goodbye to gloom, and now I'm mighty glad to state;

2. Now you can have your great big nor-thern town, Your city ways, And problem plays,
   They're just a bunch of worries, cares and frowns, In cab-arets The nights are late,
   I'd rather be in Dixie, where I can rough it in the good old country style,
   And when I get back there, I'll breathe that air, and change my wrinkles to a smile.

This composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or 'Player Piano'

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CHORUS

"I'm saving up the means, to get to New Orleans, I'll buy a trunk and pack it,

leave this racket, I'll be happy when I'm bound. Back to those childhood scenes and mother's

home-made beans." I'm thirsty, Gee-whiz! I want a silver fizz, like they make in my home town. Down there in New Orleans, I'll wear my old blue jeans, I'll find the girl I left behind me in her teens,

I know a train that goes a mile a minute, You bet your life I'm going to be right in it, On my way back home to New Orleans!"

"I'm saving leaves."