

Illinois

Backyard Ghost

Dusty day dawning, three hours late

Open the curtains and let the rest wait

My mind goes running three thousand miles east

I may miss the harvest but I won't miss the feastAnd it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

And it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

And it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

Illinois, Illinois, Illinois, IllinoisSouth California, your sun is too cold

It looks like your hills have been raped of their gold

I should have come out when I was first told

This lamb has got to return to the foldAnd it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

And it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

And it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

Illinois, Illinois, Illinois, I'm your boyFlat on the Prairies, soil and stone

Stretching forever, taking me home

'Cause I've got a woman who waits for me there

And I need a breath of that sweet country airAnd it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

And it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

And it looks like you're gonna have to see me again

Illinois, oh, Illinois, Illinois, oh, Illinois

Illinois, Illinois, Illinois, I'm your boy

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