Illinois

David Jacobs-Strain

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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