

# House of Blue Lights

Chuck Berry

Lace up your boots and we'll broom on down  
To a knocked out shack on the edge of town  
There's an eight beat combo that just won't quit  
Keep walkin' 'til you see a blue light lit  
Fall in there and we'll see some sights  
At the house of blue lights There's fryers and broilers and Detroit barbecue ribs  
But the treat of the treats  
Is when they serve you all those fine eight beats  
You'll want to spend the rest of your brights  
Down at the house, the house of blue lights We'll have a time and we'll cut some rug  
While we dig those tunes like they should be dug  
It's a real home comin' for all the "Cats"  
Just trilly down a path of welcome mats  
Fall in there and we'll see some sights  
At the house of blue lights There's fryers and broilers and Detroit barbecue ribs  
But the treat of the treats  
Is when they serve you all those fine eight beats  
You'll want to spend the rest of your brights  
Down at the house, the house of blue lights

Songwriters

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