

Champaign, Illinois

Old 97's

The bottom line's been snorted
The bottom card's been dealt
No one knows like you know right now
How truly bad it felt All your life you wasted
On dreamin' about the day
Worker bees kill off their queen
And carry all her eggs away Oh, then if you die fearin' God
And painfully employed
No, you will not go to Heaven
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois Up north in Chicago
Where booze makes no one blush
Memories come back to you
In a double Bourbon rush Memories that aren't all bad
And neither, my friend, are you
There is an argument there must be some Heaven meant
For hearts that are half true Oh, and if you spend your whole life
Rollin' horses into Troy
No, you will not go to heaven
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois
No, you will not go to heaven
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois Roll on blacktop highway
Circles towards the sun
Springfield's in the distance
And that's the last big one After that comes judgment
Oh, and judgment will be swift
You will be eliminated
But here's a parting gift Oh, if you die fearin' God
And painfully employed
No, you will not go to Heaven
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois
No, you will not go to heaven
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois No, you will not go to heaven
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois

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