

# Illinois

## Marcos Coll

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 feast  
And 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, Illinois  
South 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 fold  
And 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 boy  
Flat 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 air  
And 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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