Chicago

Ingram Hill

Streetlights blind my eyes through a shade
that's halfway pulled
Cracklin' right side interrupts the radio in my head
Speeding through a familiar town that I don't know all too well
I find a glimpse of you outside my homeIf you ever want to come home from Chicago
And leave the things that habit made you love
I'll be there to await your arrival
To give you a life you'll never knowSometimes I get the feeling that I'm not the only one
Sometimes my silence speaks for itself
As I stroll on down the street I pray for a chance
I'll see you ther
This time I think I'll share my life with you

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