

House Of Blue Light

Billy Joel

Well I'm drivin' on down to the Surfside Bar
These days my old shovelhead she don't travel far
But she goes where I want and now I wanna be
Where all the locals go to keep each other company.
They all drive Chevy pick-ups in the mornin'
They all ride Harley Davidson's at night
They all work for somebody who makes all the money
And pays them just enough to get tight
In the house of blue light... the house of blue light

Well I'm drivin' on down to meet a woman there
She's got the long legs, the red lips, the golden hair.
She knows just what to do to make a man feel good
She's the hardest working woman in this neighborhood.
She don't mind makin' breakfast in the mornin'
She don't mind makin' love every night
She said, "Come see me honey and bring lotsa money
'Cause we know how to treat you right"
In the house of blue light...house of blue light...house of blue light

You know this life is filled with grief
Sometimes it gets you so down
You got to find yourself some relief
And there's a roadhouse right outside of town
Roadhouse...blue light

Well I've been around the world a dozen times or more
And I really never knew what I was searchin' for
"Til I came to this place on a midnight ride
I pulled next to a full dressed electraglide
They had a man playin' blues from Mississippi
They had a bar that kept their customers inside
They had some fine architecture with a view that'll get you
To wanna spend the whole damn night
In the house of blue light...Yeah, the house of blue light...
The house of blue light....the house of blue light hey, hey, hey