

# 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