

# Illinois

Brett Eldredge

I come from the heart of the Heartland  
Where pictures shows where the corn grows  
In rows and rows of summer greens  
And winter snows  
And it goes on  
Through the crack of the bat  
Oh everybody rollin' out there welcome mat  
And our hands on our hearts under the stars of the Friday night  
flag

And ohhhh the heart will wander  
Beyond that wild blue yonder  
When I get lost in the noise like a whisper I hear the voice of  
the boy  
Ohhhh from Illinois

I remember the first time  
I saw that name on the marquee sign  
Lights so bright could almost make you blind  
I'd get lost in  
Sweet girls singin' along  
Buses rollin' on in the silver dawn  
Seein' the world a long long way from home

And ohhhh the heart will wander  
Beyond that wild blue yonder  
When I get lost in the noise like a whisper I hear the voice of  
the boy  
Ohhhh...

It's water through my blood  
It's the place I got my roots  
It's the fire that's in my soul  
It's the mud that's on my boots

Oooo Illinois...

And ohhhh the heart will wander  
Beyond that wild blue yonder  
When I get lost in the noise  
Like a whisper I hear the voice of the boy  
Ohhhh from Illinois