

Chicago Bound

Canned Heat

Lane

Late last night, I sold away and cried
Late last night, I sold away and cried
Had the blues for Chicago, I just can't be satisfied

Blues on my brain, my tongue refused to talk
Blues on my brain, my tongue refused to talk
I was followin' my daddy but my feet refuses to walk

Mean old fireman, cruel old engineer
Lord mean old fireman, cruel old engineer
You took my man and left his mama standing here

Big red headline, tomorrow Defender news
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"Woman dead down home, these old Chicago blues"
I said blues