

Winter In Chicago

Flatfoot 56

In this land of the bitter cold, where the dead still have their say. Winter storms that I've survived in, this year's the worst I've ever seen. More crooks than a rusty saw blade, yet the blues take it all away. Rail cars all herd together, 'cause they know that it's the place to be. And it's ok and it's alright, 'cause it's winter in Chicago and I'm stuck on Lake Shore Drive. And there's no work. The frost, it bites. 'Cause it's winter in Chicago and the Hawks are on tonight. Yeah, it's alright. Big shoulders of the windy city carry more cause they take the reins. Big mouths do a lot of talking, carve an "X" in the good old runway. But still a place of progress if you know how to play the game. Hey, boss, now here's my story. Another day goes by on this midwest plain. And it's ok and it's alright, 'cause it's winter in Chicago and I'm stuck on Lake Shore Drive. And there's no work. The frost, it bites. 'Cause it's winter in Chicago and the Hawks are on tonight. Yeah, it's alright. Until it's 2 o'clock in the morning, just too early in the morning, and the world comes crashing down around. So hard to win, gotta face the world and start again. And it's ok and it's alright, 'cause it's winter in Chicago and I'm stuck on Lake Shore Drive. And there's no work. The frost, it bites. 'Cause it's winter in Chicago and the Hawks are on tonight. Yeah, it's alright. And it's alright.