

Chicago (Chi-Town) Blues

Earth, Wind & Fire

Booker T's at the front door, saying it's time to go
Coltrane's at the mother blues tonight, 63rd to southshore
We're cruising in the Dyna-Flo
Ain't no way they let us play but then they might

Fourteen years not a one day more, yeah
Struttin' my stuff up and down the floor
Haven't you heard this groove before?

Ba da bop ba dee-ah, ba dee-ah
Ba da bop, bop ba do, ah do-ay
I'll never lose chicago blues
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay

We tried to be cool, yeah
Flat tops up stove pipes down
Finding out the good stuff
You never gonna learn in school
Comes easy in this part of town

I brought my sticks, we're sittin' in, all night
Better be quick, gotta hold on tight
It's gonna be a real jam down delight

Ba da bop ba dee, ah ba dee-ah
Ba da bop bop ba do, ah do-ay
I'll never lose chicago blues
Send that drummer home and
Let me play, let me play

Ba da bop ba dee, ah ba dee-ah
Ba da bop bop ba dol ah do-ay
Ee-yay, ee-yeay, ee-yay, ee-yay
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay

Ba dee ah, ba dee-ah
Ee-yay, ee-yeay, ee-yay, ee-yay
Ba da bop bop ba do, ah do-ay