

## Chicago

Ingram Hill

Streetlights blind my eyes through a shade  
that's halfway pulled  
Cracklin' right side interrupts the radio in my head  
Speeding through a familiar town that I don't know all too well  
I find a glimpse of you outside my home

If you ever want to come home from Chicago  
And leave the things that habit made you love  
I'll be there to await your arrival  
To give you a life you'll never know

Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm not the only one  
Sometimes my silence speaks for itself  
As I stroll on down the street I pray for a chance  
I'll see you ther  
This time I think I'll share my life with you