

Chicago

Shawn James

I come from a land where the winters are long and cold
Where the ice crawls over the lake and the strong winds blow
Where old men are tough and tell tales of old
A sore back for a hard day's work used to feed their souls
Chicago, I never knew I'd miss you til I left and came back
Chicago, I never knew how much I'd miss you til I left and came
back

My father was a steel working man
With an old style in his hand he used to stomp across these lan
ds
We buried him here between Roosevelt and 110
I still visit his grave every now and then

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I used to lay my head where kings and stones held ground
The warring in these streets, it still makes an awful sound
Innocence wouldn't stray their rounds
Bullets broke the windows as our bodies hit the ground

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It took awhile to understand these facts
That made me who I am and gave me insight to react
Now I stand proud in being from this land
And maybe you can learn from my experience firsthand

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