

No Empathy

"The Night Chicago Died"

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Daddy was a cop on the east side of Chicago
Back in the U.S.A., back in the bad old days

In the heat of a summer night, in the land of the dollar
bill

When the town of Chicago died, and they talk about it
still

When a man named Al Capone
Tried to make that town his own
And he called his gang to war with the forces of the law

I heard my mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a night it really was
Brother what a fight it really was, yes indeed

I heard my mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a fight the people saw
Brother what a night the people saw, yes indeed

And the sound of the battle rang
Through the streets of the old east side
Til the last of the hoodlum gang had surrendered up or
died
There was shouting in the streets
And the sound of running feet
And I asked someone who said
About a hundred cops are dead

I heard my mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a night it really was
Brother what a fight it really was, yes indeed

I heard my mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a fight the people saw
Brother what a night the people saw, glory be

And ther was no sound at all but the clock upon the wall

And the door burst open wide, and my daddy stepped
inside
And he kissed my mama's face
And he brushed her tears away

The night Chicago died
Na-na-na, na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na
The night Chicago died
Brother what a night it really was
Brother what a fight it really was, glory be

The night Chicago died
Na-na-na, na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na
The night Chicago died
Brother what a night the people saw
Brother what a fight the people saw, yes indeed

The night Chicago died
Na-na-na, na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na
The night Chicago died
Brother what a night it really was
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