

## **Chuck Miller**

# **"The House Of Blue Lights"**

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Ba ba ba ba...

Go

Well, lace up your boots  
And we'll book on down  
To a knocked out shack  
On the edge of town

There's an eight beat combo  
That just won't quit  
Keep walking till you see  
A blue light lit

Fall in there  
And you'll dig some sights  
At the house  
The house of blue lights

There's fryers, broilers  
Detroit barbeque ribs  
But the treat of the trade  
Is when they serve you  
All those fine eight beats

You'll want to spend  
The rest of your brights  
Down at the house  
The house of blue lights

Oh, ba ba ba ba...

Go

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And we'll walk on down  
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You'll want to spend  
The rest of your brights  
Down at the house  
The house of blue lights

Ba ba ba ba...

Hold on there, man  
Slow down, take it easy  
You're back in Detroit now  
Take it easy there, man  
Whoa, slow down there, boy

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