Fare Vanity
"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
Glory be!
I heard my mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a night the people saw
Brother what a fight 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 street
And the sound of running feet
And I asked someone who said
"'Bout 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
Glory be!
I heard my mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a night the people saw
Brother what a fight the people saw

Yes indeed!

And ther was no sound at all
But the clock upon the wall
Then 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 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
Brother what a fight it really was
Glory be!

The night Chicago died
Na-na na, na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na
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Brother what a night the people saw
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Yes indeed!