

Flatfoot 56 "Ollie Ollie"

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The kids are right, the kids are wrong
Pound your chest and sing this song
To my right, my left, the Ollie kids call
Come weak, come strong, come one, come all

Ollie-ollie-oxen-free!

This city's ours, not a fashion club
The will to stand runs through our blood
In the pits of life we're all the same
This is our family despite our names

From Archer Ave to the scum of the lake
This fist full of knuckles got a world to shake
These kids are strong, never stuck in a rut
If they do there's just a swift kick in the gut
I'll never fear a pistol crack
Cause the Ollie kids always got my back
These city streets are under our boots
With Chicago our home Chicago our roots

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