

## **Fogelberg Dan** **"Illinois"**

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Dusty day dawning  
Three hours late  
Open the curtains  
And let the rest wait.  
My mind goes running  
Three thousand miles east  
I may miss the harvest  
But I won't miss the feast.  
Chorus  
And it looks like you're gonna  
Have to see me again  
And it looks like you're gonna  
Have to see me again  
And it looks like you're gonna  
Have to see me again.  
Illinois...oh, Illinois.  
South California  
Your sun is too cold  
It looks like your hills  
Have been raped of their gold.  
I should have come out  
When I was first told  
This lamb has got to  
Return to the fold.  
Chorus  
Illinois-I'm your boy.  
Flat on the prairies  
Soil and stone  
Stretching forever  
Taking me home  
'Cause I've got a woman  
Who waits for me there  
And I need a breath of that  
Sweet country air.  
Chorus  
Illinois-I'm your boy.

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