Lace Paper
"The Night Chicago Died"

Daddy was a cop
On the East Side of Chicago
Back in the USA
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
Against the forces of the law

I heard my momma 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 momma 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 momma 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 momma 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

Then there was no sound at all
But the clock up on the wall
Then the door burst open wide
And my daddy stepped inside
And he kissed my momma's face
Then brushed her tears away

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