

## Old 97's "Champaign, Illinois"

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The bottom line's been snorted  
The bottom card's been dealt  
No one knows like you know right now  
How truly bad it felt

All your life you wasted  
On dreamin' about the day  
Worker bees kill off their queen  
And carry all her eggs away

Oh, then if you die fearin' God  
And painfully employed  
No, you will not go to Heaven  
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois

Up north in Chicago  
Where booze makes no one blush  
Memories come back to you  
In a double Bourbon rush

Memories that aren't all bad  
And neither, my friend, are you  
There is an argument there must be some Heaven  
meant  
For hearts that are half true

Oh, and if you spend your whole life  
Rollin' horses into Troy  
No, you will not go to heaven  
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois  
No, you will not go to heaven  
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois

Roll on blacktop highway  
Circles towards the sun  
Springfield's in the distance  
And that's the last big one

After that comes judgment  
Oh, and judgment will be swift  
You will be eliminated  
But here's a parting gift

Oh, if you die fearin' God  
And painfully employed  
No, you will not go to Heaven  
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois  
No, you will not go to heaven  
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois

No, you will not go to heaven  
You'll go to Champaign, Illinois

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