

Ella Mae Morse

"The House Of Blue Lights"

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Lace up your boots and we'll broom on down
To a knocked out shack on the edge of town
There's an eight beat combo that just won't quit
Keep walkin' 'til you see a blue light lit
Fall in there and we'll see some sights
At the house of blue lights

There's fryers and broilers and Detroit barbecue ribs
But the treat of the treats
Is when they serve you all those fine eight beats
You'll want to spend the rest of your brights
Down at the house, the house of blue lights

We'll have a time and we'll cut some rug
While we dig those tunes like they should be dug
It's a real home comin' for all the "Cats"
Just trilly down a path of welcome mats
Fall in there and we'll see some sights
At the house of blue lights

There's fryers and broilers and Detroit barbecue ribs
But the treat of the treats
Is when they serve you all those fine eight beats
You'll want to spend the rest of your brights
Down at the house, the house of blue lights

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