

# 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

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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

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