

# Allister, The Legend Of Pegleg Sullivan

1871 was the year underneath an October sky  
When a windy city man had set out with a plan to set a fire but nobody knows why  
So Pegleg headed out back with a match and a bucket of kerosene  
Little did he know that the wind would blow through the streets with anarchy

Pegleg didn't have an alibi  
He didn't have a story to tell  
But he bought his one way ticket straight to hell  
Cuz he burned the whole damn city  
Watched it all go down  
Yeah he burned all of Chicago to the ground  
yeah he burned that beautiful city  
He torched that beautiful town  
Yeah he burned all of Chicago to the ground

Flames spread fast every night  
While they passed through the alleys and the dead end streets  
From suburban doors to the lakefront shore demolishing everything  
And pegleg never got blamed for the mess made  
Said he never broke the law  
But all that remained was the charred black stains  
Proving every things his fault

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Of all the books printed on his terrain  
None raised the flag on one mans legacy  
Now everybody knows the truth of the stories being exposed  
So Pegleg's going down in infamy.

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(x3)