

Chicago, Good For Nothing

I helped my good friend's brother
Out of trouble when he was in jail
I was rushed 'cause I got lucky
Paid his lawyer and I paid his bail

Glad to be able just to pay the price
The price it took to set him free
I never heard a single "thank you" at all
You'd think by now I could see

All the good that I did was for nothing, aah
All the good that I did was for nothing
Why don't I just let it be?

I fought for two young lovers
New York artists they were on the run
Got them out to California
One was gifted and the other was fun

Merchants will always be merchants, of course
But an artist's is a fragile life
And it's something I have always believed
The memory cuts like a knife

All the good that I did was for nothing, aah
All the good that I did was for nothing, aah
All the good that I did was for nothing
All the good that I did
(All the good that I did)
Why can't I just let it be?

All the good that I did was for nothing, aah
All the good that I did
All the good that I did was for nothing
All the good I did
All the good I did
All the good I did was for nothing