

Dusty day dawning
Three hours late
Open the curtains
And let the rest wait.
My mind goes running
Three thousand miles east
I may miss the harvest
But I won't miss the feast.

Chorus
And it looks like you're gonna
Have to see me again
And it looks like you're gonna
Have to see me again
And it looks like you're gonna
Have to see me again.
Illinois...oh, Illinois.

South California
Your sun is too cold
It looks like your hills
Have been raped of their gold.
I should have come out
When I was first told
This lamb has got to
Return to the fold.

Chorus
Illinois-I'm your boy.

Flat on the prairies
Soil and stone
Stretching forever
Taking me home
'Cause I've got a woman
Who waits for me there
And I need a breath of that
Sweet country air.

Chorus
Illinois-I'm your boy.