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CHICAGO

MISSOURI
The State Where I Was Born
FOX TROT

Lyric by
CRAIG E. LEWIS

Music by
SALVATORE J. STOCCO

Moderato

VAMP

VOICE

I've been bus-y all the day,
I've been sav-ing ev'-ry day,

pack ing all my
try ing hard to

things a-way.
I'm going to beat it:
There's no use try ing:

save my pay.
I'm going to cheat it:
no use de-ny ing:


room rent eats it a-

way.

In my dreams I hear them call ing,

Down home there will be no room rent,

way.

There's no use of

Down home I won't

me a stall ing, Stall ing when I know they want me

need a cent, Mon ey there I'll nev er need it

Hear what I say.
I'm on my way.
Missouri, Missouri, the state where I was born, I'm trying, yes trying, but can't forget the morn that I kissed my ma goodbye saw a tear in daddy's eye — Gee I'd love to have the chance to fool a gain in school again. Missouri, Missouri, the state where I grew up I'm pining, yes pining I'd like to see my yellow pup I guess I'll write the folks to-day and let them know I'm on my way, To Missouri, Missouri, the state where I was born. Missouri.