

So Many Roads

Joe Bonamassa

So many roads,so many trains to ride
So many roads, so many trains to ride
I've got to find my baby before I'm satisfiedI was staring out my window, when I heard that whistle blow
I was staring out my window, when I heard that whistle blow
I thought it was a street light, by the way it glowedIt was a mean old fireman, and a cruel engineer
It was a mean old fireman, and a cruel engineer
Yes it took my baby, oh and left me standing hereSo many roads, so many trains to ride
So many roads, so many trains to ride
I've got to find my baby, before I'm satisfied

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