

# So Many Roads (Live In Chicago, July 9, 1995)

## Grateful Dead

Thought I heard a blackbird singing  
Up on Bluebird Hill  
Call me a whinin' boy if you will  
Born where the sun don't shine  
And I don't deny my name  
Got no place to go, ain't that a shame? Thought I heard that KC whistle  
Moaning sweet and low  
Thought I heard that KC when she blow  
Down where the sun don't shine  
Underneath the Kokomo  
Whinin' boy got no place to go So many roads, I tell you  
So many roads I know  
So many roads, so many roads  
Mountain high, river wide  
So many roads to ride  
So many roads, so many roads Thought I heard a jug band playin'  
If you don't who else will?  
From over on the far side of the hill  
All I know the sun don't shine  
And the rain refused to fall  
And you don't seem to hear me when I call Wind inside and the wind outside  
Tangled in the window blind  
Tell me why you treat me so unkind  
Down where the sun don't shine  
Lonely and I call your name  
No place left to go, ain't that a shame? So many roads, I tell you  
New York to San Francisco  
So many roads I know  
All I want is one to take me home  
From the high road to the low  
So many roads I know  
So many roads, so many roads From the land of the midnight sun  
Where the ice blue roses grow  
Along those roads of gold and silver snow  
Howlin' wide or moaning low  
So many roads I know  
So many roads to [unverified] my soul

Songwriters

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