

So Many Roads

Big Sugar

Well, there are so many roads, so many trains to ride
Well, there are so many roads, so many trains to ride
I've gotta find my babe before I can be satisfied I was standing at my window when I heard that whistle blow
Yeah, standing at my window when I heard that whistle blow
I know the train had left the station, where did my baby go? It was a mean old fireman and a cruel of engineer
Mean old fireman and a cruel old engineer
Gone and took my babe, left me standing here Asked the man at the station, "Please, may I ride the lines?"
I asked the man at the station, "Please, may I ride the lines?"
He said, "You know, I wouldn't mind, son, but that old train ain't mine"
So many roads

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