

So Many Roads

Big Sugar

Well, there are so many roads, so many trains to ride

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I've gotta find my babe before I can be satisfiedI 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 hereAsked 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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