

So Many Roads (Chicago 7-9-95)

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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