

So Many Roads
Otis Rush

So many roads, yeah
So many trains to ride
So many roads, yeah
So many, so many trains to ride
Whoa, I've got to find my baby
Whoa, before I'll be satisfied

I was standin' at my window
When I heard that whistle blow
I was standin' at my window
When I heard that whistle blow
I thought it was a streamline
Whoa, it was a B and O

It was a mean old fireman, yeah
It was a cruel, cruel old engineer
It was a mean, mean old fireman, yeah
It was a cruel, cruel old engineer
Yes, it took away my baby
Whoa, and it left me standin' here

Yeah, yeah