

Croce Jim

"Another Day, Another Town"

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Written by - Jim Croce

My dusty feet have kicked the stones
Between a thousand railroad ties
From Boston down to New Orleans
I left the girls a-cryin'
But I've still got some ramblin' in me
Got some miles left on my shoes
And before I take a job again
I'll have to be low-down
Cryin' the blues
So it's goodbye, baby, the whistle is a-blowin'
If I miss the train I'll have to stay around
But as long as those railroad tracks go on unending
I'll be off to another day in another town

You say you'd like to ramble with me
This ain't no life for a girl
Too many people out to get you in a hobo's world
And it gets mighty cold when you're on the road
'Cause a boxcar never was a home
But you could join me if you want
I'm gettin' mighty tired of bein' alone
So it's goodbye, baby, the whistle is a-blowin'
If we miss the train we'll have to stay around
But as long as those railroad tracks go on unending
We'll be off to another day in another town

But as long as those railroad tracks go on unending
We'll be off to another day in another town
We'll be off to another day in another town

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