

## **Jim Croce**

# **"Another Day, Another Town"**

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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 un-ending  
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

Si 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 un-ending  
We'll be off to another day  
In another town

But as long as those railroad tracks  
Go on un-ending  
We'll be off to another day

In another town  
We'll be off to another day  
In another town

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