

## **Joe Bonamassa**

# **"So Many Roads"**

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So many roads,so many trains to ride  
So many roads, so many trains to ride  
I've got to find my baby before I'm satisfied

I was staring out my window, when I heard that whistle  
blow  
I was staring out my window, when I heard that whistle  
blow  
I thought it was a street light, by the way it glowed

It was a mean old fireman, and a cruel engineer  
It was a mean old fireman, and a cruel engineer  
Yes it took my baby, oh and left me standing here

So many roads, so many trains to ride  
So many roads, so many trains to ride  
I've got to find my baby, before I'm satisfied

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