The Infamous Stringdusters ''Fork In The Road''

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There's a fork in the road Ain't seem to make up my mind Don't know which way to go I am sure running out of time I am all alone with my suitcase in my hand Can't find my ticket to the promise land There's a fork in the road Can't seem to make up my mind Well, this?frost? full of pumpkin It's taking on a chill I can't find my?milk? and honey I don't believe I ever will Somebody's got my pony And I left you like a fool My?side? is on the fence And I'm sitting there too This frost full of pumpkin Yeah, it's taking a chill

Lions on the fence
Growing day by day
Does anything it's gonna put me in my grave
Tears in my eyes, skies about to fall
Look in the cupboard
Can't see anything at all
With my suitcase in my hand
Can't find my tickets to the promise land
There's a fork in road
Ain't seem to make up my mind
And there's a fork in the road
Can't seem to make up my mind

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