

Alan Jackson, Where Do I Go From Here (A Truc

Well I came from Alabama
With a banjo on my knee
I'm goin' to Louisiana
My true love for to see

It rained all night the day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death
Suzanna don't you cry

I got a long way to go
I sure feel it now deep down in these dusty clothes
Through another town backed up with capricious souls
I got a long way to go

I got a lot left to say
To the empty seat that stood beside me
through the fray
Through the midnight moon
Saw fit to light my way
Got a lot left to say

But where do I go from here
When I'm lost out on the road
The way's not clear
To find my way back home
I need to hear
The only voice that leads me on
So I can find my way back to you

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I thought I saw Suzanna
Comin' down the hill

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth
A tear was in her eye
Says I'm comin' from the south
Suzanna don't you cry

Where do I go from here
When I'm lost out on the road
And the way's not clear
To find my way back home
I need to hear
The only voice that leads me on
So I can find my way back to you

Soon we'll be in New Orleans
Then I'll look around
And when I find Suzanna
I'll fall down on the ground

And if I do not find her
Then I should surely die
And when I'm dead and buried
Suzanna don't you cry