

Steve Hackett, So Many Roads

So many roads
So many trains to ride
So many roads
So many trains to ride
I'm gonna find my baby
Before I'll be satisfied
I was standing at my window
When I heard that whistle blow
Standing at my window
When I heard that whistle blow
Well it sung like a straight line
But it was below
It was a mean old fireman
And a cruel old engineer
It was a mean old fireman
And a cruel old engineer
That took my baby
And left me standing here