

Jim Croce, Another Day, Another Town

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

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