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

Si it's goodbye baby
The whistle is a-blowin'
If we miss the train
We'll have to stay around
But as long as those railroad tracks
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But as long as those railroad tracks Go on un-ending We'll be off to another day In another town We'll be off to another day In another town