

# The Grateful Dead, So Many Roads

Thought I heard a blackbird singin'  
up on Bluebird Hill  
Call me a whinin' boy if you will  
Born where the sun don't shine  
and I don't deny my name  
Got no place to go, ain't that a shame?

Thought I heard that KC whistle  
moanin' sweet & low  
Thought I heard that KC when she blow  
Down where the sun don't shine  
Underneath the Kokomo  
Whinin' boy -- got no place else to go

So many roads I tell you  
So many roads I know  
So many roads --  
so many roads --  
Mountain high, river wide  
So many roads to ride  
So many roads  
So many roads

Thought I heard a jug band playin'  
"If you don't -- who else will?"  
from over on the far side of the hill  
All I know the sun don't shine,  
the rain refuse to fall  
and you don't seem to hear me when I call

Wind inside & the wind outside  
Tangled in the window blind  
Tell me why you treat me so unkind  
Down where the sun don't shine  
Lonely and I call your name  
No place left to go, ain't that a shame?

So many roads I tell you  
New York to San Francisco  
All I want is one  
to take me home  
From the high road to the low  
So many roads I know  
So many roads - So many roads

From the land of the midnight sun  
where ice blue roses grow  
'long those roads of gold and silver snow  
Howlin' wide or moanin' low  
So many roads I know  
So many roads to ease my soul