

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