So Many Roads, So Many Trains

Foghat

So many roads, so many trains to ride
So many roads, so many trains to ride
I got to find my baby, woah
Before I'm satisfied

I was standing at my window
When I heard that whistle blow
I was standing at my window
Yes, when I heard that whistle blow

I thought it was a straight line, woah
But it was to be a hole

It was a mean hole by a man
It was a cruel old engineer
It was a mean, mean hole by a man
It was a cruel old engineer

Yes, it took my baby, woah
And left me standing here