

Fork In The Road

The Infamous Stringdusters

there's a fork in the road
ain't seem to make up my mind
don't know which way to go
i am sure running out of time
i am all alone with my suitcase in my hand
can't find my ticket to the promise land
there's a fork in the road
can't seem to make up my mind
well, this ?frost? full of pumpkin
it's taking on a chill
i can't find my ?milk? and honey
i don't believe i ever will
somebody's got my pony
and i left you like a fool
my ?side? is on the fence
and i'm sitting there too
this frost full of pumpkin
yeah, it's taking a chill
lions on the fence
growing day by day
does anything it's gonna put me in my grave
tears in my eyes, skies about to fall
look in the cupboard
can't see anything at all
with my suitcase in my hand
can't find my tickets to the promise land
there's a fork in road
ain't seem to make up my mind
and there's a fork in the road
can't seem to make up my mind