

## So Many Roads

Steve Hackett

So many roads  
So many trains to ride  
So many roads  
So many trains to ride  
I'm gonna find my baby  
Before I'll be satisfied  
I was standing at my window  
When I heard that whistle blow  
Standing at my window  
When I heard that whistle blow  
Well it sung like a straight line  
But it was below  
It was a mean old fireman  
And a cruel old engineer  
It was a mean old fireman  
And a cruel old engineer  
That took my baby  
And left me standing here