So Many Roads

Intro   | Dm /// | % | C /// | % | % | % |

Verse 1 | E^b /// | B^b /// | F /// | Dm /// | E^b /// | B^b /// | F /// | % |
Thought I heard a blackbird singin' up on Bluebird Hill.  
Call me a whinin' boy if you will.  
| E^b /// | B^b /// | F /// | Dm /// | F /// | C /// | B^b /// | % |
Born where the sun don't shine and I don't deny my name.  
Got no place to go ain't that a shame?  

Verse 2   Thought I heard that KC whistle moanin' sweet and 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.  

Chorus 1 2 x || Gm /// | C^7 /// | A /// | Dm /// | B^b /// | F /// | E^b /// | % :||

| Dm /// | % | C /// | % | % | % |
So many road 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.  

Lead = 2 x Verse

Verse 3   Thought I heard a jug band playin' "If you don't - who else will?"  
From over 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.  

Verse 4   Wind inside and 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?  

Chorus 2 So many road 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.  

Verse 5   From the land of the midnight sun where the ice blue roses grow.  
'Long those roads of gold and silver snow.  
Howlin' wide or moaning low, so many roads I know.  
So many roads to ease my soul.  

End   ||: F /// | C /// | B^b /// | % :||  
||: So many roads to ease my soul :||