

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 /// | C⁷ /// | 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,
Aand 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 : ||