

# Alan Jackson, Where Do I Go From Here (A Truc

Well I came from Alabama  
With a banjo on my knee  
I'm goin' to Louisiana  
My true love for to see

It rained all night the day I left  
The weather it was dry  
The sun so hot I froze to death  
Suzanna don't you cry

I got a long way to go  
I sure feel it now deep down in these dusty clothes  
Through another town backed up with capricious souls  
I got a long way to go

I got a lot left to say  
To the empty seat that stood beside me  
through the fray  
Through the midnight moon  
Saw fit to light my way  
Got a lot left to say

But where do I go from here  
When I'm lost out on the road  
The way's not clear  
To find my way back home  
I need to hear  
The only voice that leads me on  
So I can find my way back to you

I had a dream the other night  
When everything was still  
I thought I saw Suzanna  
Comin' down the hill

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth  
A tear was in her eye  
Says I'm comin' from the south  
Suzanna don't you cry

Where do I go from here  
When I'm lost out on the road  
And the way's not clear  
To find my way back home  
I need to hear  
The only voice that leads me on  
So I can find my way back to you

Soon we'll be in New Orleans  
Then I'll look around  
And when I find Suzanna  
I'll fall down on the ground

And if I do not find her  
Then I should surely die  
And when I'm dead and buried  
Suzanna don't you cry