

# It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry

Bob Dylan

Well, I ride on a mailtrain, baby  
Can't buy a thrill  
Well, I've been up all night, baby  
Leanin' on the windowsill  
Well, if I die  
On top of the hill  
And if I don't make it  
You know my baby will Don't the moon look good, mama  
Shinin' through the trees?  
Don't the brakeman look good, mama  
Flagging down the "Double E?"  
Don't the sun look good  
Goin' down over the sea?  
Don't my gal look fine  
When she's comin' after me?  
Now the wintertime is coming  
The windows are filled with frost  
I went to tell everybody  
But I could not get across  
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby  
I don't wanna be your boss  
Don't say I never warned you  
When your train gets lost

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