

# Bob Dylan, It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A T

Well, I ride on a mailtrain, babe  
Can't buy a thrill  
Well, I've been up all night  
Leanin' on the window sill  
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  
Ragging 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.