

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.