

Rosanne Cash, My Baby Thinks He's A Train

It's three a.m. in the morning,
The train whistle is blowin'.
It sounds like some lonesome song got in my soul,
In my soul.
My baby spent the bank and he won't be back no more.

My baby thinks he's a train.
He makes his whistle stop, then he's gone again.
Sometimes it's hard on a poor girl's brain,
A poor girl's brain.
I'm tellin' you, boys, my baby thinks he's a train.

Locomotion's the way he moves.
He drags me 'round just like an old caboose
I'm tellin' you, girls, that man's insane.
My baby thinks he's a train.

Instrumental break.

Choo, choo rages on, train sound.
It's the noise that you hear when my baby hits town.
With his long hair flyin', man, he's hard to take.
What you s'posed to do when your baby thinks he's a train?

He eats money like a train eats coal.
He burns it up and leaves you in the smoke.
If you wanna catch a ride, you wait 'til he unwinds.
He's just like a train, he always gives some tramp a ride.

Locomotion's the way he moves.
He drags me 'round just like an old caboose
I'm tellin' you, girls, that man's insane.
My baby thinks he's a train.

Instrumental Break.