

E

IT TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH, IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY
BOB DYLAN

G G/E G G/E G G/E G (G/E=302003)

~~GE~~ ~~GE~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~C~~ ~~C7~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~G~~ ^{AT} ^E

Well I ride on a mail train, baby, can't buy a thrill

~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~CA7~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~
Well I've been up all night, leanin on my windowsill
~~E~~ ~~G~~ ~~ST~~ ~~A~~ ~~B7~~

Well, If I die on top of the hill

~~E~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~CA7~~ ~~G~~ ~~GE~~ ~~G~~ ^E
And if I don't make it, you know my baby will

Don't the moon look good, mama, shinin' thru' the trees

And don't the brakeman look good, mama, flaggin down the double 'E's

And don't the sun look good, goin' down over the sea

And don't my girl look fine when she's running after me

Well 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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