

Marianne Faithfull

"It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry"

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Well, I ride on a mailtrain, baby,
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,
Flagging down the "Double E" ?
Don't the sun look good
Going down over the sea ?
But don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' 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 wanted you
When your train gets lost.

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