

**TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH**

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

Well, I've been up all night, baby,  
Leaning 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,  
Shining 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 coming 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