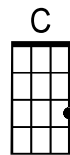
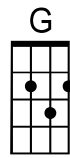


It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry

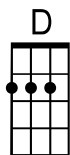
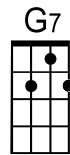
Bob Dylan

[G] [C/G] [G] [C/G] etc. throughout except where noted otherwise

Well I ride on a mail train, baby
I can't buy a thrill
Well I've been up from all night, baby
Leanin' on the window sill
Well [G] if I [G7] die
On [C] top of the [D] hill
If I don't make it
You know my baby will



Oh, don't the moon look good, mama
Shinin' through the trees?
Don't that brakeman look good, mama
Flagging down the Double Es?
And don't the [G] sun look [G7] good
Goin' [C] down over the [D] tress
But don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' after me?



Harmonica break

The wintertime is coming now
The windows are filled right up with frost
I went out to tell everybody
But I could not get across
Well, I [G] wanna be your [G7] lover
I [C] don't wanna be your [D] boss
Don't you say I never warned you
When your train gets lost
And don't say I never warned you
When your train gets lost