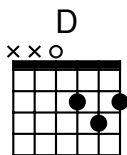
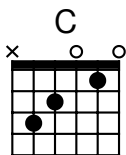
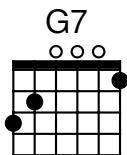
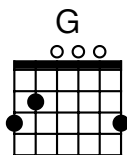


# It takes a lot to laugh, it takes a train to cry

Bob Dylan, 1965



Intro: [G] Well, if I [G7] die on [C] top of the [D] hill  
Well, if [G] I don't make it [G7] mama, you [C] know my baby [G]will

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

Don't the [G] moon look good, mama, shinin' through the trees  
Don't the [C] brakemen look good, mama, flaggin' down the [G] double E's  
[G] Don't the sun look [G7] good goin' [C] down over the [D] sea  
But don't my [G] gal look fine when she's [C] comin' after [G] me

Don't the [G] moon look good, mama, shinin' through the trees  
Don't the [C] brakemen look good mama, flaggin' down the [G] double E's  
[G] Don't the sun look [G7] good goin' [C] down over the [D] sea  
But don't my [G] gal look [G7] fine when she's [C] comin' after [G] me

Now the [G] wintertime is coming, the windows are filled with frost  
I went to [C] tell everybody, but I could not get a-[G] cross  
I [G] wanna be your [G7] lover baby, I [C] don't wanna be your [D] boss  
Don't [G] say I never [G7] wanted you when your [C] train gets [G] lost

Outro: [D] [D] [D] [D] [G]