

My Baby Thinks He's A Train

Rosanne Cash

It's three a.m. in the morning
The train whistle is blowin'
It sounds like some lonesome song got in my soul, in my soul
My baby split blank and he won't be back no more

My baby thinks he's a train
He makes his whistle stop, then he's gone again
Sometimes it's hard on a poor girl's brain, a poor girl's brain
I'm tellin' you, boys, my baby thinks he's a train.

Locomotion's the way he moves.
He drags me 'round just like an old caboose
I'm tellin' you, girls, that man's insane
My baby thinks he's a train

Choo, choo rages on, train sound
It's the noise that you hear when my baby hits town
With his long hair flyin', man, he's hard to take
What you s'posed to do when your baby thinks he's a train?

He eats money like a train eats coal
He burns it up and leaves you in the smoke
If you wanna catch a ride, you wait till he unwinds
He's just like a train, he always gives some tramp a ride

Locomotion's the way he moves
He drags me 'round just like an old caboose
I'm tellin' you, girls, that man's insane
My baby thinks he's a train