## 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