

# 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 'til 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

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