

My Baby Thinks He's a Train

By Asleep at the Wheel's Leroy Preston

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 spent the bank 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

CHORUS 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

CHORUS
 Again!