

The Monkees, Midnight Train

Now listen just a minute while I sing this song,
Don't you worry baby it won't take long.
I'm just about ready to draw the line,
So don't be surprised if I leave this time.

Well I'm goin' north and I'm goin' south
Don't want no more of your lyin' mouth.
I'm hittin' the road, gonna ring some bells,
Better know I can do it well.

CHORUS:

Midnight train, ramblin' ramblin'
All night long I'm gamblin', gamblin'
Been losin' all my money and it really is funny, umm badda dum.
Midnight train, ramblin' ramblin'
All night I'm gamblin', gamblin'
Well tell you what baby, well you better be movin' on.

Well I really don't know where I'm goin' for sure,
Ain't gotta map, it ain't no tour.
Just headin' out to the open sky,
Who knows, might even die.

Well don't you worry your pretty little head
'Cause you never gave a dang what I did or said.
That's why I'm packin' to leave this place
Can't stand to look at your cheatin' face.

CHORUS

Well you treated me like a little boy
And played around like I was a toy.
Guess you thought I'd have the blues,
Look whose cryin', guess you lose.

CHORUS (twice)

It's about that time, better be movin' on

Midnight Train (version from "Missing Links, Vol. 3")

1: Well I'm an angry man, I sing an angry song,
Tell you honey it won't be long,
Well I'll pack my bags, get outa here,
With my guitar and a case o' beer.
Well I'm goin' north and I'm goin' south,
Tell you honey, better shut you're mouth,
Well I'll kick your head from here to hell,
You better know I can do it well.

CHORUS: Midnight train, ramblin', ramblin',
All night long I'm a-gamblin', gamblin',
Losin' all my money well it really is funny, hon.
Midnight train, ramblin', ramblin',
All night long I'm a-gamblin', gamblin',
Tell you what'n baby well you better be movin' on.

2: Well I really don't know where I'm goin' for sure,
Ain't got a map, and it ain't no tour,
I'm just headin' out for the open sky,
Who knows? Might even die.
Well don't you worry your pretty little head,
I never give a damn what I did or said.

That's why I'm packin' to leave this place,
Can't stand look at your cheatin' face.

CHORUS: (repeat)

3: Well you treated me like a little boy,
And you played around like I was a toy.
I guess you thought I'd have the blues,
Look who's cryin', guess you lose.

CHORUS: (repeat)

CHORUS: Midnight train, rambling, rambling,
All night long I'm gambling, gambling.
Losing all my money, well it really ain't so funny, hon.
Midnight train, rambling, rambling,
All night long I'm gambling, gambling.
Tell you what'n baby, well you better be moving on.

CHORUS: (repeat)

CHORUS: It's about that time, better be movin' on.
Get outa here, you better be movin' on.
Well that's all she wrote, you better be movin' on.

Source: Mark Atkins (by ear)