

# Cold Rain & Snow

## Grateful Dead

Well she's coming down the stairs, combin' back her yellow hair  
And I ain't goin' be treated this old way, this old way  
And I ain't goin' be treated this old way Well she went up to her room where she sang her faithful tune  
Well I'm goin' where those chilly winds don't blow, winds don't blow  
Well I'm goin' where those chilly winds don't blow Well I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life  
Run me out in the cold rain and snow, rain and snow  
Run me out in the cold rain and snow Run me out in the cold rain and snow  
Run me out in the cold rain and snow  
Run me out in the cold rain and snow  
Run me out in the cold rain and snow

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