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 wayWell 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 blowWell 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 snowRun 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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