

Cold Rain And Snow

Grateful Dead

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
Well she's coming down the stairs, combin' back her yellow hair
And I ain't going be treated this ol' way
Well she went up to her room where she sang her faithful tune
Well I'm going where those chilly winds don't blow [Repeats]

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