

# Candyman

## Grateful Dead

Come on all you pretty women with your hair a hanging down  
Open up your windows 'cuz the Candyman's in town  
Come on boys and gamble, roll those laughing bones  
Seven come eleven, boys I'll take your money home  
Look out, look out the Candyman  
Here he comes and he's gone again  
Pretty lady ain't got no friend  
Till the Candyman comes around again  
I come in from Memphis where I, I learned to talk the jive  
When I get back to Memphis be one less man alive  
Good morning Mr. Benson, I see you're doing well  
If I had me a shotgun, I'd blow you straight to Hell  
Look out, look out the Candyman  
Here he comes and he's gone again  
Pretty lady ain't got no friend  
Till the Candyman comes around again  
Come on boys and wager, if you have got the mind  
If you've got a dollar boys, lay it on the line  
Hand me my old, old guitar, pass the whiskey 'round  
Won't you tell everybody you meet that the Candyman's in town, 'own  
Look out, look out the Candyman  
Here he comes and he's gone again  
Pretty lady ain't got no friend  
Till the Candyman comes around again  
Look out, look out the Candyman  
Here he comes and he's gone again  
Look out, look out the Candyman

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