

Stella Blue (Live - December 2, 1973)

Grateful Dead

All the years combine
They melt into a dream
A broken angel sings
From a guitar
In the end there's just a song
Comes crying like the night (wind)
Through all the broken dreams
And vanished years Stella Blue
When all the cards are down
There's nothing left to see
There's just the pavement left
And broken dreams
In the end there's still that song
Comes crying like the wind
Down every lonely street
That's ever been Stella Blue
I've stayed in every blue-light cheap hotel
Can't win for trying
Dust off those rusty strings just
One more time
Gonna make em shine It all rolls into one
And nothing comes for free
There's nothing you can hold
For very long
And when you hear that song
Come crying like the wind
It seems like all this life
Was just a dream
Stella Blue

Songwriters

GARCIA, JEROME J. / HUNTER, ROBERT C. Published by
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