

Don't Ease Me In

Grateful Dead

Don't ease, don't ease, don't ease me in
I've been all night long commin' home, don't ease me in When I turned around sweet mama, she was way across
town
So I'm walkin' down the street with a dollar in my hand
I've been lookin' for a woman sweet mama, ain't got no man The girl I love, she's sweet and true
You the dress she wears, sweet mama, it's pink and blue
She brings me coffee, she brings me tea
She brings me 'bout every damm thing but the jailhouse keys

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