

Tennessee Jed (Live 1972)

Grateful Dead

Cold iron shackles, ball and chain
Listen to the whistle of the evenin' train
You know you bound to wind up dead
If you don't head back to Tennessee Jed Rich man step on my poor head
When you get back you better butter my bread
Well, do you know it's like I said
You better head back to Tennessee Jed Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee Drink all day and rock all night
The law come to get you if you don't walk right
Got a letter this morning, baby all it read
You better head back to Tennessee Jed I dropped four flights and cracked my spine
Honey, come quick with the iodine
Catch a few winks, baby, under the bed
Then you head back to Tennessee Jed Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee I run into Charlie Fog
Blacked my eye and he kicked my dog
My doggie turned to me and he said
Let's head back to Tennessee Jed
I woke up a felin' mean
Went down to play the slot machine
The wheels turned around, and the letters read
You better head back to Tennessee Jed Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee

Songwriters

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