

# Truckin' (Live At Rheinhalle, Dusseldorf 4/24/72)

## Grateful Dead

Truckin' got my chips cashed in  
Keep truckin', like the do-dah man  
Together, more or less in line, just keep truckin' on  
Arrows of neon and flashing marquees out on Main Street  
Chicago, New York, Detroit and it's all on the same street  
Your typical city involved in a typical daydream  
Hang it up and see what tomorrow brings  
Dallas, got a soft machine Houston, too close to New Orleans  
New York's got the ways and means and just won't let you be  
Most of the cats that you meet on the streets speak  
of true love  
Most of the time they're sittin' and cryin' at home  
One of these days they know they better get goin'  
Out of the door and down on the streets all alone  
Truckin', like the do-dah man. Once told me you've got to play  
your hand  
Sometimes your cards ain't worth a dime, if you don't lay'em down  
Sometimes the light's all shinin' on me  
Other times I can barely see  
Lately it occurs to me what a long, strange trip it's been  
What in the world ever became of sweet Jane?  
She lost her sparkle, you know she isn't the same  
Livin' on reds, vitamin C, and cocaine,  
All a friend can say is ain't it a shame?  
Truckin', up to Buffalo. Been thinkin', you got to mellow slow  
Takes time, you pick a place to go, and just keep truckin' on  
Sittin' and starin' out of the hotel window  
Got a tip they're gonna kick the door in again  
I'd like to get some sleep before I travel  
But if you got a warrant, I guess you're gonna come in  
Busted, down on Bourbon Street, set up, like a bowlin'  
pin  
Knocked down, it get's to wearin' thin. They just won't let you be  
You're sick of hangin' around and you'd like  
to travel  
Get tired of travelin' and you want to settle down  
I guess they can't revoke your soul for tryin'  
Get out of the door and light out and look all around  
Sometimes the light's all shinin' on me  
Other times I can barely see  
Lately it occurs to me what a long, strange trip it's been  
Truckin', I'm a goin' home. Whoa whoa baby, back  
where I belong  
Back home, sit down and patch my bones, and get back truckin' on

Songwriters

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