

# Keepers

## Jerry Garcia, Merl Saunders

I have over loved you and overseen you  
And now you're refusing the gifts that I bring you  
My hands have been clasping my hot head and asking  
"If she submits to me, will she be my property?" You may be bleeding but you're not dying  
Though you are dying to go  
Stop teasing me  
I'm not seeing you leaving me Here is a party full of my friends  
And here is a cup being filled up to be drunk again  
We are just starting luxurious lives to be drunkards and diddymen  
Making Gulf wars and battered wives Now I may be pleading  
But there's no love nor fear in my eyes  
Just greediness  
I'm not seeing this sleeping dog lie I am the wild horses who will drag you away  
I am the locked door who can make you stay  
And I will act the man in almost anyway I can  
So I can keep, keep, keep you So wake up you pretty thing to a wonderful home  
Where we while away the happy Saturdays  
Between the television and the telephone  
And I stroke your head just to feel what I own, whispering  
"Will you be my property and not my disability?" And why are you craving  
To be free from love's slavery  
Stop teasing me  
Love's not letting go I am the child calling you to come back and play  
I am the concert hall in which you hear me say  
I'll act a man in almost anyway I can  
So I can keep, keep, keep you even though you may not understand I am the bee and you are the pollen  
I am the keeper, you are the lion  
I am the holes down which you would have fallen  
If I had not been the hand who came and beckoned you And I'm not seeing this sleeping dog lie Maybe you were  
born wrong  
But why am I picking holes in you  
When it's holes that we all come from? Maybe I was born strong  
To stop love from overtaking me  
To stop love from living too long And you may be bleeding  
And leading me to the blood flow  
But sleep tight tonight lions  
This keeper's never letting go

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