

# New Potato Caboose

## Grateful Dead

Last leaf fallen, bare earth where green was born  
Above my doorknob, two eagles hang against a cloud  
Sun comes up, blood red wind yells among the stone  
All graceful instruments are known  
When the windows all are broken and your love's become a toothless crone  
When the voices of the storm sound like a crowd

Winter morning breaks, you're all alone  
The eyes are blind, blue visions, all a seer can own  
And touching makes the flesh to cry out loud  
This ground on which the seed of love is sown  
All graceful instruments are known

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