

Scarlet Begonias>

Grateful Dead

As I was walking round Grosvenor Square
Not a chill to the winter but a nip to the air
From the other direction she was calling my eye
It could be an illusion but I might as well try, might as well try
She had rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes
And I knew without asking she was into the blues
She wore scarlet begonias, tucked into her curls
I knew right away she was not like other girls, other girls
In the thick of the evening when the dealing got rough
She was too pat to open and too cool to bluff
As I picked up my matches and was closing the door
I had one of those flashes I'd been there before, been there before
Well, I ain't always right but I've never been wrong
Seldom turns out the way it does in a song
Once in a while you get shown the light
In the strangest of places if you look at it right
Well, there ain't nothing wrong with the way she moves
Scarlet begonias or a touch of the blues
And there's nothing wrong with the look that's in her eyes
I had to learn the hard way to let her pass by, let her pass by
The wind in the willow's playing, 'Tea for two'
The sky was yellow and the sun was blue
Strangers stopping, strangers just to shake their hand
Everybody is playing in the heart of gold band, heart of gold band

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