Candyman

Grateful Dead

Come on all you pretty women with your hair a hanging down
Open up your windows 'cause the Candyman's in town
Come on boys and gamble roll those laughing bones
Seven come eleven boys I'll take your money homeLook out look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend 'till
Candyman comes around againI come from Memphis where I learned to talk the jive
When I get back to Memphis be one less man alive
Good morning Mr Benson I see you're doing well
If I had me a shotgun I'd blow you straight to hellLook out look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend 'till
Candyman comes around againCome on boys and wager if you have got the mind
If you've got a dollar boys lay it on the line
Hand me my old guitar pass the whiskey round
Won't you tell everybody you meet that the Candyman's in townLook out look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend 'till
Candyman comes around againLook out look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Look out look out the Candyman

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