Althea

The Greatful Dead

I told Althea, I was feeling lost
Lacking in some direction
Althea told me upon scrutiny
That my back might need protectionI told Althea that treachery
Was tearing me limb from limb
Althea told me, now cool down boy
Settle back easy, JimYou may be Saturday's child all grown
Moving with a pinch of grace
You may be a clown in the burial ground
Or just another pretty faceYou may be the fate of Ophelia
Sleeping and perchance to dream
Honest to the point of recklessness
Self-centered to the extremeNobody messin' with you but you
Your friends are getting most concerned
Loose with the truth, maybe it's your fire
Baby I hope you don't get burnedWhen the smoke has cleared, she said
That's what she said to me
You're gonna want a bed to lay your head
And a little sympathyThere are things you can replace
And others you cannot
The time has come to weigh those things
This space is gettin' hot
You know this space is gettin' hotI told Althea, I was a roving sign
I was born to be a bachelor
Althea told me, okay that's fine
You know now I'm trying to catch herCan't talk to you without talking to me
We're guilty of the same old things
Thinking a lot about less and less
And forgetting the love we bring

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