

Jack Straw (Live In Paris 1972)

Grateful Dead

We can share the women
We can share the wine
We can share what we got of yours
'Cause we done shared all of mine Keep a rolling
Just a mile to go
Keep on rolling, my old buddy
You're moving much too slow I just jumped the watchman
Right outside the fence
Took his ring, four bucks in change
Now ain't that heaven sent? Hurts my ears to listen, Shannon
Burns my eyes to see
Cut down a man in cold blood, Shannon
Might as well be me We used to play for silver
Now we play for life
One's for sport and one's for blood
At the point of a knife
Now the die is shaken
Now the die must fall
There ain't a winner in this game
Who don't go home with all
Not with all Leaving Texas
Fourth day of July
Sun so hot, clouds so low
The eagles filled the sky Catch the Detroit Lightning
Out of Santa Fe
Great Northern out of Cheyenne
From sea to shining sea Gotta get to Tulsa
First train we can ride
Got to settle one old score
And one small point of pride Ain't no place a man can hide, Shannon
Keep him from the sun
Ain't no bed will give us rest, man,
You keep us on the run Jack Straw from Wichita
Cut his buddy down
Dug for him a shallow grave
And laid his body down Half a mile from Tucson
By the morning light
One man gone and another to go
My old buddy you're moving much too slow We can share the women

We can share the wine

Songwriters

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