

Brown Eyed Women

Grateful Dead

Gone are the days when the ox fall down
Take up the yoke and plow the fields around
Gone are the days when the ladies said
"Please gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me" Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on 1929 when he stepped to the bar
Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar
1930 when the wall caved in
He made his way selling red-eyed gin Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on Delilah Jones was the mother of twins
Two times over and the rest were sins
Raised eight boys, only I turned bad
Didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on Tumble down shack on Big Foot County
Snowed so hard that the roof caved in
Delilah Jones went to meet her God
And the old man never was the same again Daddy made whiskey and he made it well
Cost two dollars and it burned like hell
I cut hick'ry just to fire the still
Drink down a bottle and be ready to kill Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
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