

Doin' That Rag

Grateful Dead

Sittin' in Mangrove valley chasing light beams
Everything wanders from baby to Z
Baby, baby, babe, pretty it all on Tuesday
Old like a rum drinkin' demon at tea
Baby, baby, tell me what's the matter?
What, what tell me what's your why how?
Tell me why will you never come home?
Tell me what's your reason if you've got a good one
Everywhere I go the people all know
Everyone is doin' that rag
Everywhere I go the people all know
Everyone is doin' that rag
Take my line and go fishin' for a Tuesday
Maybe take my supper, eat it down by the sea
Gave my baby twenty or forty good reasons
Couldn't find any better ones in the mornin' at three
The rain gonna come but the rain gonna go you know
Steppin' off sharply from the rank and file
Awful cold and dark like a dungeon
Maybe get a little bit dark before the day
Hipsters, flipsters, real cool chicksters
Everyone is doin' that rag
Hipsters, flipsters, real cool chicksters

Everyone's doin' that rag
You needn't gild the lily, offer jewels to the sunset
No one is watchin' or standin' in your shoes
Wash your lonely feet in the river in the morning
Everything promised is delivered to you
Don't neglect to pick up what your share is
All the winter birds are wingin' home now
Hey love, go and look around you
Nothing out there you haven't seen before now
Wading in the water and you'll never get wet
If you keep on doin' that rag
Wading in the water and you'll never get wet
If you keep on doin' that rag
One eyed jacks and the deuces are wild
And the aces are crawlin' up and down your sleeve

Come back here, baby Louise
And tell me the name of the game that you play
Is it all fall down? Is it all go under?
Is it all fall down? Is it all go under?
Is it all fall down? Is it all go under?

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