

On the Road Again

Grateful Dead

Why I married me a bad girl, tell you the reason why
Bad girls will even do things on the sly
Look for your supper to be good and hot
She never even put a stew bone in the pot
She's on the road again, sure as you're born
Natural born easy on the road again
Friend come by, say looking for his hat
Wants to know where your husband's at
I don't know, he's on his way to the pen
Come on pretty mama, let's get on the road again
Went to my house the front door was locked
Went 'round to my window, but my window was locked
Jumped right back, shook my head
Big old rounder in my folding bed
Jumped into the window, broke the glass
Never seen that little rounder run so fast

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