

Brown-Eyed Woman

Grateful Dead

Gone are the days when the ox fall down
Take up the yoke and plow the fiends 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

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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

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Tumble down shack on Big Foot country
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

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