

# Hell in a Bucket

Grateful Dead

Well I was drinkin last night with a biker  
And I showed him a picture of you  
I said, pal get to know her, you'll like her  
Seemed like the least I could do.  
Cause when he's chargin his chopper  
Up and down your carpeted halls  
You will think I am dressed up quite proper  
Never mind how I stumble and fall.

You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot  
For taste of your elegant pride  
I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe  
But at least Im enjoying the ride, at least I'll enjoy the ride.

Cause you're a sweet little softcore pretender  
Somehow, babe, it got as hot as it gets  
With her black leather and gold spike suspenders  
And your chain, your black whip and pets.

Well we know you're the reincarnation  
Of the infamous catherine the great  
And we know how you love the ovation  
And the scene that it seems to create.

You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot  
For taste of your elegant pride  
I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe  
But at least Im enjoying the ride, at least I'll enjoy the ride.

You analyze me, tend to despise me  
You laugh when I stumble and fall  
There may come a say when I'll dance on your grave  
Unable to dance I'll still crawl across it  
Unable to dance I'll still crawl  
Unable to dance I'll still crawl  
Unable to dance I'll crawl.

You must really consider the circus  
It just might be your kind of zoo  
I can't think of a place that's more perfect  
For a person as perfect as you.

And it's not like Im leaving you lonely  
Cause I wouldn't know where to begin  
Well I know you wake up here only  
When the snakes come marching in.

You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot  
For taste of your elegant pride  
I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe  
But at least Im enjoying the ride, at least I'll enjoy the ride.  
Ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride  
At least I'll enjoy the ride.  
At least I'll enjoy the ride.  
At least I'll enjoy the ride.