

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 day 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.