## Grass Roots "Doin' That Rag"

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Da da

Sittin in mangrove valley chasing light beams
Everything wanders from baby to z
Baby baby pretty it up on tuesday old like a rumdrinking demon at tea.
Baby baby tell me whats the matter, what, what tell me
whats your why how?
Tell me why will you never come home
Tell me whats your reason, if youve got a good one.

Everywhere I go, the people all know everyones doin that rag.

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Take my line, go fishin for a tuesday, Maybe take my supper, eat it down by the sea. Gave my baby twenty or forty good reasons, Couldnt find any better ones in the morning at three.

The rain gonna come, but the rain gonna go yknow.

Steppin off sharply from the rank and file.

Awful cold and dark like a dungeon

Maybe get a little bit darker before the day.

Hipsters, flipsters, real cool chicksters everyones doin that rag.

You neednt 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.

Dont neglect to pick up what your share is, All the winter birds are winging home now. Hey love go, and look around you, Nothing out there you havent seen before now.

Wading in the water and youll never get wet, If you keep on doin that rag. Wading in the water and youll 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 pretty baby louise And tell me the name of the game that you play.

Is it all fall down? is it all go under?

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