

Grateful Dead

"Ain't Superstitious Meet Me on the Bottom"

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Meet me on the bottom, bring me my running shoes,
When I come out the window, we ain't got time to lose.

Well I ain't superstitious, but a black cat crossed my
trail,
Don't brush me with my broom, Babe, I just might land
in jail.

Well my right hand itchin', Babe, I get smothered by
the shore,
Look down you engine, Babe, but somebody got to go.

Meet me on the bottom, Babe, bring me my running
shoes,
When I come out the window, Babe, we ain't got time to
lose.
Well I hope you are listening, when I come streaking by,
Got a bad old man, Babe, and I'm too young to die.

Well I ain't superstitious, but a black cat crossed my
trail,
Don't brush me with my broom, Babe, I just might land
in jail.

Dogs been barking all around my neighborhood,
You give a sign, Babe, ain't do nobody no good

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