

Grateful Dead

"Boys in the Barroom"

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Does God look down on the boys in the barroom,
Mainly forsaken but surely not judged.
Jacks, kings, and aces, their faces in wine,
Do lord deliver our kind.
From singing for whiskey three strings on the fiddle,
Four on the guitar and a song that I love.
Many's the night we spent picking and singing,
In hopes it be pleasing both here and above.
Jack's string fiddle to my sawtooth bow,
Who loves lonlieness loves it alone.
I love the dim lights like some love the dew,
Only thing I wonder sometimes:
Does God look down on the boys in the barroom,
Mainly forsaken but surely not judged.
Jacks, kings, and aces, their faces in wine,
Do lord deliver our kind

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