

Grateful Dead "Empty Pages"

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Empty pages before my eyes, you not deny or criticize
Empty bedrooms where I paid my dues
Watching the ceiling instead of you
Can you tell me where you're goin', can't hold on to
hear my song
I've got some songs I'd love to sing
Always bring down some other thing
Where can I go my hands are broken
It seems like your love is just a token, why won't you
stay with me?
Up in the morning and out the door
She won't come in I gotta live alone
Back in the evening with the darn poor fool out
I got on mind just this gal, just this gal

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