

## Grateful Dead "Lady With A Fan"

Visit "[Lady With A Fan](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Let my inspiration flow in token rhyme, suggesting  
rhythm,  
That will not forsake you, till my tale is told and done.  
While the firelight's aglow, strange shadows from the  
flames will grow,  
Till things we've never seen will seem familiar.  
Shadows of a sailor, forming winds both foul and fair  
all swarm.  
Down in Carlisle, he loved a lady many years ago.  
Here beside him stands a man, a soldier from the  
looks of him,  
Who came through many fights, but lost at love.  
While the story teller speaks, a door within the fire  
creaks;  
Suddenly flies open, and a girl is standing there.  
Eyes alight, with glowing hair, all that fancy paints as  
fair,  
She takes her fan and throws it, in the lion's den.  
Which of you to gain me, tell, will risk uncertain pains  
of hell?  
I will not forgive you if you will not take the chance.  
The sailor gave at least a try, the soldier being much  
too wise,  
Strategy was his strength, and not disaster.  
The sailor, coming out again, the lady fairly leapt at  
him.  
That's how it stands today. You decide if he was wise.  
The story teller makes no choice. Soon you will not hear  
his voice.  
His job is to shed light, and not to master.  
Since the end is never told, we pay the teller off in  
gold,  
In hopes he will return, but he cannot be bought or sold

Visit [Grateful Dead](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.