

## Grateful Dead

### "Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues"

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Halfway past cool on Monday for the sight of her  
Rode in town while he built afar with the riders and then  
the poor  
Hot damn, it's a mother's day, don't you all look fine  
Promenading down long car ocean, yes it's mine and  
it's sniffing white

They got poets, shuckers and godzilla's 'round  
Mother's sweet little frozen no suit  
We got Speed Racer and his archaic as words  
Revolutionary Hamstrung  
Blues

Bringin' all the mares hide in your cabs, honey now  
loosen your load  
You belong to this has-no-name, what I  
I remember some chicks from the sciz would come  
along and sit and squeeze too  
Silly says, I say it once, for you it's cold steel and slow  
It's sounds have all ruptured, it sounds just like glass  
Suspect out in the corners, sounding verse and kickin'  
ass  
I felt the city have a narly, don't make the 6 o'clock  
news  
Speed Racer and the band here playing

As I recall I went for the window, but I never did get me  
there  
Hit me hard with his hickory stick was the last thing I  
saw, met you  
Drag me down and tangle, you carry the charges if you  
feel  
Pray for the day that one yourself, but then figure we'll  
lick a few

But when I try to look up, don't want to let me loosen  
your load  
Here alone take this grenade for me, well I

The fore runner radiates wild help up far now, gun  
ships pass so far

Pass me a vote, silly, and how we did it all over  
Did it all over, did it all over the road

We got broads, suckers and guys in this jail mother  
sweet little frozen no suit  
We got Speed Racer and his archaic am words  
Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues

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