

Grateful Dead

"Run for the Roses"

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Run,run, run for the roses, the bigger it opens, the
sooner it closes.
Meddle, meddle, friend of mine, all good things in all
good time.

Reach for the sun, catch hold of the moon.
That ball too heavy, but what can you do.
Reach for the stars, smack into the sky.
You don't want to live but you're chicken to die.
Ohhh, you're chicken to die.

Run, run, run for the roses, the bigger it opens the
sooner it closes.
Meddle, meddle, friend of mine, all good things in all
good time.

Run for the money, caught short on the rent.
Big ideas, but the cash is all spent.
The trouble with love is it's on vase.
You just want a cup, but you don't want to race.
No, you don't want to race.

Run,run, run for the roses, the bigger it opens, the
sooner it closes.
Meddle, meddle, friend of mine, all good things in all
good time.

Run for the roses, get caught on the briar.
You wanted to love, next thing there's a fire.
You got the Do Re, I got the Mi.
I got the notion we're all at sea.
Yes, we're all at sea.

Run, run, run for the roses, the bigger it opens, the
sooner it closes.
Meddle, meddle, friend of mine, all good things in all
good time

