

Grateful Dead

"Tennessee Jed"

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Tennessee Jed

Cold iron shackles, ball and chain,
listen to the whistle of the evening train.
You know you bound to wind up dead,
You don't head back to Tennessee, Jed.

Rich man step on my poor head,
when you get back you better butter my bread,
Well, do you know it's like I said,
you better head back to Tennessee, Jed.

Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather
be,
Baby, won't you carry me back to Tennessee?

Drink all day and rock all night,
the law come to get ya if you don't walk right,
got a letter this morning, baby, all it read,
"You better head back to Tennessee, Jed".

I dropped four flights and cracked my spine,
buddy, come quick with the iodine,
catch a few winks, baby, under the bed
then ya head back to Tennessee, Jed.

Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather
be,
Baby, won't you carry me back to Tennessee?

I run in ta Charlie Ford,
He blacked my eye and he kicked my dog,
my dog he turned to me and he said,
"Let's head back to Tennessee, Jed."

I woke up a feeling mean,
I went down to play the slot machine,
the wheels turned around, and the letters read,
you better head back to Tennessee, Jed.

Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather
be,
Baby, won't you carry me back to Tennessee?

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