

# Jerry Garcia

## "The Ballad Of Frankie Lee And Judas Priest"

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Well, Frankie Lee and Judas Priest  
They were the best of friends  
So when Frankie Lee needed money one day  
Judas quickly pulled out a roll of tens  
And placed them on a footstool  
Just above the plotted plain  
Sayin', "Take your pick, Frankie Boy  
My loss will be your gain"

Well, Frankie Lee, he sat right down  
And put his fingers to his chin  
But with the cold eyes of Judas on him  
His head began to spin  
"Would ya please not stare at me like that," he said  
"It's just my foolish pride  
But sometimes a man must be alone  
And this is no place to hide"

Well, Judas, he just winked and said  
"All right, I'll leave you here  
But you'd better hurry up and choose  
Which of those bills you want  
Before they all disappear"  
"I'm gonna start my pickin' right now  
Just tell me where you'll be"

Judas pointed down the road  
And said, "Eternity"  
"Eternity?" said Frankie Lee  
With a voice as cold as ice  
"That's right," said Judas Priest, "Eternity  
Though you might call it 'Paradise'"

"I don't call it anything "  
Said Frankie Lee with a smile  
"All right," said Judas Priest  
"I'll see you after a while"

Well, Frankie Lee, he sat back down  
Feelin' low and mean  
When just then a passing stranger  
Burst upon the scene

Saying, "Are you Frankie Lee, the gambler  
Whose father is deceased?  
Well, if you are  
There's a fellow callin' you down the road  
And they say his name is Priest"

"Oh, yes, he is my friend"  
Said Frankie Lee in fright  
"I do recall him very well

In fact, he just left my sight"  
"Yes, that's the one," said the stranger  
As quiet as a mouse  
"Well, my message is, he's down the road  
Stranded in a house"

Well, Frankie Lee, he panicked  
He dropped ev'rything and ran  
Until he came up to the spot  
Where Judas Priest did stand  
"What kind of house is this," he said  
"Where I have come to roam?"  
"It's not a house," said Judas Priest  
"It's not a house . . . it's a home"

Well, Frankie Lee, he trembled  
He soon lost all control  
Over ev'rything which he had made  
While the mission bells did toll  
He just stood there staring  
At that big house as bright as any sun  
With four and twenty windows  
And a woman's face in ev'ry one

Well, up the stairs ran Frankie Lee  
With a soulful, bounding leap  
And, foaming at the mouth  
He began to make his midnight creep  
For sixteen nights and days he raved  
But on the seventeenth he burst  
Into the arms of Judas Priest  
Which is where he died of thirst

No one tried to say a thing  
When they took him out in jest  
Except, of course, the little neighbor boy  
Who carried him to rest  
And he just walked along, alone  
With his guilt so well concealed  
And muttered underneath his breath  
"Nothing is revealed"

Well, the moral of the story  
The moral of this song  
Is simply that one should never be  
Where one does not belong  
So when you see your neighbor carryin' somethin'  
Help him with his load  
And don't go mistaking Paradise  
For that home across the road

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