

The Grateful Dead

"Jack Straw"

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Took his rings, four bucks in change, ain't that Heaven sent.

Hurts my ears to listen, Shannon, burns my eyes to see;

Cut down a man in cold blood, Shannon, might as well been me.

We used to play for silver, now we play for life;
And once for sport and once for blood at the point of a knife.

And now the die is shakin', now the die must fall.
There ain't no winner in the game, he don't go home with all.
Not with all.

Leaving Texas, fourth day of July,
Sun so hot, the clouds so low, the eagles fill the sky.

Catch the Detroit Lightning out of Sante Fe,
The Great Northern out of Cheyenne, from sea to shining sea.

Gotta go to Tulsa, first train we can ride,
Gotta settle one old score, one small point of pride,
There ain't a place a man can hide, Shannon, we'll keep him from the sun,
Ain't a bed can give us rest now, you keep us on the run.

Jack Straw from Wichita cut his buddy down,
He dug for him a shallow grave and laid his body down.
Half a mile from Tucson, by the morning light,
One man gone and another to go, my old buddy you're moving much too slow

We can share the women, we can share the wine.

