

The Grateful Dead

"Ripple"

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

Rich man step on my poor head
When you get up you better butter my bread
Well 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
Law come to get you if you don't walk right
Got a letter this morning and all it read:
You better head back to Tennessee, Jed

I dropped four flights and cracked my spine
Honey come quick with the iodine
Catch a few winks down under the bed
Then 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 ran into Charley Phogg
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
Went down to play the slot machine
The wheels turned round and the letters read
Better head back to Tennessee, Jed

Tennessee, Tennessee

Ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me
Back to Tennessee

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