

The Grateful Dead

"Tons of Steel"

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I know these rails we're on like I know my lady's smile,
We see a dozen dreams in every passing mile.
Can't begin to count the trips she and I have made,
But I wish I had a dollar for each time we've both been
down this grade.

900,000 tons of steel, made to roll.
The brakes don't work and this grade's too steep, her
engine's sure to blow.
900,000 tons of steel, out of control,
She's more a rollercoaster than the train I used to
know.

It's one hell of an understatement, to say she can get
mean.
She's temperamental, more a bitch than a machine.
She wasn't built to travel at the speed a rumor flies,
These wheels are bound to jump the tracks before they
burn the ties

900,000 tons of steel, made to roll.
The brakes don't work and this grade's too steep, her
engine's sure to blow
900,000 tons of steel, out of control
She's more a rollercoaster than the train I used to
know.

Murphy sure out done himself to pick this stretch of
track
I can only hope my luck is ridin' in the back.
Well I have prayed to God this ain't the day we meet,
I've done 'bout everything but try dragging my feet.

900,00 tons of steel, made to roll.
The brakes don't work and this grade's too steep, her
engine's sure to blow
900,00 tons of steel, out of control,
She's more a rollercoaster than the train I used to
know.

Oh, oh I want to go down slow.

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