

Greatful Dead

"Cant Come Down"

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Well I'm flying down desert streets wrapped in
mother's wine and sheets,

Asbestos boots on flaming feet dreaming of forbidden
treats,

When uniforms on nighttime beats ask me where I'm
going and what I eat.

I answer them with a voice so sweet,

I can't come down till it's plain to see.

I can't come down I've been set free.

Who you are and what you don't make no difference to
me.

Well someone trying to tell me where it's at,

And how I do this and why I do that,

With secret smiles like a Cheshire cat,

And little wings like a vampire bat,

I fly away to my cold water flat and eat my way to a
bone of fat,

And I say to the man with the funny hat,

They say I'll be good to lose my grip,

My hold on reality is starting to slip,

To tell me to get off with this trip,

The say its like a sinking ship,

Life is sweet it's too warm to sip,

And if I drink I'll chuck and flip, I'll just say as I take a
nip,

Oh I dream of cotton seas and granite walls and
redwood trees,

And ugly eye that only sees endless mirrors and
infinite me's,

About the winter's coming freeze this afterthought I say
with ease,

To all of you who make your fees

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