

Greatful Dead

"On The Road Again"

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Why I married me a bad girl, tell you the reason why

Bad girls will even do things on the sly

Look for your supper to be good and hot

She never even put a stew bone in the pot

She's on the road again, sure as you're born

Natural born easy on the road again

Friend come by, say looking for his hat

Wants to know where your husband's at

I don't know, he's on his way to the pen

Come on pretty mama, let's get on the road again

Went to my house the front door was locked

Went 'round to my window, but my window was locked

Jumped right back, shook my head,

Big old rounder in my folding bed

Jumped into the window, broke the glass

Never seen that little rounder run so fast

Come on pretty mama, let's get on the road again

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