

# Grateful Dead, Cold Rain And Snow

Well I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life  
Run me out in the cold rain and snow  
Rain and snow, run me out in the cold rain and snow

Well she's coming down the stairs, combin' back her yellow hair  
And I ain't goin be treated this ol' way

Well she went up to her room where she sang her faithful tune  
Well I'm goin where those chilly winds don't blow