

Grateful Dead, Saint Stephen

Saint Stephen with a rose
In and out of the garden he goes
Country garden in the wind and the rain
Wherever he goes the people all complain

Stephen prospered in his time
Well he may and he may decline
Did it matter, does it now
Stephen would answer if he only knew how

Wishing well with a golden bell
Bucket hanging clear to hell
Hell halfway twixt now and then
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again

Lady finger, dipped in moonlight,
Writing "what for?" across the morning sky
Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer
Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye
Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned
Several seasons with their treasons
Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own

Did he doubt or did he try?
Answers aplenty in the by and by
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills
One man gathers what another man spills

Saint Stephen will remain, all he's lost he shall regain
Seashore washed by the suds and foam
Been here so long, he's got to calling it home.

Fortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman
Spinnin' that curious sense of your own
Can you answer?
Yes I can
But what would be the answer to the answer man?