

# The Grateful Dead, 100,000 Tons Of Steel

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.

And 100,000 tons of steel, made to roll.  
The brakes don't work and this grade's too steep, her engine's sure to blow.  
And 100,000 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't be beat.  
She's tempermental, more a bitch than a machine.  
She wasn't built to travel at speed or through mud slides.  
These wheels are bound to jump the tracks before they burn like the ties

And 100,000 tons of steel, made to roll.

The brakes don't work and this grade's too steep, her engine's sure to blow  
And 100,000 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 pray to God this ain't the day we meet,  
I've done about everything, but try dragging my feet.

And 100,000 tons of steel, made to roll.  
The brakes don't work and this grade's too steep, her engine's sure to blow  
And 100,000 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.