

The Grateful Dead, Doin' That Rag

Da da da da da da da da da da

Sittin in Mangrove valley chasing light beams
Everything wanders from baby to Z
Baby Baby pretty it up on Tuesday Old like a rum-drinking demon at tea.
Baby Baby tell me what's the matter, what, what tell me what's your why how?
Tell me why will you never come home
Tell me what's your reason, if you've got a good one.

Everywhere I go, the people all know Everyone's doin' that rag.
Everywhere I go, the people all know Everyone's doin' that rag.

Take my line, go fishin' for a Tuesday,
Maybe take my supper, eat it down by the sea.
Gave my baby twenty or forty good reasons,
Couldn't find any better ones in the morning at three.

The rain gonna come, but the rain gonna go y'know.
Steppin' off sharply from the rank and file.
Awful cold and dark like a dungeon
Maybe get a little bit darker before the day.
Hipsters, flipsters, real cool chicksters Everyone's doin' that rag.

You needn't gild the lily, offer jewels to the sunset.
No one is watchin' or standin' in your shoes.
Wash your lonely feet in the river in the morning,
Everything promised is delivered to you.

Don't neglect to pick up what your share is,
All the winter birds are winging home now.
Hey love go, and look around you,
Nothing out there you haven't seen before now.

Wading in the water and you'll never get wet,
If you keep on doin' that rag.
Wading in the water and you'll never get wet,
If you keep on doin' that rag.

One eyed jacks and the deuces are wild
And the aces are crawlin' up and down your sleeve.
Come back here pretty baby Louise
And tell me the name of the game that you play.

Is it All Fall Down? Is it All Go Under?