

The Grateful Dead, New Potato Caboose

Last leaf fallen bare earth where green was born,
Black Madonna two eagles hang against a cloud,
Sun comes up blood red wind yells among the stone,
All graceful instruments are known.

When the windows all are broken and your love's become a toothless crone,
When the voices of the storm sound like a crowd,
Winter morning breaks, you're all alone.

The eyes are blind, blue visions, all a seer can own,
And touching makes the flesh to cry out loud
This ground on which the seed of love is sown,
All graceful instruments are known.