

# The Grateful Dead, Scarlet Begonias

As I was walkin' 'round Grosvenor Square  
Not a chill to the winter but a nip to the air,  
From the other direction, she was calling my eye,  
It could be an illusion, but I might as well try, might as well try.

She had rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes.  
And I knew without askin' she was into the blues.  
She wore scarlet begonias tucked into her curls,  
I knew right away she was not like other girls, other girls.

In the thick of the evening when the dealing got rough,  
She was too pat to open and too cool to bluff.  
As I picked up my matches and was closing the door,  
I had one of those flashes I'd been there before, been there before.

Well, I ain't often right but I've never been wrong.  
It seldom turns out the way it does in this song.  
Once in a while you get shown the light  
In the strangest of places if you look at it right.

Well there ain't nothing wrong with the way she moves,  
Or scarlet begonias or a touch of the blues.  
And there's nothing wrong with the look that's in her eyes,  
I had to learn the hard way-i had to let her pass by, let her pass by

Wind in the willow's playin' "Tea for Two";;  
The sky was yellow and the sun was blue,  
Strangers stoppin' strangers just to shake their hand,  
Everybody's playing in the heart of gold band, heart of gold band.