

# The Grateful Dead, Tennessee Jed

Cold iron shackles, ball and chain,  
Listen to the whistle of the evenin' train.  
You know you bound to wind up dead,  
If you don't head back to Tennessee Jed.

Rich man step on my poor head,  
When you get back you better butter my bread.  
Well, do you know it's like I said,  
You better head back to Tennessee Jed.

Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be,  
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee.

Drink all day and rock all night,  
The law come to get you if you don't walk right  
Got a letter this morning, baby all it read,  
You better head back to Tennessee Jed.

I dropped four flights and cracked my spine,  
Honey, come quick with the iodine,  
Catch a few winks, baby, under the bed  
Then you head back to Tennessee Jed.

Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be,  
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee.

I run into Charlie Fog,  
Blacked my eye and he kicked my dog,  
My doggie turned to me and he said,  
Let's head back to Tennessee Jed.  
I woke up a feelin' mean,  
Went down to play the slot machine,  
The wheels turned around, and the letters read,  
You better head back to Tennessee Jed.

Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be,  
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee.