

# The Grateful Dead, Black Throated Wind

You're bringing me down, I'm running aground,  
Blind in the lights of the interstate cars,  
Passing me by, the busses and the semis,  
Plunging like stones from a slingshot from mars.

But I'm here on the road, bound to the load,  
That I picked up in ten thousand cafes and bars.  
Alone with the rush of the drivers that won't pick me up,  
The highway, the moon, and clouds and the stars.

Black throated wind, keeps on pourin' in,  
With it's words of a life where nothing is new,  
Ah, mother American night, I pass from the light,  
Ah, I'm drownin' in you.

I left St. Louie, city of blues,  
In the midst of a storm I'd rather forget.  
I tried to pretend it came to an end,  
Cause you weren't the women I once thought I'd met.

But I can't deny, times have gone by,  
Well I never had doubts or thoughts of regret,  
And I was a man when all this began,  
Who wouldn't think twice about being there yet.

Black throated wind, whisper in sin,  
And speaking on life that passes like dew.  
It's forced me to see you've done better by me,  
Better by me that I've done by you.

Now what's to be found by racing around,  
you carry your pain wherever you go,  
Full of blues, and tryin' to lose,  
You ain't gonna learn what you don't wanna know.

So I give you my eyes and all of their lies,  
Please help them to learn as well as to see.  
Capture a glance, and make it dance,  
But looking at you is looking at me.

Black throated wind, keeps on pourin' in,  
With it's words of a life that could almost be true,  
Ah, mother American night, here comes a light.  
I'm turning around, that's what I'm gonna do.

Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.  
I'm turning around, that's what I'm gonna do.  
Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.  
Cause you've done better by me than I've done by you,  
I'm drowning in you.