

The Grateful Dead, Blow Away

A man and a woman come together
as strangers.
When they part they're usually
strangers still.
It's like a practical joke
played on us by our Maker.
Empty bottles,
that can't be filled.

You fancy me to be the master
of your feelings.
You barely bruise me
with your looks to kill.
Though I admit we were sometimes brutal
in our dealings,
I never held you against your will.

Chorus:
Baby, who's to say it coulda been different
Now that it's done.
Baby, who's to say...
Baby, who's to say that it shoulda been
Anyway.
Baby, who's to say...
Baby, who's to say
That it even matters in the long run.
Who's to say.
Give it just a minute.
And it'll blow away.
It's blow away.

Your case against me is so
Very clearly stated
I please no contest,
I turn and shrug.
I've come to figure all importance
overestimated.
You must mean water when you beg for blood.