

# The Grateful Dead, China Doll

A pistol shot, at five o'clock, the bells of heaven ring,  
tell me what you done it for, No I won't tell you a thing.  
Yesterday I begged you before I hit the ground,  
all I leave behind me is only what I found.

If you can abide it, let the hurdy-gurdy play,  
stranger ones have come by here before they flew away.  
I will not condemn you nor yet would I deny,  
I would ask the same of you, but failing, will not die.

Take up your china doll, take up your china doll,  
it's only fractured and just a little nervous from the fall.  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la.