

The Grateful Dead, Cold Rain & Snow

Well I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life
Run me out in the cold rain and snow
Rain and snow, run me out in the cold rain and snow

Well she's coming down the stairs, combin' back her yellow hair

And I ain't goin be treated this ol' way

Well she went up to her room where she sang her faithful tune
Well I'm goin where those chilly winds don't blow