The Grateful Dead, Don't Ease Me In

Don't ease, don't ease, don't ease me in.
I've been all night long comin' home, don't ease me in.

When I turned around sweet mama, she was way across town
So I'm walkin' down the street with a dollar in my hand
I've been lookin' for a woman sweet mama, ain't got no man.

The girl I love, she's sweet and true,
You the dress she wears, sweet mama, it's pink and blue,
She brings me coffee, she brings me tea,
She brings me 'bout every damn thing but the jailhouse keys.