

# The Grateful Dead, He's Gone

Rat in a drain ditch, caught on a limb, you know better but I know him.  
Like I told you, what I said, Steal your face right off your head.

Now he's gone, now he's gone, Lord he's gone, he's gone.  
Like a steam locomotive, rollin' down the track  
He's gone, gone, nothin's gonna bring him back...He's gone.

Nine mile skid on a ten mile ride, hot as a pistol but cool inside.  
Cat on a tin roof, dogs in a pile,  
Nothin' left to do but smile, smile, smile!!!!

Now he's gone, now he's gone Lord he's gone, he's gone.  
Like a steam locomotive, rollin' down the track  
He's gone, gone, nothin's gonna bring him back...He's gone.

Goin' where the wind don't blow so strange,  
Maybe off on some high cold mountain chain.  
Lost one round but the price wasn't anything,  
A knife in the back and more of the same.

Same old, rat in a drain ditch, caught on a limb,  
You know better but I know him.  
Like I told you, what I said,  
Steal your face right off your head.

Now he's gone, now he's gone Lord he's gone, he's gone.  
Like a steam locomotive, rollin' down the track  
He's gone, gone, nothin's gonna bring him back...He's gone.

Ooh, nothin's gonna bring him back.