

# The Grateful Dead, Hell In A Bucket

Well I was drinkin' last night with a biker  
And I showed him a picture of you  
I said, "Pal get to know her, you'll like her"  
Seemed like the least I could do.  
Cause when he's chargin' his chopper  
Up and down your carpeted halls  
You won't think it by contrast quite proper  
Never mind how I stumble and fall.

You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot  
For a taste of your elegant pride  
I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe  
But at least I'm enjoying the ride, at least I'll enjoy the ride.

Aw you're a sweet little softcore pretender  
Somehow, baby got hard as it gets  
With your black leather chrome spiked suspenders  
And your chair and your whip and your pets

Well we know you're the reincarnation  
Of the ravenous Catherine the Great  
And we know how you love your ovations  
To the Z-rated scenes you create.

You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot  
For a taste of your elegant pride  
I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe  
But at least I'm enjoying the ride, at least I'll enjoy the ride.

You analyze me, attempt to despise me, you laugh  
When I stumble and fall  
There may come a day, I will dance on your grave  
If unable to dance I will crawl across it  
Unable to dance I will crawl  
Unable to dance I'll crawl.

You must really consider the circus  
It just might be your kind of zoo  
I can't think of a place that's more perfect  
For a person as perfect as you.

And it's not like I'm leaving you lonely  
Cause I wouldn't know where to begin  
Well I know you will think of me only  
When the snakes come marching in.

You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot  
For taste of your elegant pride  
I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe  
But at least I'm enjoying the ride, at least I'm enjoying the ride.  
Ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride  
At least I'm enjoying the ride.  
At least I'm enjoying the ride.  
AT LEAST I'LL ENJOY THE RIDE.