

# The Grateful Dead, Saint Stephen

Saint Stephen with a rose  
In and out of the garden he goes  
Country garden in the wind and the rain  
Wherever he goes the people all complain

Stephen prospered in his time  
Well he may and he may decline  
Did it matter, does it now  
Stephen would answer if he only knew how

Wishing well with a golden bell  
Bucket hanging clear to hell  
Hell halfway twixt now and then  
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again

Lady finger, dipped in moonlight,  
Writing "what for?" across the morning sky  
Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer  
Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye  
Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow  
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned  
Several seasons with their treasons  
Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own

Did he doubt or did he try?  
Answers aplenty in the by and by  
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills  
One man gathers what another man spills

Saint Stephen will remain, all he's lost he shall regain  
Seashore washed by the suds and foam  
Been here so long, he's got to calling it home.

Fortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman  
Spinnin' that curious sense of your own  
Can you answer?  
Yes I can  
But what would be the answer to the answer man?