

The Grateful Dead, Wharf Rat

Old man down, way down down, down by the docks of the city.
Blind and dirty, asked me for a dime, a dime for a cup of coffee.
I got no dime but I got some time to hear his story.
My name is August West, and I love my Pearly Baker best more than my wine.
More than my wine - more than my maker, though he's no friend of mine.

Everyone said, I'd come to no good, I knew I would Pearly, believe them.
Half of my life, I spent doin' time for some other fucker's crime,
The other half found me stumbling 'round drunk on Burgundy wine.

But I'll get back on my feet again someday,
The good Lord willin', if He says I may.
I know that the life I'm livin's no good,
I'll get a new start, live the life I should.
I'll get up and fly away, I'll get up and fly away, fly away.

Pearly's been true, true to me, true to my dyin' day he said,
I said to him, I said to him, "I'm sure she's been."
I said to him, "I'm sure she's been true to you."

Got up and wandered, wandered downtown, nowhere to go but just hang around.
I've got a girl, named Bonnie Lee, I know that girl's been true to me.
I know she's been, I'm sure she's been true to me.