

# Scarlet Begonias

## Grateful Dead

||: B E :||

As I was walking round Grosvenor Square,  
Not a chill to the winter, but a nip to the air.  
From the other direction she was calling my eye.  
It could be an illusion, but I might as well try, might as well try.

She rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes,  
and I knew without asking she was into the blues.  
She wore scarlet begonias tucked into her curls  
I knew right away she was not like other girls, other girls.

In the thick of the evening when the dealing got rough,  
She was too pat to open and too cool to bluff.  
As I picked up my matches and was closing the door,  
I had one of those flashes I'd been there before, been there before.

||: F# B A E :||

Well I ain't often right, but I've never been wrong,  
seldom turns out the way it does in the song.  
Once in a while you get shown the light  
in the stangest of places if you look at it right.

Wels there ain't nothin wrong with the way she moves  
or scarlet begonias or a touch of the blues.  
There's nothing wrong with the love that's in her eye.  
I had to learn the hard way to let her pass by, let her pass by.

The wind in the willows plays "Tea for Two".  
The sky was yellow and the sun was blue.  
Strangers stopping strangers just to shake their hand;  
Everybody's playing in the heart of gold band, heart of gold band.