

# Candyman

## Grateful Dead

Count in: 1-2 1-2-3

**C** **Gm** **F**  
Come all you pretty women with your hair a hangin' down,  
**F** **G**  
Open up your windows 'cause the Candyman's in town.  
**Dm** **G** **Dm**  
Come on boys and gamble, roll those laughing bones,  
**F** **G**  
Seven come eleven, boys, I'll take your money home.  
**Bb** **F** **C**  
Look out, look out, the Candyman,  
**Bb** **F** **C**  
Here he come and he's gone again,  
**Am** **G**  
Pretty lady ain't got no friend 'til  
**F** **G**  
The Candyman comes around again.

I come in from Memphis where I learned to talk the jive,  
When I get back to Memphis, there'll be one less man alive.  
Good mornin', Mr. Benson, I see you're doing well,  
If I had me a shotgun, I'd blow you straight to hell.

Come on boys and wager if you have got the mind,  
If you've got a dollar, boys, then lay it on the line.  
Hand me my old guitar, pass the whiskey 'round,  
Won't you tell everybody you meet that the Candyman's in town.