

Candyman

Grateful Dead

Count in: 1-2 1-2-3

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