

Sunshine Family Farm Fundraiser (8/19/2023)

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|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1 | Cold Rain and Snow | D |
| 2 | Mississippi Halfstep Uptown Todeloo | C |
| 3 | Ramble On Rose | D |
| 4 | Candyman | C |

Cold Rain and Snow

Grateful Dead

- V1** **Well I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life**
Run me out in the cold rain and snow
Rain and snow, run me out in the cold rain and snow
- Lead** MS Lead
- V2** **Well she's coming down the stairs, combin' back her yellow hair**
And I ain't goin be treated this old way
This old way, And I ain't goin be treated this old way.
- Lead** Melodic lead (PJ+MV) ->MV lead
- V3** **Well she went up to her room and she sang a faithful tune**
Well I'm going where those chilly winds don't blow
Winds don't blow, going where those chilly winds don't blow.
- Lead** Melodic lead (PJ+MV) ->MV lead

(Repeat V1)
- Outro** **Run me out in the cold rain and snow (4x)**
- Notes** Count in: 1-2-3-4 1
7/4/86 (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WS2roM0l9Xg>)

Mississippi Halfstep Uptown Toodeloo

Grateful Dead

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|------------------|---|
| Intro | A Ab G F# D / / / G / A B |
| V1 | On the day when I was born Daddy sat down and cried. I had the mark just as plain as day; which could not be denied. They say that Cain caught Abel rolling loaded dice; Ace of Spades behind his ear and him not thinkin' twice. |
| Chorus | Half step, Mississippi uptown toodeloo. Hello, baby, I'm gone, goodbye Half a cup of Rock and Rye. Farewell to you old Southern skies I'm on my way, on my way. |
| Interlude | Am / / D9 F Dm B7 E7 Am / / D9 F Am D7 G7 |
| Lead | MV Lead |
| V2 | If all you got to live for is what you left behind, Get yourself a powder charge and seal that silver mine. Lost my boots in transit, baby, pile of smokin' leather. I nailed a retread to my feet and prayed for better weather. (Chorus) |
| Lead | PJ Lead |
| V3 | They say that when your ship comes in, the first man takes the sails; Second takes the after deck, the third the planks and rails, What's the point of callin' shots; this cue ain't straight in line. Cue ball's made of styrofoam and no one's got the time. (Chorus) |
| Lead | MS start > whisper quiet |
| Bridge | Across the Rio Grande, across the lazy river. |
| Outro | MS to end |
| Notes | 9/3/77 (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R6S2Jq2M7b8) |

Ramble On Rose

Grateful Dead

|| D E F#m G D D G A :||

Just like Jack the Ripper, just like Mojo Hand,
Just like Billy Sunday in a shotgun ragtime band,
Just like New York City, just like Jerico,
Pace the halls and climb the walls and get out when they blow.

D G E G D A D

Did you say your name was Ramblin Rose?
Ramble on baby, settle down easy, Ramble on Rose.

Just like Jack and Jill, Mama told the jailor
One heat up and one cool down and leave nothing for the tailor.
Just like Jack and Jill, Papa told the jailer
One go up, and one go down, do yourself a favor.

Did you say your name was Ramblin Rose?
Ramble on baby, settle down easy, Ramble on Rose.

Bm C Bm C G

I'm gonna to sing you a hundred verses in ragtime,
I know this song it ain't never gonna end.

Bm C D A Bm E A

I'm gonna march you up and down along the county line,
Take you to the leader of the band.

Just like Crazy Otto, just like Wolfman Jack,
Sittin plush with a royal flush, aces back to back.
Just like Mary Shelly, just like Frankenstein,
Clank your chains and count your change and try to walk the line.

Goodbye Mama and Papa, goodbye Jack and Jill.
The grass ain't greener, the wine ain't sweeter
Either side of the hill.

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.**