Brown Eyed Women – The Grateful Dead

[Verse 1]

Dm F

Gone are the days when the ox fall down,

C A#

You take up the yoke and plow the fields around.

Dm F

Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please,

A# F

Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

[Chorus]

C

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

A# F C

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A# F Dm

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

Gm A# F

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[Verse 2]

Dm F

1920 when he stepped to the bar,

C A#

Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar.

Dm F

1930 when the wall caved in,

A# F

He paid his way selling red-eyed gin.

[Chorus]

C

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

A# F C

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A# F Dm

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

Gm A# F

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[Verse 3]

Dm F

Delilah Jones was the mother of twins,

C A#

Two times over and the rest were sins.

Dm F

Raised eight boys, only I turned bad,

A# F

Didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had.

[Chorus]

C

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

A# F C

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A# F Dm

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

Gm A# F

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[Verse 4]

Cm A# F

Tumble down shack in Big Foot county.

Cm A# F

Snowed so hard that the roof caved in.

Dm C A# Am

Delilah Jones went to meet her God,

A# F

And the old man never was the same again.

[Verse 5]

Cm A# F

Daddy made whiskey and he made it well.

Cm A# F

Cost two dollars and it burned like hell.

Dm C A# Am

I cut hick'ry just to fire the still,

A# F

Drink down a bottle and be ready to kill.

[Chorus]

C

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

A# F C

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A# F Dm

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

Gm A# F

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[Verse 6]

Dm F

Gone are the days when the ox fall down,

C A#

You take up the yoke and plow the fiends around.

Dm F

Gone are the days when the ladies said' "Please,

A# F

Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

[Chorus]

C

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

A# F C

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A# F Dm

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

Gm A# F

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

Gm A# F

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.