

## Blow Away

Grateful Dead

A man and a woman come together  
As strangers.  
When they part they're usually  
Strangers still.  
It's like a practical joke  
Played on us by our maker.  
Empty bottles,  
That can't be filled.

You fancy me to be the master  
Of your feelings.  
You barely bruise me  
With your looks to kill.  
Though I admit we were sometimes brutal  
In our dealings,  
I never held you against your will.

R: Baby, who's to say it coulda been different  
Now that it's done.  
Baby, who's to say...  
Baby, who's to say that it shoulda been  
Anyway.  
Baby, who's to say...  
Baby, who's to say  
That it even matters in the long run.  
Who's to say.  
Give it just a minute.  
And it'll blow away.  
It's blow away.

Your case against me is so  
Very clearly stated  
I please no contest,  
I turn and shrug.  
I've come to figure all importance  
Overestimated.  
You must mean water when you beg for blood.