

Candyman

Grateful Dead

C **Gm** **F**
1. 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.

B **F** **C**
R: Look out, look out, the Candyman,
B **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.

2. 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.

R: Look out, look out, the Candyman...

3. 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.

R: Look out, look out, the Candyman...