Candyman

Grateful Dead

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   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 tow
n.

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