

Hes Gone

Grateful Dead

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He s Gone -- Grateful Dead (Hunter, Garcia)

F **F7**
Rat in a train ditch, caught on a limb,

Bb **C** **F**
You know better but I know him.

F **F7**
Like I told you, what I said,

Bb **C** **F**
Steal your face right off your head.

F **Bb F** **Bb F** **Bb** **C**
Now he s gone, now he s gone. He s gone.

Bb **C**
Like a steam locomotive rollin down the track,

Bb **F** **F7/Eb** **Bb** **F**
He s gone, gone, and nothin s gonna bring him back, he s gone.

Nine mile skid on a ten mile ride, hot as a pistol but cool inside.
Cat on a tin roof, dogs in a pile, nothin left to do but smile, smile, smile.

C **Eb** **Bb**
Goin where the wind don t blow so strange,

C **Eb** **Bb**
Maybe off on some high cold mountain chain.

Eb **Bb** **Ab**
Lost one round but the prize wasn t anything,

Eb **Ebm** **Bb** **C**
A knife in the back and more of the same, same old.