

**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.