## It Must Have Been The Roses Grateful Dead

G/B

A7/C#

D

Ten years the waves rolled the ships home from the sea.

#-----# #This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the # #song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. # #----# Received: from animal-farm.nevada.edu by redrock.nevada.edu (5.65c/M1.4) with SMTP id; Tue, 29 Jun 1993 15:05:47 -0700 Received: from post1.INRE.ASU.EDU by animal-farm.nevada.edu id ; Tue, 29 Jun 1993 15:05:44 -0700 Received: from ASUVM.INRE.ASU.EDU (MAILER@ASUACAD) by asu.edu (PMDF V4.2-12 #2382) id ; Tue, 29 Jun 1993 15:05:31 MST Received: from ASUACAD (AUDSM) by ASUVM.INRE.ASU.EDU (Mailer R2.10 ptf000) with BSMTP id 4177; Tue, 29 Jun 93 15:07:09 MST Date: Tue, 29 Jun 1993 15:06:42 -0700 (MST) From: Paul Zimmerman Subject: CRD: It Must Have Been the Roses - Grateful Dead To: jamesb@animal-farm.nevada.edu Message-Id: Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7BIT It Must Have Been The Roses - Grateful Dead Words and Music by Robert Hunter. **D/F#**: 2x023x **E/G#**: 4x2400 **G/B**: x2x033 **A7/C#**: x42223 A E A D/F# A Annie laid her head down in the roses. She had ribbons, ribbons, ribbons in D F#m her long, brown hair. I don t know. Maybe it was the roses. Α All I know, I could not leave her there. Е Α D I don t know. It must have been the roses; the roses or the ribbons in E/G# F#m Α her long, brown hair. I don t know. Maybe it was the roses. All I know, I could not leave her there.

One pane of glass in the window.

G/B A7/C# D

I m thinking well, how it may blow in all good company. No one is complaining, though. Come in and shut the door.

A E D

If I tell another what your own lips told to me, Faded is the crimson from the ribbons that she wore,

A E D

let me lay neath the roses and my eyes no longer see. and it s strange how no one comes round anymore.

Thanks to the original poster.

Peace,

Paul Z