

# The Music Never Stopped

## Grateful Dead

[Intro]

E G A C D E G A C D  
A C D F G A C D F G E

[Verse 1]

E G A C D E G A C  
There s mosquitoes on the river, Fish are rising up like birds  
D E G A C D E  
It s been hot for seven weeks now, too hot to even speak now, did you hear  
what I just heard?  
E G A C D E G A C  
D  
Say it might have been a fiddle, Or it could have been the wind  
E G A C D E  
But there seems to be a beat now, I can feel it my feet now, listen here it  
comes again!

[Walk up]

e|-----|  
B|-----|  
G|-----|  
D|-----|  
A|-----|  
E|-0-2-3-4-|

[Verse 2]

[Chord Fingerings]

A7	Adim7	Bdim/A	A	A6	Bdim/A	A	Adim7
e -X-----X-----X-----0-	-0-----7-----0-----8-						
B -5-----4-----3-----2-	-7-----6-----5-----7-						
G -6-----5-----4-----2-	-6-----7-----6-----8-						
D -5-----4-----3-----2-	-7-----7-----7-----7-						
A -0-----0-----0-----0-	-X-----X-----X-----X-						
E -X-----X-----X-----X-	-X-----X-----X-----X-						

A7 Adim7 Bdim/A A  
There s a band out on the highway, They re high steppin into town  
A7 Adim7 Bdim/A A  
It s a rainbow full of sound, It s fireworks, calliopes and clowns  
A6 Bdim/A A Adim7  
Everybody s dancin  
A6 Bdim/A A Adim7 D E  
C mon children, C mon children, Come on clap your hands

[Verse 3]

A C D F G A C D F G  
Sun went down in honey, And the moon came up in wine

You know stars were spinnin' dizzy, Lord the band kept us so busy, we forgot about the time

<b>E</b>	<b>G A C D</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>G A C D</b>
They re a band beyond description,		Like Jehovah s favorite choir	

E		G A C D		E		G A C D
Crazy rooster crowin	midnight,			Balls of lightin	roll along	

[Walk up]

[Verse 5]

	A7	Adim7	Bdim/A	A		A6	Bdim/A	A	Adim7
e	-X-----X-----X-----0-					-0-----7-----0-----8-			
B	-5-----4-----3-----2-					-7-----6-----5-----7-			
G	-6-----5-----4-----2-					-6-----7-----6-----8-			
D	-5-----4-----3-----2-					-7-----7-----7-----7-			
A	-0-----0-----0-----0-					-X-----X-----X-----X-			
E	-X-----X-----X-----X-					-X-----X-----X-----X-			

**A**

No ones s noticed, but the band s all packed and gone, was it ever there at all?

A6	Bdim/A	A	Adim7	D	E
C mon children,	C mon children,	Come on clap your hands			

**G**

Well the cool breeze came on Tuesday,  
A C D F G D E  
And the corn s a bumper crop

**A**

And the fields are full of dancin , full of singin and romancin , the music

never stopped