

# Jack Straw (Live At Hartford, Ct, May 28, 1977)

## Grateful Dead

We can share the women  
We can share the wine  
We can share what we got of yours  
'Cause we done shared all of mine Keep a rolling  
Just a mile to go  
Keep on rolling, my old buddy  
You're moving much too slow  
I just jumped the watchman  
Right outside the fence  
Took his ring, four bucks in change  
Now ain't that heaven sent?  
Hurts my ears to listen, Shannon  
Burns my eyes to see  
Cut down a man in cold blood, Shannon  
Might as well be me  
We used to play for silver  
Now we play for life  
One's for sport and one's for blood  
At the point of a knife  
Now the die is shaken  
Now the die must fall  
There ain't a winner in this game  
Who don't go home with all  
Not with all...  
Leaving Texas  
Fourth day of July  
Sun so hot, clouds so low  
The eagles filled the sky  
Catch the Detroit Lightning  
Out of Santa Fe  
Great Northern out of Cheyenne  
From sea to shining sea  
Gotta get to Tulsa  
First train we can ride  
Got to settle one old score  
And one small point of pride...  
Ain't no place a man can hide, Shannon  
Keep him from the sun  
Ain't no bed will give us rest, man,  
You keep us on the run

Jack Straw from Wichita  
Cut his buddy down  
Dug for him a shallow grave  
And layed his body down  
Half a mile from Tucson  
By the morning light  
One man gone and another to go  
My old buddy you're moving much too slow  
We can share the women  
we can share the wine...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>