

Truckin'

Grateful Dead

Truckin' got my chips cashed in. Keep truckin', like the do-dah man
Together, more or less in line, just keep truckin' on. E A
B A (E E7)

Arrows of neon and flashing marquees out on Main Street. E E7 E E7
Chicago, New York, Detroit and it's all on the same street. E E7 E E7
Your typical city involved in a typical daydream E E7 E E7
Hang it up and see what tomorrow brings. E E7 E E7

Dallas, got a soft machine; Houston, too close to New Orleans; E A
New York's got the ways and means; but just won't let you be. B A (E E7)

Most of the cats that you meet on the street speak of true love, E E7 E E7
Most of the time they're sittin' and cryin' at home. E E7 E E7
One of these days they know they gotta get goin' E E7 E E7
Out of the door and down on the streets all alone. E E7 E E7

Truckin', like the do-dah man. Once told me "you've got to play your hand" E A
Sometimes your cards ain't worth a dime, If you don't lay'em down. B A (E E7)

Bridge:

Sometimes the light's all shinin' on me; A (G D/F# A)
Other times I can barely see A (G D/F# A)
Lately it occurs to me what a long, D Bm F# Amaj7
strange trip it's been. (E E7)

What is the world ever became of sweet Jane? E E7 E E7
She lost her sparkle, you know she isn't the same E E7 E E7
Livin' on reds, vitamin C, and cocaine, E E7 E E7
All a friend can say is "Ain't it a shame?" E E7 E E7

Truckin', up to Buffalo. Been thinkin', you got to mellow slow E A
Takes time, to pick a place to go, and just keep truckin' on. B A (E E7)

Sittin' and starin' out of the hotel window. E E7 E E7
Got a tip they're gonna kick the door in again. E E7 E E7
I'd like to get some sleep before I travel, E E7 E E7
But if you got a warrant, I guess you're gonna come in. E E7 E E7

Busted, down on Bourbon Street, Setup, like a bowlin' pin. E A
Knocked down, it gets to wearin' thin. They just won't let you be. B A (E E7)

You're sick of hangin' around and you'd like to travel; E E7 E E7
Get tired of travlin' and you want to settle down. E E7 E E7
I guess they can't revoke your soul for tryin', E E7 E E7
Get out of the door and light out and look all around. E E7 E E7

Bridge

Truckin' I'm a goin' home. Whoa whoa baby, back where I belong. E A
Back home, sit down and patch my nones, and get back truckin' on. B A (E E7)