

Grateful Dead- Truckin (1970)

Intro: E E7 (x4)

Chorus 1:

E A
 Truckin got my chips cashed in Keep truckin like the doo-dah man
 B A Intro
 Together, more or less in line, just keep truckin on

Verse 1:

E E7 E
 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

Chords Used:	
E	(022100)
E7	(020100)
A	(x02220)
B	(x24442)
G	(320033)
D/F#	(2x0232)
D	(xx0232)
F#m	(244222)
AMaj7	(x02120)

Chorus 2:

Dallas, got a soft machine; Houston, too close to New Orleans
New York's got the ways and means; but just won't let you be

Verse 2:

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

Chorus 3:

Truckin, like the doo-dah man. Once told me "You've got to play
your hand"
Sometimes your cards ain't worth a dime if you don't lay em down

Bridge:

A G D/F# A
 Sometimes the light's all shinin on me
 A G D/F# A
 Other times I can barely see
 D F#m AMaj7 Intro
 Lately it occurs to me What a long, strange trip it's been.



Verse 3:

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

Chorus 4:

Truckin, up to Buffalo, been thinkin, you got to mellow slow
Takes time, to pick a place to go, and just keep truckin on

Verse 4:

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

Chorus 5:

Busted, down on Bourbon Street, Set up, like a bowlin pin.
Knocked down, it gets to wearin thin, They just won't let you be

Verse 5:

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

Bridge

Chorus 6:

Truckin, I'm a goin home, Whoa whoa baby, back where I belong
Back home, sit down and patch my bones, and get back truckin on

Intro (to fade)