
CONTENTS

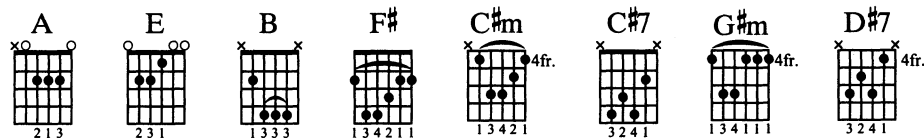
BERTHA.....	GRATEFUL DEAD.....	6
BOX OF RAIN.....	AMERICAN BEAUTY.....	8
CASEY JONES	WORKINGMAN'S DEAD	10
CHINA CAT SUNFLOWER	AOXOMOXOA	12
ESTIMATED PROPHET.....	TERRAPIN STATION.....	14
EYES OF THE WORLD.....	WAKE OF THE FLOOD.....	16
FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN.....	SHAKEDOWN STREET.....	18
FRANKLIN'S TOWER.....	BLUES FOR ALLAH.....	20
FRIEND OF THE DEVIL	AMERICAN BEAUTY	22
THE GOLDEN ROAD (TO UNLIMITED DEVOTION).....	THE GRATEFUL DEAD.....	26
HELL IN A BUCKET	IN THE DARK.....	28
THE MUSIC NEVER STOPPED.....	BLUES FOR ALLAH.....	30
NOT FADE AWAY/GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD FEELING BAD	GRATEFUL DEAD.....	24
ONE MORE SATURDAY NIGHT.....	EUROPE '72.....	32
PLAYING IN THE BAND	GRATEFUL DEAD.....	34
RIPPLE	AMERICAN BEAUTY	36
SCARLET BEGONIAS	FROM THE MARS HOTEL	38
ST. STEPHEN.....	AOXOMOXOA.....	40
SUGAR MAGNOLIA.....	EUROPE '72.....	42
SUGAREE	STEAL YOUR FACE	44
TENNESSEE JED	EUROPE '72	46
THAT'S IT FOR THE OTHER ONE (III.THE OTHER ONE).....	ANTHEM OF THE SUN.....	48
TOUCH OF GREY	IN THE DARK	3
TRUCKIN'.....	EUROPE '72.....	50
U.S. BLUES	FROM THE MARS HOTEL	52
UNCLE JOHN'S BAND	WORKINGMAN'S DEAD	54

TOUCH OF GREY

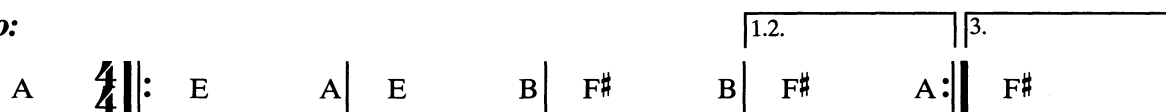
3

Words by ROBERT HUNTER

Music by JERRY GARCIA



Intro:



Verse 1:

B F# B E A E
It must be getting early, clocks are running late.

F# B E
Paint by number morning sky, looks so phony.

B F# B E A E
Dawn is breaking everywhere, light a candle, curse the glare.

F# B E
Draw the curtains, I don't care 'cause, it's alright.

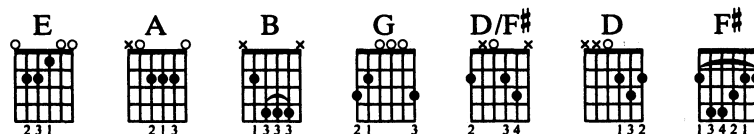
Chorus:

F# B E (w/Riff) F# B E (w/Riff)
I will get by, I will get by.

F# B A E F# E F#
I will get by, I will survive.

TRUCKIN'

Words by ROBERT HUNTER
Music by JERRY GARCIA, BOB WEIR and PHIL LESH



Intro:



Chorus:

E A
Truckin', got my chips cashed in, keep truckin' like the dodah man.
B A E
Together, more or less in line, just keep truckin' on.

Verse 1:

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

Chorus:

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

Verse 2:

E
Most of the cats that you meet on the street 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 street all alone.

Chorus:

E A
Truckin', like the dodah man once told me, "You got to play your hand."
B A E
Sometimes the 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.
D A G D/F# A
Other times I can barely see.
D B F# A E
Lately, it occurs to me what a long, strange trip it's been.