

## Brown Eyed Woman by Grateful Dead

### [Verse 1]

C#m E  
Gone are the days when the ox fall down,  
B A  
You take up the yoke and plow the fields around.  
C#m E  
Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please,  
A E  
Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

### [Chorus]

B  
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,  
A E B  
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.  
A E C#m  
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

### [Verse 2]

C#m E  
1920 when he stepped to the bar,  
B A  
Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar.  
C#m E  
1930 when the wall caved in,  
A E  
He paid his way selling red-eyed gin.

### [Chorus]

B  
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,  
A E B  
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.  
A E C#m  
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

### [Verse 3]

C#m E  
Delilah Jones was the mother of twins,  
B A

Two times over and the rest were sins.

C#m E  
Raised eight boys, only I turned bad,  
A E  
Didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had.

[Chorus]

B  
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,  
A E B  
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.  
A E C#m  
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[Solo]

C#m E  
B A  
C#m E  
A E

[Bridge]

Bm A E  
Tumble down shack in Big Foot county.  
Bm A E  
Snowed so hard that the roof caved in.  
C#m B A G#m  
Delilah Jones went to meet her God,  
A E  
And the old man never was the same again.

[Verse 4]

C#m E  
Daddy made whiskey and he made it well.  
B A  
Cost two dollars and it burned like hell.  
C#m E  
I cut hick'ry just to fire the still,  
A E  
Drink down a bottle and be ready to kill.

[Chorus]

B  
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,  
A E B

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m  
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[Verse 5]

C#m E  
Gone are the days when the ox fall down,

B A  
You take up the yoke and plow the fields around.

C#m E  
Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please,

A E  
Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

[Chorus]

B  
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

A E B  
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m  
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.