

# Grateful **Dead** - Candyman

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Come on all you pretty women  
With your hair a-hanging down  
Open up your windows 'cause  
The Candyman's in town  
Come on, boys, and gamble  
Roll those laughing bones  
Seven come eleven, boys  
I'll take your money home

## **[Chorus]**

Look out  
Look out  
The Candyman  
Here he come  
And he's gone again  
Pretty lady ain't  
Got no friend  
Till the Candyman comes  
'round again

I come in from Memphis  
Where I learned to talk the jive  
When I get back to Memphis  
Be one less man alive  
Good mornin', Mr. Benson  
I see you're doing well  
If I had me a **shotgun**  
I'd **blow** you straight to **hell**

Look out  
Look out  
The candyman  
Here he come  
And he's gone again  
Pretty lady ain't  
Got no friend  
Till the Candyman  
Comes 'round again

Come on, boys, and wager  
If you have got the mind  
If you got a dollar, boys  
Lay it on the line  
Hand me my old guitar

Pass the whiskey 'round  
Want you to tell everybody you meet  
The Candyman's in town

Look out  
Look out  
The Candyman  
Here he come  
And he's gone again  
Pretty lady ain't  
Got no friend  
Till the Candyman  
Come 'round again  
'round again

[dead-candyman-lyrics">Lyrics from genius.com](#)