

Brown-Eyed Woman  
The Grateful Dead  
Key: E  
Time: 4/4  
Tempo: 105

Intro:

C#m E A A E E  
1234 1234 1234 12 1234 1234

Verse 1:

C#m E  
Gone are the days when the ox fall down,  
B A  
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 on 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 pouring down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's getting 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 made 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 pouring down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's getting on.

Solo verse:

C#m E B A  
1234 1234 1234 1234  
C#m E A A E  
1234 1234 1234 12 1234 1234

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 pouring down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's getting on.

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 hickory just to fire the still,  
B 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 pouring down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's getting on.

Verse 1 reprise:

C#m E  
Gone are the days when the ox fall down,  
B A  
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 on 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 pouring down,  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's getting on.  
F#m A E  
And it looks like the old man's getting on.