

The Dead-Header

Madog Hir



I'm a dead-er, I'm a head-er, I'm a long way from home, And if you don't like me, then



leave me a-lone. I'm none too co-her-ent, I'm fra-grant down-wind, And if the band starts back up, I'll be



out there a-gain.

(ch)

I'm a deader, I'm a header, I'm a long way from home,
And if you don't like me, then leave me alone.
I'm none too coherent, I'm fragrant downwind,
And if the band starts back up, I'll be out there again.

(v1)

Oh, I've been a deadhead for many a year,
I've spent all my money on pot and cheap beer.
I dress all in tie-dye, all tattered and worn,
And I'd lose eighteen pounds if my hair were all shorn. (Chorus)

(v2)

I've followed the band now for many a year,
In an old microbus which holds all of my gear.
I'm a modern-day Gypsy, wherever I go,
Like the will-o-the-wisp I'll be gone 'fore you know. (Chorus)

(v3) (slowly)

When I heard about Jerry, I broke down and cried,
I felt like a part of my own soul had died.
But I know when he got o the place he had gone....
(quickly) That he rolled up a doobie, and partied 'till dawn! (Chorus)