The Grateful Dead, New Potato Caboose

Last leaf fallen bare earth where green was born, Black Madonna two eagles hang against a cloud, Sun comes up blood red wind yells among the stone, All graceful instruments are known.

When the windows all are broken and your love's become a toothless crone, When the voices of the storm sound like a crowd, Winter morning breaks, you're all alone.

The eyes are blind, blue visions, all a seer can own, And touching makes the flesh to cry out loud This ground on which the seed of love is sown, All graceful instruments are known.