

## Scarlet Begonias — Grateful Dead (Hunter, Garcia)

**E**  
As I was walkin' roun Grosvenor Square, **B**  
**E** **B**  
Not a chill to the winter but a nip to the air,  
**A** **E B A** **E**  
From the other direction she was calling my eye,  
**A** **E B A** **E** **B**  
It could be an illusion but I might as well try, might as well try.

**E** **B**  
She had rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes,  
**E** **B**  
And I knew without askin' she was into the blues.  
**A** **E B A** **E**  
She wore scarlet begonias tucked into her curls,  
**A** **E B A** **E** **B**  
I knew right away she was not like other girls, other girls.

In the thick of the evening when the dealin' got rough,  
She was too pat to open and too cool to bluff.  
As I picked up my matches and was closin' the door,  
I had one of those flashes, I'd been there before, been there before.

**F#**  
Well I ain't often right but I've never been wrong,  
**B** **A** **E** **EEE/A E** **EEE/A E**  
Seldom turns out the way it does in the song.

**F#**  
Once in a while you get shown the light  
**B** **A** **E**  
In the strangest of places if you look at it right.

**F#** **A**  
Notes: **f# g# a# - c# c# - c# d# f#** **a b c#-e e-e f# a**  
**B** **B**  
**b c# d#-f# f#-f# g# b** **b b c# e f# f# g# b**

**E** **B** **A**  
Well there ain't nothin' wrong with the way she moves,  
**E** **B**  
or scarlet begonias or a touch of the blues.  
**A** **E B A** **E**  
And there's nothing wrong with the look that's in her eye  
**A** **E B A** **E** **B**  
I had to learn the hard way to let her pass by, let her pass by.

**SOLO (verse chords) B mixolidian (16<sup>th</sup> Fret Phrygian & 14<sup>th</sup> Fret Dorian shapes)**

The wind in the willow's playin' "Tea for Two,"  
The sky was yellow and the sun was blue,  
Strangers stopping strangers just to shake their hand,  
Everybody is playing in the heart of gold band, heart of gold band.

**Final riff: B D# F# B A, F# A C# B, B C# E D# B, G# A F#**

## Fire on the Mountain

A5 B4 Phase, Wah wah, Distortion moderate

Long distance runner, what you standin there for?  
Get up, get out, get out of the door  
Your playin cold music on the barroom floor  
Drowned in your laughter and dead to the core.  
There's a dragon with matches that's loose on the town  
Takes a whole pail of water just to cool him down.

Fire! fire on the mountain!

Solo: 14<sup>th</sup> fret Dorian or 9 fret Aolian or 2<sup>nd</sup> fret Dorian or B Mixolydian

Almost ablaze still you don't feel the heat  
It takes all you got just to stay on the beat.  
You say it's a livin, we all gotta eat  
But you're here alone, there's no one to compete.  
If mercy's a business, I wish it for you  
More than just ashes when your dreams come true.

Fire! fire on the mountain!

Long distance runner, what you holdin out for?  
Caught in slow motion in a dash for the door.  
The flame from your stage has now spread to the floor  
You gave all you had — why you wanna give more?  
The more that you give, the more it will take  
To the thin line beyond which you really can't fake.

Fire! fire on the mountain!