

# Hell in a Bucket

Words and Music by John Barlow, Brent Mydland and Bob Weir

 B5 13	 B7(no3rd) 1 2 3	 F°/B 3 1 2	 Em/B 3	 Bm 1 3 4 2	 E 2 3 1	 Esus4 2 3 4	 B5 II 1 3	 B 1 3 3 3
 A5 1 3	 E/G# 1 4	 A#5 1 3	 A 2 3 4	 F# 3 2 1 1	 Em 2 3	 G 3 2 4	 F#m 3 1 1 1	 C#+ 3 2 1 1

Strum Pattern: 3  
Pick Pattern: 3

\*Intro  
Moderately fast

B5

*mf*

T  
A  
B

\*After D.C., Guitar Solo

B7(no3rd) F°/B Em/B Bm E Esus4 E Esus4 B5 II

Play 4 times

Verse

F°/B Em/B B

1. Well, I was drink - in' last night with a bik - er, and I  
sweet lit - tle soft core pre - ten - der, some-how,  
3. You must real - ly con - sid - er the cir - cus, 'cause it

F°/B Em/B B E

showed him a pic - ture of you. I said, "Pal, get to know her, you'll like her."  
babe, it got hard as it gets with your black leath - er, cruel spike sus - pen -  
just might be your kind of zoo. I can't think of a place that's more per -

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N.C. B5<sup>11</sup> A5 E/G# A5 A#5 B5

ders, perfect  
Seemed like the least I could do.  
your chain and your whip and your pets.  
for a person as perfect as you.

3 3 0 3 3 3 4 4 4 4

5 4 0 2

F<sup>o</sup>/B Em/B B

'Cause when he's charg - in' his chop - per up and  
Well, we know you're the re - in - car - na - tion of the  
And it's not like I'm leav - ing you lone - ly, 'cause I

4 4 4 0 1 3 0 0 0 4 4 4 4 4

4 4 4 4

F<sup>o</sup>/B Em/B B E A N.C.

down your car - pet - ed halls, you will think me by con-tract quite prop - er,  
rav - en - ous Cath - er - ine the Great, and we know how you love your o - va - tions  
would-n't know where to be - gin. Well, I know that you'll think of me on -

4 2 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 2 2 2 4 4 0

4 4 4 4 2

B5<sup>11</sup> A5 E/G# A5 A#5 B5

ly nev - er mind how I stum - ble and fall. Nev - er  
and the Z - rat - ed scenes you cre - ate. Yeah,  
when the snakes come march - ing in. Yeah, when the

3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 0 0

5 4 0 2

**Chorus**

E Esus4 E Esus4 B5<sup>11</sup> F#

mind how I stum - ble and fall. }  
Z - rat - ed scenes you cre - ate. }  
snakes come march - ing in. }

You im - ag - ine me sip - ping cham -

0 0 0 0 0 0 4 2 2 2 2 2 3 3 2

1 2 2 2 1 2 2 3 3 2

A E B A

paigne from your boot — for a taste of your el - e - gant pride. I may be

3rd time, To Coda 2

E Em B A E G

go - ing to hell in a buck - et, babe, — but at least I'm en - joy - ing the ride.

B F#m E G B A

At least I'm en - joy - ing the ride. Yeah, —

To Coda 1 - Guitar Solo

E Esus4 E Esus4 B5<sup>11</sup> B5

least I'm en - joy - ing the ride. —

1. 2. D.S. al Coda 1

2. Now, miss

⊕ Coda 1

Bridge

F#m C#+ A N.C. E/G#

You an-a-lyze me, a, tend to de-spise me. You laugh when I stum-ble and fall.

A E Em B A E Em

There may come a day I will dance on your grave. If un-a-ble to dance, I will

B A E Em B A

crawl a-cross it. Or un-a-ble to dance, I will crawl. Yeah, un-

*D.C. al Coda 2  
(take repeats)*

⊕ Coda 2

E Esus4 E Esus4 B5

a-ble to dance, I'll crawl.

B A

Outro-Chorus

*Repeat and fade*

E G B A E G B F#m

Least I'm en-joy-ing the ride. Ride, ride, ride, ride.