

Lay My Lily Down

Bob Weir

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
Dig a hole in the cold, cold ground
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
To lay my Lily down
Lay my Lily down
The first time I saw my new-born girl
She was pulling on her moma's hair
The sun coming through the window
I'd have known her anywhere
Gonna lay my Lily down
Lay my Lily down
Wake up, wake up my sleeping child
Come learn to laugh at hell
'Cause the Pharoah's fire in your daddy's blood
Runs in your veins as well
The last time I saw little Lily
She was staring at the windswept sea
With two pearl-handled pistols
And a banjo on her knee
Oh, lay my Lily down
Lay my Lily down
Oh, lay my Lily down
Lay my Lily down...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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