

# Dire Wolf (Live - November 30, 1973)

## Grateful Dead

In the timbers to Fennario, the wolves are running round  
The winter was so hard and cold, froze ten feet 'neath the ground  
Don't murder me, I beg of you, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me I sat down to my supper, 'twas a bottle of red whisky  
I said my prayers and went to bed, that's the last they saw of me  
Don't murder me, I beg of you, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me When I awoke, the Dire Wolf, six hundred pounds of sin  
Was grinning at my window, all I said was come on in  
Don't murder me, I beg of you, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me The Wolf came in, I got my cards, we sat down for a game  
I cut my deck to the Queen of Spades, but the cards were all the same  
Don't murder me, I beg of you, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me  
Don't murder me In the backwash of Fennario, the black and bloody mire  
The Dire Wolf collects his dues, while the boys sing 'round the fire  
Don't murder me, I beg of you, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me  
Don't murder me  
I beg of you don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me  
No no no don't murder me I beg of you, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me  
Please, don't murder me

Songwriters

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