Black Peter

Emory Joseph

All of my friends come to see me last night
I was laying in my bed and dying
Annie Bonneau from St. Angel
Say the weather down here so fineJust then the wind came squalling through the dark
But who can the weather command?
Just wanna have a little peace to die
And a friend or two I love at handFever roll up to a hundred and five
Roll on up, gonna roll back down
One more day I find myself alive
Tomorrow maybe go beneath the groundSee here how everything lead up to this day
And it's just like any other day that's ever been
Sun going up and then the sun going down
Shine through my window and my friends they come around
Come around, come aroundThe people might know but the people don't care
That a man could be as poor as me
Take a look at poor Peter, he's lying in pain
Now let's go run and see, run and see
Run and see, run, run and see and see

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