

# 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 fine Just 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 hand Fever 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 ground See 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 around The 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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