

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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