

# Black Peter

## Grateful Dead

All of my friends come to see me last night  
I was laying in my bed and dying  
Annie Beauneu from Saint Angel  
Say "the weather down here so fine" Just then the wind  
Came squalling through the door  
But who can  
The weather command?  
Just want to 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 goin up  
And then the  
Sun it goin down  
Shine through my window and  
My friends they come around  
Come around  
Come around The people may know but  
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  
Hey, hey, run and see

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