

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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