

## **The Grateful Death**

### **"BLACK PETER"**

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All of my friends come to see me last night

I was layin' in my bed and dyin'

Annie Bonneau from Saint Angel

Say, the weather down here so fine

Just then the wind came squallin' 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, roll on up, gonna roll back down

One more day I find myself alive

Tomorrow maybe go beneath the ground build to  
crescendo

See here how everything lead up to this day

And it's just like any other day that's ever been

Sun comin' up and then, the sun it's goin' down

Shine through my window

And my friends they come around

Come around~~~

Come around~~~

\*Solo\*

The people might know, but the people don't care

That a man can be just as poor as me

Take a look at poor Peter, he's layin' in pain

Now let's go run and see

Run and see, run and see

Run and see, run and see

Run and see, run and see

Run and see, run and see

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