

Grateful Dead "Dire Wolf"

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In the timbers to Fennario
The wolves are runnin' round
The winter was so hard and cold
Froze ten feet 'neath the ground

Don't murder me, I beg of you
Don't murder me, please, don't murder me

I sat down to my supper
It was a bottle of red whisky
I said my prayers and went to bed
That's the last they saw of me

Don't murder me, I beg of you
Don't murder me, please, don't murder me

When I awoke, the dire wolf
Six hundred pounds of sin
Was grinning at my window
All I said was, "Come on in"

But don't murder me, I beg of you
Don't murder me, please, don't murder me

The wolf came in, I got my cards
We sat down for a game
I cut my deck to the queen of spades
But the cards were all the same

Don't murder me, I beg of you
Don't murder me, please, don't murder me
Don't murder me

In the backwash of Fennario
The black and bloody mire
The dire wolf collects his due
While the boys sing 'round the fire

Don't murder me, I beg of you
Don't murder me, please, don't murder me

Don't murder me, I beg of you

Don't murder me, please, don't murder me

No, no, no don't murder me, I beg of you
Don't murder me, please, don't murder me
Please, don't murder me

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