

# The Grateful Dead, Black Peter

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 there so fine.

Just then the wind came squalling through the dark,  
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 led 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.  
Come around, come around.

The people might know, but the people don't care,  
That a man can be as poor as me.  
Take a look at poor Peter, he's lying in pain,  
Now let's come run and see, run and see,  
Run and see, run, run and see, and see.