

Black Peter
Garcia/Hunter

Intro

```
e--0--0-0--0---0-0--0-----
B--2--1^2--2---1^2--2-----
G--0--0-0--0---0-0--0-----0-----
D--2--1^2--2---1^2--2---1h2---2h1-----
A--0--0-0--0---0-0--0-----3--0--
E-----
```

A7 D7
All of my friends come to see me last night

A7 D7
I was layin' in my bed and dyin'

Em Bm A G F#m

Annie Bonneau, from Saint Angel,

Em D7
Say the weather down here, 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

C D Em
See here how everything lead up to this day
Dm Am Em
And it's just like any other day that's ever been
D G C Em Am
Sun goin' up and then, the sun, it goin' down
F C D
Shine through my window and my friends they come around
Dm F A7
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 lyin' in pain
Now, let's go run and see
D7
Run and see.