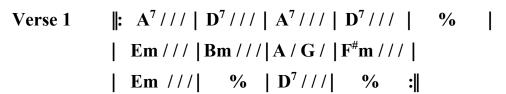
## **Black Peter**



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.

Verse 2 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.

Lead = Verse

Verse 3 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.

Break | C /// | % | Em /// | % |
See here how everything leads 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 going up and then the sun it go back down.

| Fmaj7/// | % | C / / / | D /// | % |

Shine through my window and my friends they come around,

|Dm ///| % |Fmaj7 // | % |A<sup>7</sup> // | % |

Come around, come around, around.

Verse 4 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.

Jam in D<sup>7</sup>

