

BLACK MUDDY RIVER, from the 1987 Grateful Dead album "In the Dark"

Revised 3/27/97

[Instrumental: A A7 D A F#m E D]

A A7 D A
When the last rose of summer pricks my finger
A A7 D
and the hot sun chills me to the bone
A A7 D A
When I can't hear the song for the singer
F#m E D
and I can't tell my pillow from a stone

E A D A E D
I will walk alone, by the black, muddy river and sing me a song of my own
E A D A F#m E D
I will walk alone, by the black, muddy river and sing me a song of my own

When the last bolt of sunshine hits the mountains
and the stars start to splatter in the sky
When the moon splits the southwest horizon
with the scream of an eagle on the fly

I will walk alone, by the b.m.r., and listen to the ripples as they moan
I will walk alone, by the black, muddy river and sing me a song of my own

E A F#m
Black, muddy river, roll on forever
E A E A
I don't care how deep or wide, if you've got another side
D A D A D E A
Roll, muddy river, Roll, muddy river, Black, muddy river, roll

[Instrumental: A A7 D A A7 D A A7 D A F# E D x2]

Black, muddy river, roll on forever
I don't care how deep or wide, if you got another side
Roll, muddy river, Roll, muddy river
Black, muddy river, roll

When it seems like the night will last forever
and there's nothing left to do but count the years
When the strings of my heart start to sever
and stones fall from my eyes instead of tears

I will walk alone, by the black, muddy river and dream me a dream of my own
I will walk alone, by the black, muddy river and sing me a song of my own
And sing me a song of my own

[Instrumental: A A7 D A F#m E D A]