

Dire wolf

Grateful Dead

Intro: / A / G / D / D /

A **C** **G**
In the timbers to Fennario, the wolves are running round,
A
The winter was so hard and cold, froze ten feet neath the ground.
G **D** **F#7** **G** **A** **G** **D**
Don t murder me, I beg of you, don t murder me. Please, don t murder me.
A **C** **G**
I sat down to my supper, twas a bottle of red whiskey,
D **Db** **C** **Bm**
I said my prayers and went to bed, that s the last they saw of me.
A **D** **F#7** **G** **A** **G** **D**
Don t murder me, I beg of you, don t murder me. Please, don t murder me.
Bm **A** **D** **C** **G**
When I awoke, the Dire Wolf, six hundred pounds of sin,
A
Was grinning at my window, all I said was Come on in .
G **D** **F#7** **G** **A** **G** **D**
Don t murder me, I beg of you, don t murder me. Please, don t murder me.
Bm **A** **D** **C** **G**
The Wolf came in, I got my cards, we sat down for a game.
A
I cut my deck to the Queen of Spades, but the cards were all the same.
G **A** **F#7** **Bm** **A** **G** **D**
Don t murder me, I beg of you, don t murder me. Please, don t murder me.
(The guitar solo follows the chord pattern of the first verse)
A **C** **G**
In the backwash of Fennario, the black and bloody mire,
A
The Dire Wolf collects his dues, while the boys sing round the fire.
A **D** **F#7** **Bm** **A** **G** **D**
Don t murder me, I beg of you, don t murder me. Please, don t murder me.
Bm **A** **D**
No, no, no don t murder me. I beg of you,
F#7 **G** **A** **G** **D**
Don t murder me. Please, don t murder me.