

# Lay My Lily Down

Bob Weir

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow  
Dig a hole in the cold, cold ground  
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow  
To lay my Lily down  
Lay my Lily down  
The first time I saw my new-born girl  
She was pulling on her moma's hair  
The sun coming through the window  
I'd have known her anywhere  
Gonna lay my Lily down  
Lay my Lily down  
Wake up, wake up my sleeping child  
Come learn to laugh at hell  
'Cause the Pharoah's fire in your daddy's blood  
Runs in your veins as well  
The last time I saw little Lily  
She was staring at the windswept sea  
With two pearl-handled pistols  
And a banjo on her knee  
Oh, lay my Lily down  
Lay my Lily down  
Oh, lay my Lily down  
Lay my Lily down...

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