

# Artimus Pyledriver, Up The Creek

Black water, Lord don't ya scare me  
I embrace all the tranquility  
Night fishin' under the southern sky  
I feel the north wind  
I hear the earth sigh

White lightnin', drink of the southern man  
Lord knows I never get enough of them  
Be hard pressed to find a workin' man  
Livin' for his time, well he's goddamned

(chorus)  
Gone up the creek  
Y'all ain't gonna find me  
I be by myself  
I live for no one else

My footsteps of vindication, my life bleeds stimulation  
My soul, is the driving force, of these limited times  
I make this life mine

Feel the water rush, I feel the moon rise  
Cast the line, look up into the sky  
Isolated from the chains of modern man  
Look at your life, son  
It's a fuckin' sham

(chorus)

(Repeat 1st verse)