

Buffalo Tom, Dry Land

She comes to me
In her prewashed bright blue jeans
Bag sewn tightly
Pursed lips are kissing me
Back up to college
Just a few miles down the road
And we remember
Something we've never been told

Come up on dry land
I've had too much to drink
I'm tired and need some sleep

Come September
Cold mornings open up
Make incisions
And cut egos will erupt
What did you find
Hidden in your mind's deep recess
When the going gets tough
You and I must take a rest

Come up on dry land
Your coming into your own
But hey that's not my fault

Come up on to this dry land
Won't you let me lend a hand
Come up on to this dry land

And when I surfaced
Mountains opened up like fish
Breathe through gills now
And I'm making one small wish
With heaven beside me
There is no one can do me harm
But the devil inside me
At least then I can stay warm

Come up on dry land
She understood her fate
You can't take stands too late

Come up on to this dry land
Won't you let me lend a hand
Come up on to this dry land