

Primus, Dirty Drowning Man

I'm a dog, a dirty flying dog
I drink Campari with marinated wild hog

I've no sense; I lick electric fence
I put football wire in my pants and do a celtic dance

But when I can, I am a givin' man:
I'll flip you out the fire, and back up into the fryin' pan

If you're down lookin' like you're gonna drown,
Of all your friends, I'm the one who's most apt to stick around.
I'm a drownin' man

Who will save this drownin' man?
Who will save this drownin' man?
Who will save this dirty drownin' man?

You're so fine, so bright and shiny fine.
And I'm so proud to say that you in fact are a friend of mine

And doubly pleased with crooked and wobbly knees
I dive on in and backstroke right across these seas of cheese

But on the times when I'm not such a giving man
Please flip me out of the fire and backup into the frying pan

If you're down lookin' like your gonna drown
Of all your friends, I'm the one who's most apt to stick around
I'm a drownin' man

Who will save this drownin' man?
Who will save this drownin' man?
Who will save this dirty drownin' man?