

Tab Benoit, Drowning On Dry Land

I'm going down. My nose is in the sand
I'm going down, down, baby. My nose is in the sand
A cloud of dust just came over me
And I think I'm drowning on dry land

You know, my father told me, son don't rush to be a man
You know, my father told me, son don't you rush to be a man
But I went ahead on, and now I think I'm drowning on dry land

You know my mother told me the story
About that li'l dog that couldn't see too well
He was crossing a railroad track one day
When the train cut off a part of his tail
He turned around but never looked up
Just to peep over the rail
And she said he lost his whole head
Trying to find a little piece of tail

That's why I'm going down. My nose is in the sand
A cloud of dust just came over me
And now I think I'm drowning on dry land