Desert Blues

Charlie Dore

Can't get no this
And I can't get no that
Can't get no you know
I don't even know where it's at
Ain't got the smoke, and, uh, ain't no booze
Got them low-down, dried-out desert blues, yes, I do
Um, a George Carlin said I had to go
Just what he wanted I did not know
I'm over here, dug in so far from home
Lookin' all around, try and see what's going on
I got the sand in my collar
Got the sand in my hair
Got it in my pockets
Got it everywhere
I got sand in my shirt
Got it in my shoes
Got them low-down, dried-out desert blues, yes, I do, how, how, how
Joined up in the army
Where it was hard to find
End up over here, got my ass on the line
But I'll be right here until my work is done
If I get back home, I hope I never see no more guns
Here across the ocean
I left some of my good friends behind
I hope somebody's thinking about me
Especially that sweet, little woman of mine
Can't get no this
And I can't get no that
Can't get no you know
I don't even know where it's at
Sand in my collar
Got the sand in my hair
Got it in my pockets
Got it everywhere
I got sand in my shirt
Got it in my shoes
Got them low-down, dried-out desert blues
Yes, I do

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written by Betts, Forest Richard / Haynes, Warren
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