Down Don't Bother Me

Albert King

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 lil' 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 could of dust just came over me
And now I think I'm drowning on dry land

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