

# Desert Blues

Cliff Jackson

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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