

Dirty Drowning Man

Primus

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
barbed wire in my pants and do a celtic dance.

But when I can, I'm a giving man. I'll flip you out the fire and back up into the frying pan.
And if you're down looking like you're gonna drown. Of all your friends I'm the one who's most apt to stick
around.

I'm a drowning man. Who will save this drowning man. Who will save this drowning man. Who will save this
dirty drowning man.

You're so fine, so bright and shiney fine. And I'm so proud to say that you in fact are a friend of mine. And
doubly pleased with crooked 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.
And if you're down looking like you're gonna drown. Of all your friends I'm the one who's most apt to stick
around.

I'm a drowning man. Who will save this drowning man. Who will save this drowning man. Who will save this
dirty drowning man.

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