

# 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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