

# Dry Land

## Buffalo Tom

She comes to me  
In her prewashed bright blue jeans  
    Bag sewn tightly  
    Pursed lips are kissing me  
    Back up to college  
    Just a few miles down the road  
    And we remember  
Something we've never been toldCome up on dry land  
    I've had too much to drink  
    I'm tired and need some sleepCome September  
    Cold mornings open up  
    Make incisions  
    And cut egos will erupt  
    What did you find  
    Hidden in your mind's deep recess  
    When the going gets tough  
You and I must take a restCome up on dry land  
    Your coming into your own  
But hey that's not my faultCome up on to this dry land  
    Won't you let me lend a hand  
    Come up on to this dry landAnd when I surfaced  
    Mountains opened up like fish  
    Breathe through gills now  
    And I'm making one small wish  
    With heaven beside me  
    There is no one can do me harm  
    But the devil inside me  
At least then I can stay warmCome up on dry land  
    She understood her fate  
You can't take stands too lateCome up on to this dry land  
    Won't you let me lend a hand  
    Come up on to this dry land

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