

## 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 told

Come up on dry land  
I've had too much to drink  
I'm tired and need some sleep

Come 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 rest

Come up on dry land  
Your coming into your own  
But hey that's not my fault

Come up on to this dry land  
Won't you let me lend a hand  
Come up on to this dry land

And 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 warm

Come up on dry land  
She understood her fate  
You can't take stands too late

Come up on to this dry land  
Won't you let me lend a hand  
Come up on to this dry land