

Albert King "Down Don't Bother Me"

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I'm going down. My nose is in the sand
I'm going down, down, baby. My nose is in the sand
A cloud of dust just came over me and I think I'm
drowning on dry land.
You know, my father told me, son don't rush to be a
man
You know, my father told me, son don't you rush to be
a man
But I went ahead on, and now I think I'm drowning on
dry land
You know my mother told me the story, about that li'l
dog that couldn't see
Too well
He was crossing a railroad track one day, when the
train cut off a part of
His tail
He turned around but never looked up, just to peep
over the rail
And she said he lost his whole head, trying to find a
little piece of tail
That's why I'm going down, my nose is in the sand
A could of dust just came over me
And now I think I'm drowning on dry land

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