

The Allman Brothers Band

"Desert Blues"

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by Dickey Betts, Warren Haynes
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Transcribed by Ed Luskey

Can't get no this,
and I can't get no that,
can't get no you know,
I don't even know where it's at.
Ain't got the smoke and uh, ain't no booze,
Got them low down dried out desert blues, yes I do.
Uncle George calling said I had to go,
just what he wanted I did not know,
I'm over here dug in so far from home,
lookin' all around try and see what's going on.
I got the sand in my collar,
Got the sand in my hair,
Got it in my pockets,
Got it everywhere.
I got sand in my shirt,
Got it in my shoes,
Got them low down dried out desert blues, yes I do,
how how how.
Joined up in the army
where it was hard to find,
End up over here, got my ass on the line,
but I'll be right here until my work is done,
if I get back home I hope I never see no more guns.
Here across the ocean,
I left some of my good friends behind,
I hope somebody's thinking about me,
especially that sweet little woman of mine.
Can't get no this,
and I can't get no that,
can't get no you know,
I don't even know where it's at.
Sand in my collar,
got the sand in my hair,
got it in my pockets,
got it everywhere.
I got sand in my shirt,
got it in my shoes,
got them low down dried out desert blues,

yes I do.

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