

## Dirt

Dirt, dirt, dirt, dirt I've got it all over my new shirt  
And on the soles of my tennis shoes,  
'Cause keeping clean gives me the blues.

And who needs the blues when the rain is done,  
Who needs the blues when there's puddles to run.  
And how can this world be so full of hurt  
When it's got all of this nice, clean dirt.

Splash, dash, dive and role  
I jumped right into an old mud hole  
And got so dirty from my toes to my ears  
That I sat on the ground and disappeared.

Oh who needs a rag to rub you raw,  
And who said using soap was a law,  
'Cause we all come from dirt I learned  
And unto dirt we shall return.

Turkey in the straw and pig in the pen  
I'll just get dirty all over again,  
But I guess a bath won't do me harm  
'Cause I'm tired of sleeping in the barn.

Oh, a nice hot tub and a clean fuzzy towel  
I'm clean as a whistle just look at me now.  
I'm fresh as a daisy, I smell like a flower.  
But I'll be dirty in about an hour.

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