

*Ed → down 1 line*

# Cool Water



All day I've faced the bar-ren waste with-out a taste of wa-ter. Cool



wa-ter. Old Dan and I with throats burnt dry and souls that cry for



wa-ter. Cool, clear wa-ter. Keep a-mo-vin' Dan, don't you



lis-ten to him Dan, He's a de-vil not a man And he spreads the bur-ning sands with



wa-ter. Dan, can't you see that big green tree where the



wa-ter's run-ning free and it's wai-ting there for you and me

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