Old Shep

The Tornadoes

When I was a lad and Old Shep was a pup
O'er hills and meadows we'd stray
Just a boy and his dog, we were both full of fun
We grew up together that way

I remember the time at the old swimmin' hole
When I would've drowned beyond doubt
Shep was right there, to the rescue he came
He jumped in and helped pulled me out

So the years fed along and at last he grew old
His eyesight was fast growin' dim
Then one day the doctor looked at me and said
"I can't do no more for him, Jim"

With a hand that was trembling I picked up my gun
I aimed it at Shep's faithful head
I just couldn't do it, I wanted to run
And I wished that they'd shoot me instead

I went to his side and I sat on the ground
He laid his head on my knee
I stroked the best pal that a man ever found
I cried so I scarcely could see

Old Sheppie he knew he was going to go
For he reached out and licked at my hand
He looked up at me, just as much as to say
"We're parting, but you understand"

Now Old Shep is gone where the good doggies go
And no more with Old Shep will I roam
But if dogs have a heaven, there's one thing I know
Old Shep has a wonderful home

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