

The Dog Song

Stampead

I found a shelter and garden,
on the corner of Fountain and Vine.
It's made for gamblers who lose,
a place for brave men to whine. Every so often there's trouble,
somebody could lose a life.
I just sit on the back porch,
and eat apples with my knife. Isabella comes to visit,
she can talk all day and night.
Cursing the republican government,
I can't say if she's wrong or right. I said I admired her hatred,
I'm not one to take sides.
She kissed me and tried to persuade me,
so I had no choice, I had to lie. In the morning she left me a letter,
I couldn't make out a single word.
I'm sure it was something outrageous,
about her trying to save the world. It was then that I got so depressed,
in this world I make no difference.
I just hang out with thieves,
spitting apple seeds at the fence. So I picked up the LA Times,
and read to page 22.
It was there that I found my purpose,
to help dogs from being abused. I began to tell all my friends,
about these dogs in need.
I said, Did you know in some parts of China,
all the dogs have fleas? They said I was crazy,
laughed and shook their heads.
Said maybe I would have found Jesus,
in another girl's bed. But I was off to the white house,
with 6 greyhounds and a sign.
Practiced my speech to the president,
I memorized every line. After a few days I made friends,
to help me with my cause.
We even made the local news,
chanting, Let's save the dogs! "It brought a tear to my eye,
they understood what I had to say.
And just like Isabella,
I was talking all night and day. I was talking at the racetrack.
I was talking on the radio.
I was talking at the cathedral,

and at the pound with my megaphone
And then one sunny morning,
preaching at the dog parade.
I had a crowd of 2,000,
hanging on every word I'd say. I swore I'd see them through.
We'd fight until the end.
When a bulldog barked right at me,
and tore up my left hand. As the blood ran down my arm,
from my elbow to the floor,
I knew I'd lose my temper.
I couldn't take anymore. I screamed, "That's it, I give up!"
"These dogs don't give a damn!"
They all called me a traitor,
said, "Go back to where you came!" So that's just what I did,
and they welcomed me with open arms.
And the freshest basket of apples,
straight from Cortez farms. I told Isabella my story.
I thought she'd understand.
But she called me a failure,
and knocked the fruit from my hands. I guess maybe she was right.
I was just a phony from the start.
But these apples never tasted sweeter,
and I know who my real friends are.

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