Dog Years

tide/edit

In a dog's life
A year is really more like seven
And all too soon a canine
Will be chasing cars in doggie heaven
It seems to me
As we make our own few circles 'round the sun
We get it backwards
And our seven years go by like one
Dog years
It's the season of the itch
Dog years
With every scratch it reappears
In the dog days
People look to serious
Dogs cry for the moon
But those connections are mysterious
It seems to me
While it's true that every dog will have his day
When all the bones are buried
There is barely time to go outside and play
Dog years
It's the season of the itch
Dog years
With every scratch it reappears
Dog years
For every sad son of a bitch
Dog years
With his tail between his ears
(Tail between his ears)
I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos
Or a span of geological time
I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos
Or a span of geological time
Than be livin' in these dog years
Livin' in these dog years
Woo, woo
Woo, woo
Ooh, ohh
Woo, woo

Ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohh
In a dog's brain
A constant buzz of low level static
One sniff at the hydrant
And the answer is automatic
It seems to me
As well make our own few circles 'round the block
We've lost our senses
For the higher level static of talk
Dog years
For every sad son of a bitch
Dog years
With his tail between his ears
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)

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