

# Dograces

## Dub Thompson

Get your feet up  
Its only breakfast  
Did you see us  
On this merry Christmas?  
To the dog races  
With your sick faces  
Snap like a dog  
Did you get that on the high?  
One, two, three, four  
Thats how she gonna bounce  
You can see that she might have known it alone  
As far as I can tell  
I put my money on her tail  
Maybe, maybe should  
All my good vibrations  
They smell like its hot  
Im gonna wear it out tonight  
One, two, three, four

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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