

# Dog

## Ben Folds

Well, my dog wears  
A path in the same line  
And lately I'm thinking  
I might take his advice 'Cause he sees through the fence  
And he thinks I'm free  
Well, my cane and his shame  
Look the same to me All alone in a cage  
With a headrest  
There's a thing I could get  
Off of my chest 'Cause I wanna wear  
The path that's true  
And I wanna wear  
The path with you Out in the cold off the leash  
For years or more  
I don't even know what it was  
I was waiting for Well, maybe I barked up  
The wrong tree  
That was then, now I'm back  
Won't you see me? 'Cause I wanna wear  
The path that's true  
And I wanna wear  
The path with you  
Oh, it's true I used to be afraid  
Of growing old  
And hanging 'round  
The same old place  
But I got older anyway So won't you  
So won't you  
So won't you  
Wash my fears away Well, my dog wears a path  
And that's a good sign  
(Do do do do do, do-do do do)  
'Cause my dog wears a path  
In the same line  
(Same line) Now runnin' to his cage  
With a headrest  
There's a thing  
I should get off of my chest  
(Get off of my chest) By a house, go to work

In the same car  
Feed the dog, put my teeth  
In the same jar I wanna tell you that  
I wanna wear  
The path that's true  
And I wanna wear  
The path with you  
And I wanna wear  
The path that's true

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