

# Dog Years

## Ghetto Cross

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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