

# To The Dogs Or Whoever

## Josh Ritter

Deep in the belly of a whale I found her  
Down with the deep blue jail around her  
Running her hands through the ribs of the dark

Florence and Calamity and Joan of Arc I love the way she looks in her underwear  
I lose my page then the plot then the book then I swear  
She makes the most of her time by loving me plenty

She knows there'll come a day when we won't be getting any The stain of the sepia the butcher Crimea  
Through the wreck of a brass band I thought I could see her  
In a cakewalk she came through the dead and the lame

Just a little bird floating on a hurricane I was flat on my back with my feet in the thorns  
I was in between the apples and the chloroform  
She came to me often  
I was sure I was dying

It was always hard to tell if she was laughing or crying I thought I heard somebody calling  
In the dark I thought I heard somebody call Joan never cared about the in-betweens  
Combed her hair with a blade did the Maid of Orleans  
Said Christ walked on water we can wade through the war

You don't need to tell me who the fire is for Oh bring me the love that can sweeten a sword  
A boat that can love the rocks or the shore  
The love of the iceberg reaching out for a wreck

Can you love me like the crosses love the nape of the neck? Was it Casey Jones or Casey at the Bat  
Who died out of pride and got famous for that  
Killed by a swerve laid low by the curve

Do you ever think they ever thought they got what they deserved Pity the bullet and pity the man  
Who both find their place in the same sad plan  
Who both are like the barrel going over the falls

Crying all the way down I never asked to be involved I thought I heard somebody calling In the dark I thought I  
heard somebody call General George began the day by taking pink little pills  
Sent his men to the top of some hell of a hill  
Through the whisper of trees came artillery breeze

He said I love the way the wind comes a'tickling my knees Jane shot the apple right between the eyes  
I was thinking of her when you came outside  
Lemonade on your breath sun in your hair

Did I mention how I love you in your underwear? Deep in the belly of a whale I found her  
Down with the deep blue jail around her  
Running her hands through the ribs of the dark

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In the dark I thought I heard somebody call

Songwriters  
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