

Year of the Dog

Mike Doughty

Time tells butterfat lies
Sweet lousy cupcakes of lies
I'll comply and I shall play along
I was born in the year of the dog
And the blue black tattoo, it crawled up my arm
Scribbled vines crawling my arm
[Incomprehensible] rose up and it cried an alarm
Sounded alarming alarms
And laid on the lawn and the dawns
Of the morning got warm
Queer fear in severe clear
Scrunch your fat face like a doll
I got made in a candy floss smog
I was born in the year of the dog
And I drove in my car where the hills stand to shore
Over and down to the shore
Then I threw out my dreams, so I'd dream them no more
Drown them and dream them no more
Then I sat and I stared at the waves
From my primer gray Ford
And I'm listless and lost and I cry all the time
Lost and I cry all the time
And I felt just the same, though I chuffed up a line
High but I felt just the same
And the steam from my cup, a girl loved
And it spelled out her name

Songwriters

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