Dog Days

Comecon

Paper fans in sweaty hands
Shooing flies away
Reflections on a porch
A shelter from the scorch
When dog days came aroundBabies squalled as August crawled
Past old folks in the shade
The weather vane was stuck
And white oak creek would drop
When dog days came aroundThe dog days were scorchers
Southern torture
But we found an answer to the plight
It was a dog day's nightEvening brings a front porch scene
But time to rest your bones
And pray you won't be here
Come this time next year
When dog old days come alongThe dog days were scorchers
Southern torture
But we found an answer to the plight
It was a dog day's nightThe dog days were scorchers
Southern torture
But we found an answer to the plight
It was a dog day's night
Oh, yeah, more dog days oh, yeah

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