

# Stray Dog Freedom

## Bright Eyes

There's a skinny dog in a dirty parking lot  
And he doesn't bite but he begs  
And he knows what's true, so if you are he'll follow you  
If you're headed home all the way So we let him finish every dinner plate  
And we watched his tail saying thanks, thanks, thanks  
And we tried to name him but he ran away  
Once he knew his freedom was at stake This same old shit, so it's how you deal with it  
It's the glove that fits, that you wear  
So when the wind blows strong, I put a few more layers on  
And I tell myself I don't care I might make a phone call to a better man  
To ask the questions that I have, have, have  
Like how do I get started and where's it gonna end  
Why should I treat a traitor like a friend

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