

# William Shatner's Dog

## Stephen Fretwell

I walk by the water and  
Head for your house  
Though I know that you'll be out  
In some dirty city barI stand on your street  
And I stare at your room  
And the shadows play and move  
And your brother comes out with a batSaying that  
You might be with your sister in Paris  
On the Rue TurnauWearing Marline Dietrich glasses  
Where we made that bet  
That bet I knew you'd win for sure  
When you where sick on the floorThe calico's ripped  
Beneath the patch  
It's an itch I can never scratch  
Now it's so far gone in the pastThe fines I'm  
Having trouble to contest  
With the library book you kept  
The one that sent your head so far westFar, far away  
In those continental cities  
Where they get in a race  
To see who can build the tallest buildingsWhere you went for some space  
And wound up  
With a slightly redder face  
And a pain in your gutI turn on the TV  
And I see there your face  
And in it is not one trace  
Of that old brown bowl of laceAnd that bowl of lace  
Is sat beside the gas bar fire  
Where you probably laid  
Eating ice cream chocolate lolliesThat your mother brought home  
From the freezer store  
On the Old Kent Road  
She too had enoughAnd that look on your face  
That you'd throw across the dinner table  
In the middle of grace  
Your fathers eyes closed shut tightAnd it happened like that  
Every damn night  
That I had to come  
To your houseWell, tell Charles O'Keefe

That I don't want to go to Paris  
It's sunnier here  
And I'm happy in this loveless marriageWith the girl from the Pru  
And your father and your sister  
And your mother too  
And not forgetting you

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