

# 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 bar I stand on your street  
And I stare at your room  
And the shadows play and move  
And your brother comes out with a bat saying that  
You might be with your sister in Paris  
On the Rue Turnau Wearing Marlene Dietrich glasses  
Where we made that bet  
That bet I knew you'd win for sure  
When you were sick on the floor The calico's ripped  
Beneath the patch  
It's an itch I can never scratch  
Now it's so far gone in the past The fines I'm  
Having trouble to contest  
With the library book you kept  
The one that sent your head so far west Far, far away  
In those continental cities  
Where they get in a race  
To see who can build the tallest buildings Where you went for some space  
And wound up  
With a slightly redder face  
And a pain in your gut I turn on the TV  
And I see there your face  
And in it is not one trace  
Of that old brown bowl of lace And that bowl of lace  
Is sat beside the gas bar fire  
Where you probably laid  
Eating ice cream chocolate lollies That your mother brought home  
From the freezer store  
On the Old Kent Road  
She too had enough And that look on your face  
That you'd throw across the dinner table  
In the middle of grace  
Your father's eyes closed shut tight And it happened like that  
Every damn night  
That I had to come  
To your house Well, tell Charles O'Keefe

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

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