

# Dogs

## Damien Rice

She lives with an orange tree  
The girl that does yoga  
She picks the dead ones from the ground  
When we come over  
And she gives, I get  
Without giving anything to meLike a morning sun  
Like a morning  
Like a morning sun  
Good, good morning sunThe girl that does yoga  
When we come over  
Girl that does yogaHe lives in a little house  
On the side of a little hill  
Picks the litter from the ground  
Litter little brother spills  
He gives, I get  
Without giving anything to meAnd the dogs, they run  
And the dogs, they  
And the dogs, they run  
In the good, good morning sunSide of a little hill  
Litter little brother spills  
The side of a little hillOh and she's always dressed in white  
She's like an angel, man, she burns my eyes  
Oh and she turns, she pulls a smile  
We drive her 'round and she drives us wildOh and she moves like a little girl  
I become a child, man, she move my world  
And she gets splashed in rain  
And turns away and leaves me standingShe lives with an orange tree  
The girl that does yoga  
Got a wolf to keep her warm  
When he comes over  
She gives, he gets  
Without giving anything to seeAnd the day, it ends  
And the day, it  
And the day, it ends  
And there's no need for meThe girl that does yoga  
When we come over  
The girl that does yoga

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>