Hair of the Dog

Walter Spencer

When I woke up this morning from the night before
My brain was pulsating, I was battered and sore
Nothing I tried would satisfy
Cold Coke and Pepsi or Canada Dry
What's so wrong, hair of the doggy
There's nothing wrong, hair of the doggy
What's so wrong, hair of the doggy
There's nothing wrong, hair of the doggy
Finally pulled myself out of my bed
Feeling kinda dodgy, I was feeling half dead
Done it before, probably do it again
Don't know if I ever will learn
What's so wrong, hair of the doggy
There's nothing wrong, hair of the doggy
What's so wrong, hair of the doggy

There's nothing wrong, hair of the doggy
Hair of the dog
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