

# Dog Days

## Sub-Urban Tribe

She crashed in my room  
pushed her breast in my face  
she said "you wanna bite, boy?"  
started swinging her waist  
Hot summer hits you like a hammer  
the heat is overwhelming  
like junkies crowd goes around  
seeking for relief  
waiting it to ease  
please let this be a dream  
Dog days  
She came all over me  
I threw her to the floor  
she said "you are a creep, boy!"  
before slamming the door  
Dog days  
give a mind it's own play  
it takes over  
the lust for life again

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