

Jealous Dog

K.d. Lang

Once I turned the TV on
I saw the green grass on the lawn
I don't know why it struck me off
That life was perfect as a catalog
I guess I'm just a jealous dog I walked into a house of prayer
I didn't feel so welcome there
I was looking for the hand of God
When it struck me hard, I was hit by a fraud Oh, the mean, mean mouth of a jealous dog
Oh, the mean, mean mouth of a jealous dog I had a friend with a handsome trait
When he's done with his dinner he'd lick his plate
It's a way of living that I applaud
Like the message in this monologue
To never be a jealous dog, never be a jealous dog
Never be a jealous dog

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