

Christmas Is Going To The Dogs (Album Version)

Eels

Get off your sled and go to bed, don't you ever tire?
Throw a bone, I'm finally home curled up by the fire
Snow is falling from the sky like ashes from an urn
Sweet dreams, my little one now it's my turn
Well, Christmas is going to the dogs
We'd rather have chew toys than yule logs
And things aren't looking very good, it's true
So, I'll just lay here and chew
Now, when I sleep I like to dream of rabbits in the snow
Jumping right into my jaws from their rabbit hole
Take one home and set him down right next to your shoes
Wake up to a big surprise my gift to you
And Christmas is going to the dogs
We'd rather have chew toys than yule logs
And things aren't looking very good, it's true
So, I'll just lay here and chew

Songwriters

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