

# Christmas Is Going To The Dogs

## 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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