# Your Dogs

## Ben Folds

I see it all, I get it, I promise you I do
Your mom walked out on you when you were only two
You?ve grown up believing that this country hates the poor
You?re a dad three times over and you?re only twenty-four
The Christians on the radio, they act like you?re scum
Self-righteous condescending bastards, each and every one
I don?t read the Bible but I try to love you, man
Every flaw and violent act, I think I understand
But your dogs, your dogs, what?s fun about those?
And that tat on your neck, and that ring through your nose?
The weed, the junk food, the violent pornography
Don?t you think you?d want to be
Just a little bit more like me?
I still have high hopes you could join our community

There?s more of us than you now, but we?d welcome the diversity
You?re not white trash, like the other neighbors say
If you want to challenge stereotyping, join the PTA
At night, when your pit bulls are scaring our children
My wife, I?ll be honest here, wants me to shoot them
And sometimes I let my fantasies run
But that?s only at night, when I?m not really thinking
And you?re listening to Metallica in your backyard and drinking
The rest of the time I think we get along fine
I never judge you, I?m a live-and-let-live guy
But your dogs, your dogs, what?s fun about those?
And that tat on your neck, and that ring through your nose?
The weed, the junk food, the violent pornography
Don?t you think you?d want to be
Just a little bit more like me?

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