

# Dog Days

## Atlanta Rhythm Section

Paper fans in sweaty hands  
Shooing flies away  
Reflections on a porch  
A shelter from the scorch  
When dog days came around Babies squalled as August crawled  
Past old folks in the shade  
The weather vane was stuck  
And white oak creek would drop  
When dog days came around The dog days were scorchers  
Southern torture  
But we found an answer to the plight  
It was a dog day's night Evening brings a front porch scene  
But time to rest your bones  
And pray you won't be here  
Come this time next year  
When dog old days come along The dog days were scorchers  
Southern torture  
But we found an answer to the plight  
It was a dog day's night The dog days were scorchers  
Southern torture  
But we found an answer to the plight  
It was a dog day's night  
Oh, yeah, more dog days oh, yeah

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