

# Your Dogs

## Ben Folds & Nick Hornby

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-fourThe 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 understandBut 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 PTAAt 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 runBut 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?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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