Dogs

Damien Rice

She lives with an orange tree
The girl that does yoga
She picks the dead ones from the ground
When we come over
And she gives, I get
Without giving anything to me
Like a morning sun
Like a morning
Like a morning sun
Good, good morning sun
The girl that does yoga
When we come over
Girl that does yoga
He lives in a little house
On the side of a little hill
Picks the litter from the ground
Litter little brother spills
He gives, I get
Without giving anything to me
And the dogs, they run
And the dogs, they
And the dogs, they run
In the good, good morning sun
Side of a little hill
Litter little brother spills
The side of a little hill
Oh and she's always dressed in white
She's like an angel, man, she burns my eyes
Oh and she turns, she pulls a smile
We drive her 'round and she drives us wild
Oh and she moves like a little girl
I become a child, man, she move my world
And she gets splashed in rain
And turns away and leaves me standing
She lives with an orange tree
The girl that does yoga
Got a wolf to keep her warm
When he comes over
She gives, he gets

Without giving anything to see
And the day, it ends
And the day, it
And the day, it ends
And there's no need for me
The girl that does yoga
When we come over
The girl that does yoga

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