

Dog Years

Rush

In a dog's life
A year is really more like seven
And all too soon a canine
Will be chasing cars in doggie heavenIt seems to me
As we make our own few circles 'round the sun
We get it backwards
And our seven years go by like oneDog years
It's the season of the itch
Dog years
With every scratch it reappearsIn the dog days
People look to serious
Dogs cry for the moon
But those connections are mysteriousIt seems to me
While it's true that every dog will have his day
When all the bones are buried
There is barely time to go outside and playDog years
It's the season of the itch
Dog years
With every scratch it reappears
Dog years
For every sad son of a bitch
Dog years
With his tail between his ears
(Tail between his ears)I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos
Or a span of geological time
I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos
Or a span of geological time
Than be livin' in these dog years
Livin' in these dog yearsWoo, woo
Woo, woo
Ooh, ohh
Woo, woo
Ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohhIn a dog's brain
A constant buzz of low level static
One sniff at the hydrant
And the answer is automaticIt seems to me
As well make our own few circles 'round the block

We've lost our senses
For the higher level static of talkDog years
For every sad son of a bitch
Dog years
With his tail between his earsIn the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)
(Ohh, ohh)
In the dog years
(Ohh, ohh)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>