

# Dogs

## Pink Floyd

You gotta be crazy, you gotta have a real need  
You gotta sleep on your toes, and when you're on the street,  
You gotta be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed  
And then moving in silently, down wind and out of sight,  
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking And after a while, you can work on points for style  
Like the club tie, and the firm handshake,  
A certain look in the eye and an easy smile  
You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to,  
So that when they turn their backs on you,  
You'll get the chance to put the knife in You gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder  
You know it's going to get harder, and harder, and harder as you get older  
And in the end you'll pack up and fly down south,  
Hide your head in the sand,  
Just another sad old man,  
All alone and dying of cancer And when you loose control, you'll reap the harvest you have sown  
And as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone  
And it's too late to lose the weight you used to need to throw around  
So have a good drown, as you go down, all alone,  
Dragged down by the stone (stone, stone, stone, stone, stone) I gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused  
Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used  
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise  
If I don't stand my own ground, how can I find my way out of this maze? Deaf, dumb, and blind, you just keep  
on pretending  
That everyone's expendable and no-one has a real friend  
And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner  
And everything's done under the sun,  
And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer Who was born in a house full of pain  
Who was trained not to spit in the fan  
Who was told what to do by the man  
Who was broken by trained personnel Who was fitted with collar and chain  
Who was given a pat on the back  
Who was breaking away from the pack  
Who was only a stranger at home Who was ground down in the end  
Who was found dead on the phone  
Who was dragged down by the stone

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