

Big Dog

Rolf Harris

This great big wolf hound's standin' starin' at me,
Lickin' his chops and weighin' me up for tea.
I'm the guy who don't scare easily.
That's the truth, cor, look at that tooth,
And he's just standin', slobberin' and pantin', Lookin' at me.

They never had this great dog 'ere yesterday.
'er old man's bought it just to scare me away.
I bet he's in there laughin', shoutin' 'Hooray'.
And I'm scared to death, and puppy dog's breath,
it's coming faster, it's gonna be disaster,
I daren't run away.

Her dad's got a right to object to the way I dress,
I guess.
But to buy a huge pup to tear me up,
Look 'is jaws and 'is paws and 'is maws are all wet,
It's not sweat, it's saliva,
and he'll be the sole survivor.
Cor, it's pure vindictiveness.

So, when his great mastiff has torn me limb from limb,
What'll his precious daughter think about him.
I'm not very bright but I'm certainly not that dim.
You see, then, her father,
He'll have made me a martyr (you see).
And when me head's been torn to shreds,
Bet she's gonna blame him.

Sounds good -
Aw, I'll turned green.
Still I might as well go in a blaze of glory,
If you know what I mean.
Just the same, I wish I had the courage to run.
Either that or I wish I had a dirty great gun.
Well, if I really gotta die then I better get it over and done.
Cor, that dog's immense,
Still, here I go, over the fence.
Come on, dog, come on, treat me as lunch meat,

Savage me and crunch me, here's me foot, have fun.

(dog yelp, dying into distance)

Here! Just what do you think you're doing?

Oh, am I glad to see you - my darling!

Don't you Darling me! What?

Got no feelings, have ya? But...

Not content with standin' there teasin' him for half an hour, ya haf'ta leap over the fence and frighten the life out of our poor little Great Dane puppy! Come here Tickle boy, Tickle! (whistles)

Cor!

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