Dog

Bob Snider

Dawg!

All they do is hang around the table hoping someoneâ€™ll throw them some food.
They are either scratching themselves or else they're doing something rude.
You wake up in the morning to discover that your shoeâ€™s been chewed.
Well you can tear your hair and cry, but they will only wonder why
You're a crazy kind of a guy, but they love you, Dawg!

Dawg!

They can hear the bacon calling even if it's only falling to the floor.
But at their master's voice, they don't hear so good no more.
You get to spend a lot of money. Yaâ€™ get a lot of practice opening the door.
So they can track their muddy paws and they don't obey no laws,
And they are known to be the major cause of making more dogs.

Daw-aw-aw-aw-awg! Fleas!
Dawgs! They give them away for free.

Dawg!

There's a hundred ways of trainingâ€™ â€˜em on the etiquette of right and wrong,
But they will drag stuff in that you have to handle with a pair of tongs.
When company comes they always want to stick their noses where they don't belong.
You got dog hairs in your soup and I, for one, won't stoop,
To jumping through their hoops. I'm talking about dawgs.

Daw-aw-aw-aw-awg! Droo-oo-oo-oo-ool!

Dawgs! They Make their masters talk like a foolâ€¦
â€œIs you my pwecious, wittle, bundle of joy, Poopsie-Woopsie, yes you is!â€•

Dawg!

Whatever you do, never accidentally rattle their chain
Or you will be walking them through the wind and snow and rain.
Wagging their tails with their tongues hanging out uses all of their brain.
They'll clean your table with a single swipe and your dishâ€™ll never need a wipe.
I just forgot about your slippers and pipe.

I'm talking about dawgs.

Daw-aw-aw-aw-awg!

Their breath is something wicked. Their motto is eat it or lick it.
We are a dogs best meal ticket. I'm done talking about dogs now.

Lyrics Submitted by Bill Evans

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