

Seasonal Holiday

"dead dog walking"

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Once they called me Rover
Once they called me pet.
But since the sofa incident
I'm just the walking, hairballing ghet.

Sure, I ripped the cushions
But that was just a ploy
To bring to their attention
What a loyal; what a brilliant, brilliant boy I am.

Now I'm a dead dog walking
But I ain't dead yet.
They've made for me the appointment
We're off down to the vet.
It isn't that I'm frightened
It's just that I recall
The last time that I went there
I left without my balls.

Margarine is pleasant
Until the second tub.
The end result,
You know it's vomit
And owners spitting blood.

I pulled out all the vinyl
And chewed the tapes as well.
I believe that it was justified
James Last should rot in hell.
But they just don't understand me
It's hard to keep your ground
When in the wardrobe
Your latest present has been found.

Now I'm a dead dog walking
But I ain't dead yet.
They've made for me the appointment
We're off down to the vet.
It isn't that I'm frightened
It's just that I recall
The last time that I went there

I left without my balls.

I helped take in the shopping
I really did my best.
But falafel and tahini
Are too hard to digest.
The mess was in the bathroom
So of course I blamed the cat
That's never too convincing
Now I'm out and that is that.

Dead dog walking

Not chewing
Not talking
I'm a dead dog walking
But I ain't dead yet.
I'm a dead dog walking
And coming on home.

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