

411**"She Hated Dogs"**Visit "[She Hated Dogs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

On the way to work
And another route around
She figured a way to work it out
But still it managed to let her down
It took a pirate, a gun, a trap
A pile of nails to cut the crap

For a dollar and a half
She found her way around the track
She piled the pelts, discarded the fat
And threw the rest atop the scrap
She tripped alarms, she left a trail
She tried escape to no avail

Forced my way through the door
She hated dogs, aerosol, folding chairs

A diagram and a book
Is all she needed, all it took
A bit of strength, a sharper hook
A way to force herself to look
She watched it shiver, she watched it shake
She kept the nausea at bay

Her terrible master plan
Was nothing in her hands
It sacked out, it made her tired
She laid it down, she built the fire
She ceased to care, she won't return
She fucked it up, she let it burn

Can't decide if there's more
She hated dogs, aerosol, folding chairs, slot machines
Marbles and corn
Geraniums, highways and porn

The final step
Some said was wrong
But now... she hated dogs

