

Bad English

"Sammy The Dog Has Learned To Play Trombone"

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The newspapers wrote him up, now his name's on
everybody's lips
Mrs. culpepper's dog's a big band enthusiast
He's a pedigree with a minor key
He's a canine with a c sharp nine
Sammy the dog has learned to play trombone
He starts blowing at midnight, wakes up the whole
neighborhood
He's worse than a cat fight, but no one minds 'cause he
sounds so good
He won't fetch a stick or lick your hand
He loves spike jones and dixieland
Sammy the dog has learned to play trombone

Call the national enquirer... they'll pay cash for an
interview
Call up johnny carson... oprah winfrey just won't do

In l.a. and london, the critics are all falling down
The next great pop superstar's a two foot tall basset
hound
He's a drop out from pet school
Now he's top dog where the cats are cool
Sammy the dog has learned to play trombone

He's got a wirehair terrier meets him at the backstage
door
He loves champagne and heroin...it's not a dog's life
anymore
He's on the cover of rolling stone
He's got movie offers on the phone
Sammy the dog has learned to play trombone

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