

Bob Rivers

"Yellow Snow! Yellow Snow! Yellow Snow!"

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Oh, the weather outside was whitening
Til the dog did something frightening
Hes got no other place to go
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow
And he doesnt't't't show signs of stopping
As he sniffs around his dropping
You see him everywhere you go
In the snow, yellow snow, yellow snow
When he finally goes outside
Hell be frolicking round in the storm
Hell be marking our yard with pride
You can tell by the steam that it's warm
When the snow begins it's thawing
It reveals those puppy drawings
Hes a frisky little pooch van Gogh
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow
Come here, Yeller. Come on boy. Good doggie.
Oh, not on Frosty.
Hell be marking our yard with pride
You can tell by the steam that it's warm
Well, he's happy and his tail starts waggin
But the snowmans left side is saggin
There's a little puddle right below
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow
Yellow snow, yellow snow
Yellow snow
Little patches of yellow snow
Yellow snow
Little patches of where Fido goes

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