

Ben Folds "Your Dogs"

Visit "[Your Dogs](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Oh woah oh
Oh woah oh

I see it
I get it
I promise you I do
Your mom walked out on you
When you were only two

You've grown up believing
That this country is a bore
Your a dad three times
And you're only twenty four

The Christians on the radio
They act like you're a scum
Self righteous congressmen
They're bastards each and every one

I don't read the bible
But I try to love you man
Every flaw and violent act
I think I understand

But your dogs
Your dogs
What's fun about those
The tat on your neck and the ring through your nose
The weed the junk food the violent pornography
Don't you think you want to be just a little more like me

Oh woah oh

I still have hopes
You can join our community
There's more of us than you
But we welcome the diversity
You're not quite trash like the other neighbors say
If you want to challenge stereotyping join the P.T.A.

At night when your pitbulls are scaring our children
My wife I'll be honest here wants me to shoot them

Sometimes I bet my fantasy is fun

But your dogs
Your dogs
What's fun about those
The tat on your neck and the ring through your nose
The weed the junk food the violent pornography
Don't you think you want to be just a little more like me

But that's only at night when I'm not really thinking
And you're listening to Metallica in your backyard
drinking
The rest of the time I think we get along fine
I've never judged you I'm a live and let live guy

But your dogs
Your dogs
What's fun about those
The tat on your neck and the ring through your nose
The weed the junk food the violent pornography
Don't you think you want to be just a little more like me

Oh woah oh

Oh woah oh

Oh woah oh

Oh woah oh

Oh woah oh

Visit [Ben Folds](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.