

Dogs

"This Stone Is A Bullet"

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When wind blows through a smashed window
They've got regrets and no-where to go
With a smile on our faces
To the market place

We never had very innocent minds
For retribution we were two of a kind
When the college boys fired
Our conscience expired

It was alright to see them run away
It's always alright to see the boys again. RIGHT

Why'd they never learn
Is ignorance habitual
It makes your stomach turn
We'll get you on the way home

Now these young conservatives
Should have rusks and bibs
Not parliamentary futures
We got fruit that

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