

Eric Bogle

"Little Gomez"

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Oh, I used to have a doggie and I called him little
Gomez
Because he was a Mexican Chihuahua
Though there wasn't much to him what there was all
cojones
In fact he was a randy little fella big dogs, small dogs
were all the same to him
The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn
At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get stuck
in
Taking Gomez out for walkies was embarassin'

I remember one day in the park his tally rose by four
An enviable score he was amassing, two very patient
poodles and an Irish Labrador
And a wombat who just happened to be passing
I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite
I kept him on a leash by day, I locked him up at night
I even put some bromide in his chunky meaty bites
But the only thing that might have worked was
Kryptonite

Then came the fateful day when he tried to
consummate
A liaison with a Saint Bernard from Dublin
And although he was quite clearly fighting well above
his weight
He didn't let that minor detail stop him
He nearly pulled it off, oh, what an acrobat!
But the bitch got bored and down she sat
Well, they say that after making love you sometimes
feel quite flat
I'm sure that little Gomez would agree with that

I buried Gomez in the park, his happy hunting ground a
sad but fitting finale
Though I had to make a grave that was very flat and
round
'Cause he looked like squashed tamale
But oh, how I missed my wee Chihuahua chum
I went down to the pet shop to find another one

I went there feeling happy, but I left there feeling glum
Because the man behind the counter loved corny puns

And he said "Yes, we have no Chihuahuas we have no
Chihuahuas today
We have Alstations, Dalmatians, fruits of all flirtations,
An alpine Pekinese in a toupee
But yes, we have no Chihuahuas we have no
Chihuahuas today"

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