

Giant Gentle

"Dog's Life"

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Shuffling down the street with his
sideways feet,
Stopping now and then and he'll
stop again,
No doubt in his mind where he's going.
He doesn't care for his hair or his teeth
And if the truth were known he's a bit
of a thief,
Innocently lies, and it's showing.
Who'd imagine he's man's best friend.
Knowing he's your friend in the end.
Won't be around when you shout
or swear
Not very sorry, he doesn't care;
God knows why we call him old faithful.
Pat him on the head, give the dog a
bone;
Use a friendly tone, he won't leave
you alone.
No one understands like old faithful.
Early rise. Is it wise?
Wonders happen now and then.
Eats his fill, time to kill,
Then goes back to sleep again.
Trusty slave, bold and brave,
And he roars like a lion
But in fact, it's an act,
And the truth is that he isn't
No one understands it's a dog's life.
Chases dreams, so it seems
He shines in his master's light.
Looking good, so he should
For the choice is very narrow
No one understands it's a dog's life.
Repeat: Shuffling down the street, etc.

Note:

A backhanded tribute to our roadies;
our musical parody could only be drawn
to a wily old dog. Surely two more
unmatched sounds as the Regal

(a medieval reed organ) and string section could not be found, but they seem to successfully convey the whine of both dog and roadie.

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