

Jim "The Dawg"

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Well the sun rose hot in the mountain air, and the ground was dry, and the dawg was there, reflecting cold blue steel in his hollow stare, it was a beautiful day, but he didn't care. He was guarding his space, staking his claim, protecting what was his and living up to his name. He peered down from his perch at the top of the hill, waiting for the moment he could shoot to kill. He was standing alone, surveying the scene, he and the planet vs. the human machine. He was the flaw in the gears, the crack in the cogs, he was the fly in the ointment and they called him the Dawg...

Chorus: Well he's all alone, he ain't got no home, ain't got no place to go. He don't feel no pain it's just the same if'n things are high or low. He don't trust no one except his gun, and that ain't just for show. He don't feel no fears don't cry no tears just get right up and go. He knows his limitations, ain't no fat bump on a log, he holds dear to his convictions he's the man they call the Dawg. He heard the snap of a twig and a bark and a yell, his nose began to twitch with that familiar smell. He deftly chambered a bullet and took a deep

breath, steadily awaiting his impending death. Peeling his eyes on the valley below, he saw the shadow of movement, an approaching foe. He slowly sank on his haunches and lowered his head knowing if he were found that he would surely be dead. Somberly reflecting what had transpired, he saw a sallow face, raised his rifle, and fired. He saw the broken form, tumble

and fall, he was true to his mark, he had sunk his first ball.

Chorus:

He heard the sounds of retreat and he bided his time,
waiting for nightfall
to cover his crime. As the sun fell low he melted into
the dusk, receding
in darkness like ashes in dust. He knew that he
wouldn't have long to
prepare, he could feel a tense clarity biting the air, he
must rest and
await a more vigorous pursuit from which he may not
escape with his life or
his youth. He considered his options, his freedom and
pride, potentially
marred by a tragic demise, he was the flaw in the
gears, the crack in the
cogs, he was the bull in the china shop, and they called
him the Dawg.

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