Jim Stafford "Your Bulldog Drinks Champagne"

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There was a lady in a window
In the room across the way
From the hotel I was staying in
While on my holiday
I couldnt help but see everything
Cause I was peeping I confess
Still after dinner every night
She had the strangest guest

She'd retire to her favorite chair
And sit there with a dog
Fill the crystal glasses
While the fire danced on the log
I watched them drink their bubbly brew
Until the fire grew dim
Then I stuck my head out the window
And said why not me instead of him

Oh your bulldog drinks champagne
And I aint one to complain
What a perfect waste of wine it seems to be
So honey, tell ol rover that the big dogs coming over
Cause any woman that would get a bulldog drunk
Would have to be good to me

Fourteen days and fourteen nights
Not one word did I hear
Her with her silk and champagne
Over to me in my shorts with a beer
She just left the curtains wide
And I knew she knew I could see
Her and the pug-nosed mutt
Guzzling wine and teasing me

Oh your bulldog drinks champagne
And I aint one to complain
What a perfect waste of wine it seems to be
So honey, tell ol rover that the big dogs coming over
Cause any woman that would get a bulldog drunk
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So I made a bolder move

I went over and rang her bell
I heard growling from inside
And I got scared as hell
Then the bulldog staggered out the door
And he said, how do yo do
But the lady bit me on the leg
And I said r-rouf, I love you too

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