

## **K. D. Lang**

# **"Jealous Dog"**

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Once I turned the TV on  
I saw the green grass on the lawn  
I don't know why it struck me off  
That life was perfect as a catalog  
I guess I'm just a jealous dog

I walked into a house of prayer  
I didn't feel so welcome there  
I was looking for the hand of God  
When it struck me hard, I was hit by a fraud

Oh, the mean, mean mouth of a jealous dog  
Oh, the mean, mean mouth of a jealous dog

I had a friend with a handsome trait  
When he's done with his dinner he'd lick his plate  
It's a way of living that I applaud  
Like the message in this monologue  
To never be a jealous dog, never be a jealous dog  
Never be a jealous dog

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