

Mott The Hoople

"Dogs"

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Here we are in confusion
Could be it's all an illusion
Who knows the times to come
The years to face, the race to run
We believe in graven image
We believe in the fight to the finish
We desire the almighty dollar
The pound of flesh, the golden collar
Lick the hand, we give our land to dogs

Here we are in the years
The blood, the sweat, the tears
Have made us bondage slaves
In a world that we never made,
The politicians lick our bones,
The tacticians, hearts of stone
They turn us against our brothers
Make us fight and kill each other
Locked in lust we put our trust in dogs

Here we are again,
The dead still look the same
Who cares they're soon forgotten
Nobody loves corpse that's rotten
Your fathers, mothers, daughters, sons
Have been taken by the chosen ones
But don't forget you made the choice,
You made your mark, you raised your voice,
They're all the same, you're all to blame
You're dogs

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