

## Stan Rogers

### "Woodbridge Dog Disaster"

Visit "[Woodbridge Dog Disaster](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

There was an old woman in Woodbridge there was  
So proper and tidy and all of them things  
She would wander all day with her duster in hand  
She was one of those women who clean where they  
stand  
And while she is at it she sings, boys  
And while she is at it she sings.  
(And you sing too)

Now there's no doubt about it her house was a show  
With everything proper and stowed in its place  
And that's why her dustbins had a shed of their own  
Like a mirror each one of those bins it had grown  
You could read every line in your face, boys  
You could read every line in your face.

Now there's nothing the matter with tidiness, no  
No matter with keeping your house up to scratch  
But these bins were located one side of a yard  
Where a Doberman Pinscher was prowling on guard  
Trained to kill if you lifted the latch, boys,  
Trained to kill if you lifted the latch.

Now it's all very well to protect what is yours  
And it's better not leaving temptation around  
But a job of the dust is rewarding enough  
And there's nothing like taking the smooth with the  
rough  
To be savaged by some bloody hound, boys  
To be savaged by some bloody hound.

Now this Doberman Pinscher would play in the yard  
And a couple of old tennis balls was his game  
In his make-believe game it's himself that he saw  
As the world's only dog with a bionic jaw (grrr)  
And that's when the garbage man came, boys  
And that's when the garbage man came.

Now fate took a hand on this coldest of days  
For his wife she had made him to wear a warm coat  
And to knot up his muffler to keep out the chill

And for once in his life he had bent to her will  
And the dog couldn't get at his throat, boys  
And the dog couldn't get at his throat.

Now when the woman above was drawn to the noise  
It's down from a high chamber window she called  
To the dustman engaged in a struggle for life  
In a middle class tone you could cut with a knife  
She loudly exclaimed, "Kick his balls," boys  
She loudly exclaimed, "Kick his balls."

Now the dustman could scarcely believe the command  
But he didn't have time to request it again  
So ignoring distinctions of language and class  
He unleashed a size ten on the Doberman's ass  
And its eyes misted over with pain, boys  
And its eyes misted over with pain.

Now imagine the silence that followed that blow (yelp)  
With the command ringing on in the poor dustman's  
ears  
And as the poor doggie lay writhing around  
You could see the two tennis balls there on the ground  
(oooh)  
And her meaning was rendered quite clear, boys  
And her meaning was rendered quite clear.

Now I'd like to explain that this dog was at stud  
And the dustman was sued for the fees that he'd lost  
But it's lucky he was to escape with his life  
He went home with a kiss for his poor startled wife  
Who harangued him for what it might cost, boys  
Who harangued him for what it might cost.

Now if there's a moral to be gained from this song  
It's that innocent language might sometimes sound  
crude  
And as in the case of the carpenter's mate  
Your linguistic enlightenment might arrive late  
And you could end up getting screwed, boys  
And you could end up getting screwed.

Visit [Stan Rogers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.