

Sting "Conversation With A Dog"

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I asked my dog what he thought the best in man
He said, "The love you dispense to me twice daily from
a can."

I said, "Why do you think my question funny?
And where would you be without my money?"

I said, "There may be some quality in us you must
treasure."

"It's despair," he said, "of which your money is the
measure."

Walk like a dog
Like anybody can

I said, "What about our politics, philosophy, our
history?"

He said, "If there is something admirable in these it is
a mystery."

"But there must be something in our system tell me at
your leisure."

"It's despair," he said, "of which your borders are the
measure."

Walk like a dog
Talk like a man
Walk like a dog
Like anybody can

I said, "What about technology, computers, nuclear
fission?"

"I'm terrified of radiation, hate the television."

I said, "There must be something in our scientific
treasure."

"It's despair," he said, "of which your weapons are the
measure."

"Feed me, you can beat me. I will love you till I die.
But don't ask for admiration and don't ever ask me
why."

I said, "Why wait till now to demonstrate displeasure?"

"It's despair," he said, "of which my silence was the
measure."

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