

Unknown

"Canine Eneuretic"

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The Canine Eneuretic
(David Everett, Bob Gale)
Tune: The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

As I trot along the pavement
With an independent air,
The people stop and stare,
But I really couldn't care --
As each tree and lamppost comes along,
I cock my leg and point my dong.
I'm the dog who fouls the pavements up in Harlow

I'm a canine eneuretic,
I'm the son of Piddling Pete;
I flood the drains and stop the trains
And once capsized the fleet.
From a firehose jet to a garden spray
I can simulate a rainy day.
I'm the dog who fouls the pavements up in Harlow
From the top of Abercrombie Way
To the 'Swift' at Sherrard's Hatch,
I've never met my match
On any grassy patch.
I'm a tropical storm, and a mountain stream
I'm a one-dog hydroelectric scheme.
I'm the dog who fouls the pavements up in Harlow

There are lots of little fatherless dogs
In Harlow Town today,
But when they point at me
I just point the other way.
'Cos to populate, you must copulate,
And I'd far rather defecate,
I'm the dog who fouls the pavements up in Harlow

And when I die and go to Hell
And in my grave I'm laid,
Be careful where you tread,
Be sure it's on my head,
'Cos if my bladder should happen to burst,
Remember it's women and children first,

I'm the dog who fouls the pavements up in Harlow

@animal @parody @dog @scatological

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