

## Thomas Dolby

# "I'm Not Your Dog"

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Let it be  
Let it bleed  
Mother Mary  
On my knees  
I'm like a smokestack in the wind  
It seems I've spread myself pretty thin  
And now the bankers took all I own  
And what my bad check's all gone  
It's all gone

Thank you Jesus  
Thank you Lord  
For all these gifts that  
I can't afford  
And take that pretty thing in my bed  
Just let me fuel my truck instead  
'Cause if the Holy Ghost don't appear  
I'm on the next train outta' here  
I'm out of here

And there were moments in the night  
I could have chewed the curtains  
And for the first time in my life  
I think I knew for certain

I'm not your dog  
Your whipping boy  
Your squeaky toy  
I'm not your ashtray, ashtray heart  
Your ashtray heart  
I'm not your swag  
Your piece of meat  
I'm not your freak  
I'm not the extra, extra cog  
In some big wheel  
I'm not your dog

Puppy beg now  
Puppy heel  
Bring it on y'all  
I can deal

What if the centipede lost a leg?  
To make an omelet break some eggs  
And I'm delirious happy now  
Just like your other fine puppy chow  
Puppy chow

Now I control your garden fence  
A flood to feign obedience  
But in my mind I still run free  
Along the marshes and the beach

I'm not your dog  
Your whipping boy  
Your squeaky toy  
I'm not your ashtray, ashtray heart  
Your ashtray heart  
I'm not your swag  
Your piece of meat  
I'm not your freak  
I'm not the extra, extra cog  
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