

**Kevin Gordon****"Black Dog"**

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Good evening, neighbors  
Good evening, sidewalk strangers  
Good evening, police helicopter too  
Tonight, my darling reads of the Queen  
Children are lost in dreams, sirens throb down the  
avenue  
There's a pulse pushing under my collar  
And that collar feels like it's on the end of a leash  
And that full moon's looking like my last silver dollar  
Hanging there in the black air and out of reach

And all, all night long the black dog  
Keeps barking at the back door  
Wants to get out, wants to break away

We're married, mortgaged,  
Full of doubt, out of storage  
In a house that's seen a century of dust and dreams  
How many men long dead have walked these halls  
thinking  
There's another somewhere they'd like to see

And all, all night long the black dog  
Keeps barking at the back door  
Wants to get out, wants to break away

Sometimes my life feels fated  
Sometimes it feels like a random thing  
Between the lucky and the dead  
Twenty years in the same bed  
I swear I don't know you like I should  
Are we all right, baby? Are we good?  
Can we keep it alive?

When morning falls fat like a gavel  
When my beloved pulls the blind and the cord screams  
And white light falls upon our hero  
Sleeping off the pints of ale and the late late scene

And all, all night long the black dog  
Keeps barking at the back door

Wants to get out, wants to break away

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