

Boy Boy

Colin Hay

Boy was a dog he was my friend
And in the end I lost him
Sail on, sail on then, my Boy friend

Boy didn't like Italian men
And he would sometimes bite them
Chew on, chew on them, my Boy friend

Boy never played with small children
He would have rather chased them
Chase on, chase on then, my Boy friend

Boy never chased sticks or played games
He thought that they were beneath him
Howl on, howl on then, my Boy friend

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Sail on, sail on then Sail on, sail on then
My Boy friend