

Hey Bulldog

Afterhours

Sheepdog
standing in the rain,
bullfrog
doing it again
some kind of happiness
is measured out in years
what makes you think
you're something special when you smile
child-like
no one understands
jack knife
in your sweaty hands
some kind of innocence
is measured out in miles
you don't know what it's like
to listen to your fears
you can talk to me
you can talk to me
you can talk to me
if you're lonely you can talk to me
big man
walking in the park Whigwam
frightened of the dark
some some kind of solitude
is measured out in you
you think you know me
but you haven't got a clue
you can talk to me
you can talk to me
you can talk to me
if you're lonely you can talk to me