

Yellow Snow! Yellow Snow! Yellow Snow!

Bob Rivers

Oh, the weather outside was whitening
Til' the dog did something frightening
He's got no other place to go
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow

And he doesn't show signs of stopping
As he sniffs around his dropping
You see him everywhere you go
In the snow, yellow snow, yellow snow

When he finally goes outside
He'll be frolicking around in the storm
He'll be marking our yard with pride
You can tell by the steam that it's warm

When the snow begins it's thawing
It reveals those puppy drawings
He's a frisky little pooch van Gogh
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow

Come here, Yeller. Come on boy. Good doggie.

Oh, not on Frosty.

He'll be marking our yard with pride
You can tell by the steam that it's warm

Well, he's happy and his tail starts waggin'
But the snowman's left side is saggin'
There's a little puddle right below
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow
Yellow snow, yellow snow

Yellow snow
Little patches of yellow snow
Yellow snow
Little patches of where Fido goes