

Stray Dog Freedom

Bright Eyes

There's a skinny dog in a dirty parking lot
And he doesn't bite but he begs
And he knows what's true, so if you are he'll follow you
If you're headed home all the way

So we let him finish every dinner plate
And we watched his tail saying thanks, thanks, thanks
And we tried to name him but he ran away
Once he knew his freedom was at stake

This same old shit, so it's how you deal with it
It's the glove that fits, that you wear
So when the wind blows strong, I put a few more layers on
And I tell myself I don't care

I might make a phone call to a better man
To ask the questions that I have, have, have
Like how do I get started and where's it gonna end
Why should I treat a traitor like a friend