

## I'm A Dog

### Crash Test Dummies

I'm a dog, and I can smell your smell right through your clothes

And I espouse some views that you yourself just might not hold  
Sometimes I am given pause to think when  
I consider what we could call the good life

When it comes to the city versus the country life  
Well, I must say that I far prefer a farmer's wife  
Breakfast with the master in the morning  
Feel the breeze and brush against a cow's leg - mmm!

But it seems the thinkers you call greatest are  
The sort who often fall ill young, or pine away  
How can they help but drag the species down?

There's some debate about whether instincts should be held in check

Well, I suppose that I'm a liberal in this respect  
I can't say I liked Robinson Crusoe  
But at least he didn't tie his dogs up at night

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How can they help but drag the species down?

How come all your poets fall into despondencies?  
And then write it down for us to read every indignity?  
Not such worthy specimens, these creatures  
Hardly fit for what you could call the good life

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How can they help but drag the species down?