

# Dogs

Damien Rice

She lives with an orange tree  
The girl that does yoga  
She picks the dead ones from the ground  
When we come over

And she gives  
I get  
Without giving anything to me

Like a morning sun  
Like a morning  
Like a morning sun  
Good good morning sunbr>  
The girl that does yoga  
When we come over  
Girl that does yoga

He lives in a little house  
On the side of a little hill  
Picks the litter from the ground  
Litter little brother spills

He gives  
I get  
Without giving anything to me

And the dogs they run  
And the dogs they  
And the dogs they run  
In the good good morning sun

Side of a little hill  
Litter little brother spills  
Side of a little hill

Oh and she's always dressed in white  
She's like an angel, man  
She burns my eyes  
Oh and she turns  
She pulls a smile  
We drive her round  
And she drives us wild  
Oh and she moves like a little girl  
I become a child, man  
She moves my world  
And she gets splashed in rain  
And turns away  
and leaves me standing

She lives with an orange tree  
The girl that does yoga  
Got a wolf to keep her warm  
When he comes over

She gives  
He gets  
Without giving anything to see

And the day it ends  
And the day it  
And the day it ends  
And there's no need for me

The girls that does yoga  
When we come over  
The girls that does yoga