

That Dog

Dangerous Toys

Here comes that dog again
He bites me every now and then
Foaming with misery
He's covered with leather skin

Bad to bones, lookin' for you
Rabid to the core, bloody blue
I call him Billy Blad
His teeth cut, he's got tattoos yeah

Don't call the doctor
Don't call the priest
I need some rock 'n' roll
To live in the street

Mama was a shotgun
She was a winner, but never won
We'll never own a lot
Tell you somethin', man, ain't got no plot yeah

That dog, he's in the fog
But in the dark, he's a hungry shark
That dog, that dog, watch his eyes turn white, get funky

Back home in the woods
Raised by canine
Never learned the things I should
Had to learn to stay alive

Now that I live urban
I have a lot more fun heh
I might do something wrong
But I know how to run, run away