

## Dogs

Les Claypool

You gotta be crazy, you gotta have a real need  
You gotta sleep on your toes, and when you're on the street  
You gotta be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed  
And then moving in silently, down wind and out of sight  
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking  
And after a while, you can work on points for style  
Like the club tie, and the firm handshake  
A certain look in the eye, and an easy smile  
You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to  
So that when they turn their backs on you  
You'll get the chance to put the knife in  
You gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder  
You know it's going to get harder, and  
Harder, and harder as you get older  
And in the end you'll pack, fly down south  
Hide your head in the sand  
Just another sad old man  
All alone and dying of cancer  
And when you lose control, you'll reap the harvest that you've  
sown  
And as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone  
And it's too late to lose the weight you  
Used to need to throw around  
So have a good drown, as you go down alone  
Dragged down by the stone  
I gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused  
Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used  
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake of this creeping malaise  
If I don't stand my own ground, how can I  
Find my way out of this maze  
Deaf, dumb, and blind, you just keep on pretending  
That everyone's expendable and no one had a real friend  
And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner  
And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer  
Who was born in a house full of pain  
Who was trained not to spit in the fan  
Who was told what to do by the man  
Who was broken by trained personnel  
Who was fitted with collar and chain  
Who was given a seat in the stand  
Who was breaking away from the pack  
Who was only a stranger at home  
Who was ground down in the end  
Who was found dead on the phone  
Who was dragged down by the stone