

I Won't Be Your Dog Anymore

Paul Kelly

I've been drinking muddy water
And it tastes like turpentine
I've been leaving muddy footprints
Up and down the Morgan line
Crows are crying all around me
In a sky where the sun refuse to shine

I've been taking scraps from back doors
I've been hiding in the cane
I've been fighting over morsels
And I've been slinking back again
I've been building up a reputation
On the levee, all across the plain

No I won't be your dog
Your low riding dog anymore

Now the mangrove sun is sinking
And the moon is bloody red
Every gun is clean and loaded
Lying by a feather bed
Far and wide goes my description
And the price is rising on my head

No I won't be your dog
Your low riding dog anymore

I've been drinking muddy water
I've been keeping way down low
All I hear is my own breathing
All I see is a distant glow
All I have is tearing me up
Wearing me down, just won't let me go

No I won't be your dog
Your low riding dog anymore
No I won't be your dog
Your skinny little dog anymore