

Dog Years

Rush

In a dog's life
A year is really more like seven
And all too soon a canine
Will be chasing cars in doggie heaven

It seems to me
As we make our own few circles 'round the sun
We get it backwards
And our seven years go by like one

Dog years...It's the season of the itch
Dog years...With every scratch it reappears

In the dog days
People look to Sirius
Dogs cry for the moon
But these connections are mysterious

It seems to me
While it's true that every dog will have his day
When all the bones are buried
There is barely time to go outside and play

Dog years...It's the season of the itch
Dog years...With every scratch it reappears
Dog years...For every sad son of a bitch
Dog years...With his tail between his ears

I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos
Or a span of geological time
Than be living in these dog years

In a dog's brain
A constant buzz of low-level static
One sniff at the hydrant
And the answer is automatic

It seems to me
As well make our own few circles 'round the block
We've lost our senses
For the higher-level static of talk