

Favorite Dog

Seven Mary Three

That's my other hand, open and empty
It wants one to I guess
That's my other jaw, swollen and shameless
It talks too much I know

And another poet is born with every other sip
Wash away the word, just like it was a paper bone

And they're working on me, yeah they're working on me
Just like my favorite dog
Geronimo look out below
I love that rusty water
Like it was my favorite dog

That's my other head, open and bleeding
It thinks too much I guess
That's my other eye, swollen but fearless
It's seen too much I know

And another poet is killed, with every sip
Drain away a word, just like it was a paper bone

And they're working on me
And they're barking at me
Just like my favorite dog