

In The Doghouse

Slade

All them days of my youth were mis-spent
We were running riot, fooling 'round wherever we went
Everybody gone mad - Everybody gone mad
Plenty good lovin' hanging out on the town
Woe betide you if your lady caught you with your pants down
There'd be trouble all night - There'd be trouble all right
We got by without any money - You never shut your big mouth
Got all kicked out in a hurry - Out in the dog house
In The Dog House
Beautiful, well, you know I'm a liar
Don't look at the mantelpiece when you're poking at the fire
What your mama don't know - Won't hurt her, no no
All them days of my youth with no sense
We'd be writing words of wisdom on the wall in the gents
Dirty little rhymes from some dirty little minds
We got by without any money - You never shut your big mouth
Got all kicked out in a hurry - Out in the dog house
In The Dog House
We were flat broke skint in the local coffee bar
Singing to the juke with a broken down guitar
Everybody going mad - Everybody going mad
Nowhere to go in the middle of the week
Smoke a little, joke a little, use a bit of cheek
There'd be trouble all night - There'd be trouble all right
In The Dog House