

Hey Bulldog

The Blank Theory

Sheepdog, standing in the rain
Bullfrog, doing it again
Some kind of happiness is measured out in miles
What make you think you're something special when you smile

Childlike, no one understands
Jack knife, in your sweaty hands
Some kind of innocence is measured out in years
You don't know what it's like to listen to your fears

You can talk to me
You can talk to me
You can talk to me
If you're lonely, you can talk to me

Big man, walking in the park
Wigwam, frightened of the dark
Some kind of solitude is measured out in you
You think you know but you haven't get a clue

You can talk to me
You can talk to me
You can talk to me
If you're lonely, you can talk to me

Hey bulldog