

## 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