

Puppy Dog Snails

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

He climbed the tallest spire
To see what he could see
Far across the town, they came
One hundred and one and thick as a plank
Onto the teeth and ugly as sin
He called across the town 'Here they come!'

What do we do with a puppy dogs tails?
What do we do with a bucket of snails?
What do we do with a boy like you?
We put them in a pot and we throw them on the fire!

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He met them in the meadow
He fought them them tooth and nail
They tried to take him back but they failed
The boy was from the mountain
Made of solid stone
They tried but were defeated
He can't be overthrown

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