

## No Dogs

The Helicopters

No I don't need no nations  
No leaflets for a damn good cause  
No reasons for me to hang around  
No guidelines or no clever laws  
I don't need no brochure  
To tell me what I need to do  
No priest or preacher  
To realize that I love you

Up to my neck in reasons  
Up to my neck in whys  
I'm starting to choke on good advice  
Going up shit creek river  
Down kneedeep in stench  
Don' t need no dogs to help me sense

No I don't need no fashion  
No rags to show me elite looks  
Don't need no interpretations  
To guide me through the holy book  
Don't need to be a member  
Of no party or no secret lodge  
Don't need to beg your pardon  
For leaving or to get outta dodge

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Up to my neck in whys  
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No I don't need no vision  
Or bets on what's the next big thing  
No prophecies or crystal balls  
Predicting what the future will bring

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