

Good Dog

The Incredible String Band

This dog is no puppy dog
She's strange as the trees
She's brown as the mountain
And white as the breeze

She walks on the water
Without any boots
Her eyes arc as fine
As the music of flutes

But she will not sweep chimneys
Nor will she pluck corn
But she is the best little dog
That ever was born

I have lain in the womb
Of the rocks, cold and chill
While she speaks in my heart
With the voice of the hill

And when I am risen
And ready to run
She will laugh without laughter
To welcome the sun

But she will not learn language
Nor will she bear scorn
But she is the best little dog
That ever was born

The water God offered me
The ring of his rings
To buy the dog from me
To teach the poor kings

The ring's on my finger
The dog runs behind
Since watery palaces
Would never suit her mind

But as yet she can't fly well
Nor play on the horn
Still she is the best little dog
That ever was born