

## 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