

I'm Not Your Dog

Thomas Dolby

Let it be
Let it bleed
Mother Mary
On my knees
I'm like a smokestack in the wind
It seems I've spread myself pretty thin
And now the bankers took all I own
And what my bad check's all gone
It's all gone

Thank you Jesus
Thank you Lord
For all these gifts that
I can't afford
And take that pretty thing in my bed
Just let me fuel my truck instead
'Cause if the Holy Ghost don't appear
I'm on the next train outta' here
I'm out of here

And there were moments in the night
I could have chewed the curtains
And for the first time in my life
I think I knew for certain

I'm not your dog
Your whipping boy
Your squeaky toy
I'm not your ashtray, ashtray heart
Your ashtray heart
I'm not your swag
Your piece of meat
I'm not your freak
I'm not the extra, extra cog
In some big wheel
I'm not your dog

Puppy beg now
Puppy heel
Bring it on y'all
I can deal
What if the centipede lost a leg?
To make an omelet break some eggs
And I'm delirious happy now
Just like your other fine puppy chow
Puppy chow

Now I control your garden fence
A flood to feign obedience
But in my mind I still run free
Along the marshes and the beach

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