

The King of My Backyard

Tom Paxton

I had a bulldog; he had me
Rough and tough as any dog can be
Every evenin' when the sun went down
That bulldog, he went running around
He was mean, he was hard
He was the king of my backyard
He was short, he wasn't any too tall
Said, don't you worry about nothing at all
Anybody come messin' around
I'm the dog that's gonna bring them down
I am mean, I am hard
I'm the king of your backyard
Late last Monday, wasn't too late
Somebody sneakin' by the alley gate
Four foot eleven and a hundred and three
Smallest burglar that you ever did see
He was mean, he was hard
He was creepin' into my backyard
My dog barked, like I knew he would
The burglar picked up the kindlin' wood
My dog hollered and the burglar said, "Git!"
Down the alley my bulldog lit
He was mean, he was hard
He was the chicken of my backyard
My dog went right through my fence
I have not seen that bulldog since
Loved that dog but I've had my fill
And I keep a canary on my windowsill
He is mean, he is hard
He is the king of my backyard