

German Shepherds

Wire

I saw three dogs flying, there was a man on the end
Squaring a circle and studying its end
I saw a drunk old lady pissing in a bin
It was far too high, she couldn't stop
The man with the photograph failed to appear
In that kind of rain where an umbrella's no use
The bird lay bleeding, I couldn't break its neck
I get anonymous footbells from a pope I never met

Don't start me off
It's beginning, to, and back again
Don't start me off

Right now there's a man who could take advantage
I wouldn't like to spend an hour locked inside him
He always had an eye for it, we all threw a shoe
Nicely underlined, our table turned again