

# Dead Dog Blues

Hard times at the corner, whore tales  
When it rains too wet is the gutter at the corner  
Dirty and cruel under the rain

And on that corner there lies a dog  
Whose breath is a whisper never to be understood  
A final silent bark in a foggy night  
Dead dog

A dead dog to be eaten by the rats  
Wyes just to be blind, a brain to putrefy  
A soul that will never rise again  
Dead dog

Dead dog, dead dog, homeless like any man  
Dead dog, dead dog, people seem to never care  
Nobody looks at you, no nobody cares for a wild dog  
And you're a dead dog

Dead dog, dead dog, homeless like any man  
Dead dog dead dog people seem to never care  
The last whisky of a man, pissing it on your head  
It will be your holy water dead dog

Stinky dead dog