

Don' Ever Kick the Dog

So I tell her don' ever kick the dog
Be nice to the cat, feed the bullfrog
But she thinks I'm one mean ol' man
Always fryin' my fish in her saucepan

An' she's awesome at creatin' a scene
Hurlin' dishes aroun' if you know what I mean
An' the soun' ain' musical, but I have grown used to it
Long as nothin' lands on my head when I'm not wearin' a helmet.

An' I tell her not to do it again
One good knock causes so much pain
But she don' listen, an' her hearin' ain' good
An' her ears are made of fibreglass or oakwood

An' things keep on whizzing by my head
An' without my protective gear, I would be dead
So I don' tell her anymore not to kick the dog
Or feed the cat or fry the bullfrog

An' she don' think any longer that I'm mean
Or ever was, or have ever been
'Cause we ain' lovers no more
An' it's ok an' I ain' sore

Jus' that the indifference grows by the day
An' I got no one to talk to an' nothin' to say
An' she don' care whether I walk bare
Or am here, or there, or anywhere

An' while we keep on gettin' older
The dog an' the cat keep on gettin' bolder
An' no longer worry about all the harassment
An' the frog is too content hoppin' on cement

An' our days go on an' old dreams die
An' new ones are born while I sit an' cry
But there's no one wanting an argument
An' I don' know if that is what I meant

So I tell her don' ever pay the rent
If they kick us out we'll pitch a tent
An' she thinks I'm one soft ol' man
With a cat an' a dog an' a bullfrog

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