

## Boy Boy

Colin Hay

Boy was a dog he was my friend  
And in the end I lost him  
Sail on, sail on then, my Boy friend

Boy didn't like Italian men  
And he would sometimes bite them  
Chew on, chew on them, my Boy friend

Boy never played with small children  
He would have rather chased them  
Chase on, chase on then, my Boy friend

Boy never chased sticks or played games  
He thought that they were beneath him  
Howl on, howl on then, my Boy friend

Boy was a dog he was my friend  
And in the end I lost him  
Sail on, sail on then Sail on, sail on then  
My Boy friend