

## That Dog

### Dangerous Toys

Here comes that dog again  
He bites me every now and then  
Foaming with misery  
He's covered with leather skin

Bad to bones, lookin' for you  
Rabid to the core, bloody blue  
I call him Billy Blad  
His teeth cut, he's got tattoos yeah

Don't call the doctor  
Don't call the priest  
I need some rock 'n' roll  
To live in the street

Mama was a shotgun  
She was a winner, but never won  
We'll never own a lot  
Tell you somethin', man, ain't got no plot yeah

That dog, he's in the fog  
But in the dark, he's a hungry shark  
That dog, that dog, watch his eyes turn white, get funky

Back home in the woods  
Raised by canine  
Never learned the things I should  
Had to learn to stay alive

Now that I live urban  
I have a lot more fun heh  
I might do something wrong  
But I know how to run, run away