

## Favorite Dog

Seven Mary Three

That's my other hand, open and empty  
It wants one to I guess  
That's my other jaw, swollen and shameless  
It talks too much I know

And another poet is born with every other sip  
Wash away the word, just like it was a paper bone

And they're working on me, yeah they're working on me  
Just like my favorite dog  
Geronimo look out below  
I love that rusty water  
Like it was my favorite dog

That's my other head, open and bleeding  
It thinks too much I guess  
That's my other eye, swollen but fearless  
It's seen too much I know

And another poet is killed, with every sip  
Drain away a word, just like it was a paper bone

And they're working on me  
And they're barking at me  
Just like my favorite dog