

The Woodbridge Dog Disaster

Stan Rogers

There was an old woman in Woodbridge, there was,
So proper and tidy and all of them things,
She would wander all day with her duster in hand,
She was one of those women who clean where they stand,
And while she is at it she sings, boys!
And while she is at it she sings!

Now, there's no doubt about it, her house was a show,
With everything proper and stowed in it's place,
And that's why her dust-bins had a shed of their own,
Like a mirror each one of those bins it had grown!
You could read every line in your face, boys!
You could read every line in your face!

Now, there's nothing the matter with tidiness, no,
No matter with keeping your house up to scratch,
But these bins were located one side of a yard,
Where a Doberman Pincher was prowling on guard,
Trained to kill if you lifted the latch, boys!
Trained to kill if you lifted the latch!

Now, it's all very well to protect what is yours,
And it's better not leaving temptation around,
But a job on the "dust" is rewarding enough,
And there's nothing like taking the smooth with the rough,
To be savaged by some bloody hound, boys!
To be savaged by some bloody hound!

Now, this Doberman Pincher would play in the yard,
And a couple of old tennis balls as his game,
In his make-believe game, it's himself that he saw
As the world's only dog with a bionic jaw,
And that's when the garbage-man came, boys!
And that's when the garbage-man came!

Now, fate took a hand on this coldest of days,
For his wife, she had made him to wear a warm coat,
And to knot up his muffler to keep out the chill,
And for once in his life, he had bent to her will,
And the dog couldn't get at his throat, boys!
And the dog couldn't get at his throat!

Now, when the woman above was drawn to the noise,
It's down from a high chamber-window she calls
To the dust-man engaged in a struggle for life,
In a middle-class tone you could cut with a knife,
She loudly exclaimed, "Kick his balls, boys!"
She loudly exclaimed, "Kick his balls!"

Now, the dust-man could scarcely believe the command,
But he didn't have time to request it again,
So ignoring distinctions of language and class,
He unleashed a size ten at the Doberman's ass,
And it's eyes misted over with pain, boys!
And it's eyes misted over with pain!

Now, imagine the silence that followed that blow,

With the command ringing on in the poor dust-man's ears,
And as the poor doggie lay writhing around,
You could see the two tennis balls there on the ground,
And her meaning was rendered quite clear, boys!
And her meaning was rendered quite clear!

Now, I'd like to explain that this dog was "at stud",
And the dust-man was sued for the fees that he'd lost,
But it's lucky he was to escape with his life!
He went home with a kiss for his poor startled wife,
Who harranged him for what it might cost, boys!
Who harranged him for what it might cost!

Now, if there's a moral to be gained from this song,
It's that innocent language might sometimes sound crude,
And as in the case of the carpenter's mate,
Your linguistic enlightenment might arrive late,
And you could end up getting screwed, boys!
And you could end up getting screwed!