

Rottweiler Blues

Warren Zevon

Got a Glock in the bedside table
Machine gun leaning by the bedroom door
Kevlar vest in the closet
Well, I wear it when I go to the store

Shadows on the window
Rustling in the hedge
Faces at the peephole
Footsteps on the ledge

If you come calling
He'll be mauling with intent to maim
Don't knock on my door
If you don't know my Rottweiler's name

Halogen lights in the driveway
Guardian Angels living next door
One hundred pounds of unfriendly persuasion
Sleeping on the Florida porch

Slackers in the market
Bangers in the mall
Skinheads on the golf course
Hunting for their balls

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If you don't know my Rottweiler's name

Well, he's dreaming about an intruder or two
And the promise of burglar blood
He's yearning to chew on a gangster tattoo
And to hear the proverbial sickening thud

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