

Fred

Tom Paxton

I have a dog, and his name is Fred.
Poor old feller, he'd be better off dead,
Than to live his life with me;
Me being one old flea.

Fred used to scratch his back and side,
Poor old feller, I would run and hide,
I'd drink me a big old beer,
And wait till the coast was clear.

I know I sound like a mean old rat,
But I'm just a flea, you know I can't help that,
We're a perfect team, a pretty good match;
I provide the itch and he replies with the scratch.
Scratch, Fred, roll on the ground,
Scratch, Fred, it makes a musical sound:
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!

Fred won shows, he was a big success,
So I was living at the best address,
Life was a pleasure for me;
He made me a high-class flea.
Fred won ribbons and loving cups-
He outclassed all of them other pups,
But as soon as we were back in the yard,
I'd nip that rascal hard.

I know I sound like a mean old rat,
But I'm just a flea, you know I can't help that,
We're a perfect team, a pretty good match;
I provide the itch and he replies with the scratch.
Scratch, Fred, roll on the ground,
Scratch, Fred, it makes a musical sound:
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!

Well, Fred got older and he quit the shows-
Makes you wonder where the glory goes.
Now we lie in the noonday sun,
And think of the stuff we've won.
Fred gets sleepy when the sun gets hot,
So we take a little snooze until the day is shot,
And if I want to go in at night,
I give him a little bite.

I take it easy, 'cause he's old and fat,
But I'm still a flea, you know I can't help that.
We're a perfect team, a pretty good match;
I provide the itch and he replies with the scratch.
Scratch, Fred, roll on the ground,
Scratch, Fred, it makes a musical sound:
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!
Chicka chicka chicka chicka chhhh!
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