

White Dogs

Bettie Serveert

Ah, keep on smiling now,
just like we did before.
Chewing on a lazy conversation,
there ain't no past anymore.
So, suddenly you're tempted.
And you talk about all of your wonderful dreams,
you talk about all of the places you've been.
Oh Armadeal, can't we deal with this on a Sunday afternoon.
All by myself, on a ledge, not too far from Cupid.
He walks out, and you just stand there, how I feel stupid.
And I know we shouldn't talk about it.
And I know we shouldn't even be here.
'Cause we did so well without it.
Ain't it funny how it re-appears?
How does it feel to be like you're something on the move?
When all 'You-Bet-Ya' 's slowly fade away.
Run with the white dogs,
don't be ashamed about it.

Run with the white dogs,
no need to talk about it, now.
I'm not your conquest, you can't conquer me
and you'll never tie me down unless you set me free.
(it's not just a word, you know)
'Cause eversince the age of 5
I was already aware of what's important in life
and I guess I have to set things right,
so I thought I'd start tonight.
Now you can run with the Good
or you can run with the Bad
and throw out every moral
that you thought you ever had,
but you're gonna have to watch your soul.
Yes, you're gonna have to watch your soul
and look at your own life and see it as a whole.
Is this what you wanted?
Is this what you need?
When you look at yourself,
can you still say,
'I'm glad to be me'?