

# Dog's Mind

David Byrne

The judge was all hungover  
When the president took the stand  
So he didn't really notice  
When things got out of hand

Then the press boys thank the president  
And he tells them what to say  
There's a photo opportunity  
And then they're sent away

To a place where nothing matters  
Where the wheels of progress turn  
Where reality is fiction  
But the dogs show no concern

Now the clerks look out the windows  
At those dogs down in the park  
Every window holds a staring face  
Every desk stands piled with work

Now a dog cannot imagine  
What it is to drive a car  
And we in turn are limited  
By what it is we are

We are dogs in our own paradise  
In a theme park of our own  
Doggy dancers doing doody  
Doggy dreaming all day long

Dreaming all day long  
Happy all day long  
Dreaming all day long  
In a paradise of our own

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