

How Come My Dog Don't Bark When You Come Around

Dr. John

Now you say you ain't never met my wife, you ain't never seen her before,

Say you ain't been hangin' roun' my crib; well here's somethin' I wanna know...

I wanna know what in the worl' is goin' down,

How come my dog don't bark when you come around?

I got the baddest dog, he'll bite anybody.

He bit my little brother, took a chunk out of my ol' sweet li'l mother.

He bit the mailman - he sees him every day; he takes one look at you, he wanna jump up and play.

Now I ain't got a clue as to what you puttin' down, but

How come my dog don't bark when you come around?

My dog's dangerous; tried to set people straight;

I even bought a "BAD DOG" sign an' hung it on the gate.

Here you come trippin' up 'bout a quarter of nine

Fulla dat Night Train wine, tryin' to slide past the sign...

My dog been noddin' off, ain't payin' you no mind.

That's my dog, when I come home he don't sleep THAT sound!

How come my dog don't bark when you come around?

I still don't like it, I don't dig it one damn bit,

The way you an' my dog's so tight, somethin' don't fit!

I slipped through the alley, I called my dog,

Said, "get off your rusty duster, move a little faster to your ol' master, you old cayute, you."

He took one look at me, an' he growled an' he ran straight to you.

Now somebody's been confusin' my po' hound.

An I wanna know what's goin' down.

How come my dog don't bark when you come around?

Maybe I better call up Jacoby & Myers, an' you can take the fifth, amendment, that is.

You better stand up fo' your rights, 'cause you might not be standin' too long.

I'm gonna stop all this confusion. I'm gon' fire that hound., shoot that dog down.

Then I'm gonna get busy mutilatin, strangulatin' operatin', an' crematin' my Ol' Lady down at the cremation station.

Then I'm gonna torch that, too, and come right on after you!

You can give you heart an' soul to charity; all the rest gonna belong to me.

I'm goin' straight down to dat barber supply shop, get me a pearl handle, double edge, hollow ground, super blue blade, adjustable, stainless steel, honed edge, both blades on the same side so when I cut you once, you gonna bleed twice, goin' an' comin'. An' if you don' believe me, shake yo' head; it'll be singin' "I ain't got no body."

'Cause one night I did a little FBI Double-O-Seven-type investigatin'. You an' my Ol' Lady thought I was gone, but I wasn't gone. Dat's why I have to separate you from your ground. An the only soun' you gonna hear when you six feet in the ground:

How come my dog didn't bark when you came around?