

Doghouse

John Conlee

The man's in the moon and the cat's in the cradle and I'm in the dog house

It never would have happened if my best friend wasn't such a loud mouth

She's heard things that she don't like about my nights out

Now she's on me like old cheap suit, I'm in the a dog house

Well, the dogs eating good and he don't care

And I'm chewing bones in the cold night air

The whole things seems just a little unfair

There he sits in my favorite chair

Who ever said they was man's best friend had it all wrong

If she finds out you've been running with the pack you'll be dog-gone

She says she's got a bone to pick, should I sit up and beg, should I fetch a stick

I can't stay here scratching fleas and ticks in the a dog house

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I can tell matters are getting real bad, I bit the mailman

I've been chasing cars up and down the street instead of a woman

The dog and my wife are getting mighty thick, looking through the window just makes me sick

This ol' dog better learn a new trick, I'm in the a dog house

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