## **Dog Years**

In a dog's life A year is really more like seven And all too soon a canine Will be chasing cars in doggie heaven

It seems to me As we make our own few circles 'round the sun We get it backwards And our seven years go by like one

Dog years...It's the season of the itch Dog years...With every scratch it reappears

In the dog days People look to Sirius Dogs cry for the moon But these connections are mysterious

It seems to me While it's true that every dog will have his day When all the bones are buried There is barely time to go outside and play

Dog years...It's the season of the itch Dog years...With every scratch it reappears Dog years...For every sad son of a bitch Dog years...With his tail between his ears

I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos Or a span of geological time Than be living in these dog years

In a dog's brain A constant buzz of low-level static One sniff at the hydrant And the answer is automatic

It seems to me As well make our own few circles 'round the block We've lost our senses For the higher-level static of talk