

Dogs

Wilderado

Running like dogs
We're helpless lovers
We lay in the fog
And steal the covers
It's so much colder
Under cover

The mornings are long
Hell seems empty
She's singing her songs
Sad ones make her happy
People say we've been gone too long
But dogs just have a way with leaving

Train to the shore
Then north to Portland
Always going too far
Just to feel important
Through the night we sleep alone
Waiting for the morning to call us lazy
We still got our black jeans on
Singing songs to lovely ladies

I can still hear my fathers voice
Telling me that I should slow down
Slow down, slow down
Slow down, slow down