

Chris Rea, Black Dog

Black dog barking in the cold grey light
He pulls the chain and he pulls it tight
This ain't no lonesome wail that boy ain't faking
He bites the steel and he claws the ground
He pulls again and he spins around
His eyes are raging and his burning lungs are steaming

He wanna walk in the sun
Feel love like anyone
No one knows that black dog better than I
I said no one knows that black dog better than I

When I see his running I can see me
Teeth in the collar and he's tearing it free
Spit out the leather and the cold studs that kept you from singing
Run till you're bleeding run till you're hot
till the memory of all this you've long since forgot
Run till forever till the bells of your freedom are ringing

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