Cyndi Lauper, Hey Bulldog

Sheep dog standing in the rain,
Bullforg doing it again,
Some kind of happiness is measured out in miles,
What makes you think you're something special when you smile ?

Childlike no one understands,
Jackknife in your sweaty hands,
Some kind of innocence is measured out in years,
You don't know what it's like to listen to your fears.

Big man walking in the park,
Wigwam frightened of the dark,
Some kind of solitude is measured out in you,
You think you know it but haven't got a clue.

You can talk to me, you can talk to me.
You can talk to me if you're lonely you can talk to me.

Hey bulldog.