

# Emily Haines, Dog

I do get lonely  
So many nights spent soaking beans  
And listening to my ears  
You are what you hear

You are what you hear  
Dog  
Sit up and run  
White laced panties and calm it  
Your body is warm, so is my vomit  
Your body is warm, but I'm not cold

Hard to say  
Let it go before it gets away  
Hard to move  
Standing next to you

He's a good dog  
I can do whatever I want to him  
'Cause it doesn't show  
He doesn't know any better

Sit  
Rub  
Here, dog