

LAB, Jumo at me

You're all milk and honey, always after me
And the trace of your drool shows where I have been
It's your favourite sport to chase whatever flees
You can't bare to loose a thing you cannot reach
You jump at me every yime we meet
You jump at me, knock me off my feet
And drool all over me
You dig throuhg my garbage for a souvenir
I throw things at you: you fetch but never flee
When left in the dog-house you still look si pleased
Out to snatch my heart you're straining at your leash