

Powderfinger, Like A Dog

In all that he takes in all that he shows
The higher the stakes the lower the blows
And all the mistakes that he's never known
Whatever it takes he'll be stealing the show

Now he nervously shakes as we rattle his stage
But he's happy to be stuck back in his halcyon days
Now we're trying hard to reconcile a history of shame
But he reinforced the barriers that keep it the same

If you treat me like a dog
And keep me locked in a cage
I'm not relaxed or comfortable
I'm aggravation and shame
But it's a fine fine time for the people in the lucky land

If you treat me like a dog
And keep me locked in a cage
I'm not relaxed or comfortable
I'm aggravation and rage