

# Rolf Harris, Big Dog

This great big wolf hound's standing staring at me,  
Licking his chops and weighing me up for tea.  
I'm a guy who don't scare easily.  
That's the truth, cor, look at that tooth,  
And he's just standing, slobbering and panting, Looking at me.

They never had this great dog here yesterday.  
Her old man's bought him just to scare me away.  
I bet he's in there laughing, shouting 'Hooray'.  
And I'm scared to death, and puppy dog's breath,  
is coming faster, it's gonna be disaster,  
I daren't run away.

Her dad's got a right to object to the way I dress,  
I guess.  
But to buy a huge pup to tear me up,  
Look his jaws and his paws and his maws all wet,  
It's not sweat, it's saliva,  
and he'll be the sole survivor.  
That's pure vindictiveness.

So, when his great mastiff has torn me limb from limb,  
What'll his precious daughter think about him.  
I'm not very bright but I'm certainly not that dim.  
You see, then, her father,  
He will have made me a martyr (you see).  
And when me head's been torn to shreds,  
She's gonna blame him.

Sounds gory, don't it?  
I've turned green.  
Still I might as well go in a blaze of glory,  
If you know what I mean.  
Just the same, I wish I had the courage to run.  
Either that or I wish I had a dirty great gun.  
Well, if I really gotta die then I better get it over and done.  
Cor, that dog's immense,  
Still, here I go, over the fence.  
Go on, dog, go on, treat me as lunch meat,  
Savage me and crunch me, here's me foot, have fun.