

Slade, In The Dog House

All them days of my youth were mis-spent
We were running riot fooling round wherever we went
Everybody gone mad everybody gone mad
Plenty good lovin' hanging out on the town
Woe betide you if your lady caught you with your kecks down
There'd be trouble all night there'd be trouble alright
We got by without any money
You never shut your big mouth
Got all kicked out in a hurry
Out in the dog the dog the doghouse
In the doghouse - In the doghouse - In the doghouse
Beautiful well you know I'm a liar
Don't look at the mantlepiece when you're poking at the fire
What your mama don't know won't hurt her no no
All them days of my youth with no sense
We'd be writing words of wisdom on the wall in the gents
Dirty little rhymes from some dirty little minds
We got by without any money
You never shut your big mouth
Got all kicked out in a hurry
Out in the dog the dog the doghouse
In the doghouse - In the doghouse - In the doghouse
We were flat broke skint in the local coffee bar
Singing to the juke with a broken down guitar
Everybody going mad everybody going mad
Nowhere to go in the middle of the week
Smoke a little joke a little use a bit of cheek
There'd be trouble alright there'd be trouble alright

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