

# Terrorvision, Don't Shoot My Dog

Listening to the story of an angry old man  
He had the whole world in his pocket but  
He had a hole there in his hand  
Never had much trouble fitting into his surroundings  
Dived headlong into life  
And ended up by drowning  
Died by drowning  
His blood is pure venom and his teeth are solid gold  
His clothes are made from human skin  
He's a thousand years old  
He lives down by the poisoned stream  
Where only alligators swim  
Sits there drinking moonshine  
Playing a mean violin a mean violin  
A really wicked violin

You've got four lines on your forehead  
And that tells me that you're worried  
Don't shoot my dog  
Don't shoot my dog  
I said please don't shoot my dog

His wife is laying face down in the pool upon the porch  
He spied me through his blindness  
As I spied her with my torch  
His skin goes tight around his face  
As he smiles his blinding smile  
Points over to a dozen wives laying in a pile  
Laying in a pile pile high