

Tom Waits, Straydog

That old stray hound dog by the meat market now
Lickin' his chops for some greasy chow
Top sirloin, pork chops, New York cut
Salisbury ground 'round, hangin' 'round downtown

Dropped out of school, naturally cool
Liftin' his leg on a fireplug
With greasy gravy drippings and the gristle on his mug
Stray dog, help yourself

Now he's scratchin' his ass, he be swattin' them flies
Gettin' involved with his dinnertime, and that's no lie
I said, stray dog, be cool boy, go on pull your caper
Usin' yesterday's paper for a table cloth

That old stray hound dog by the meat market now
Lickin' his chops for some greasy chow
And if they catch him on a trash can bin
Stray dog, help yourself

Catch him on a trash can bin
Stray dog, help yourself
Stray dog, help yourself