

Atlantic Popes, Dogs

You know the one who looks at you
As if he's gonna eat you up alive
But then again he's not alone
He's followed by a crowd of hungry eyes

He's so afraid of what the guys could see
Behaving kind of strange
No matter what the circumstance
You're better out of range

You see the one who looked at you
It seems he's got to swallow hard

You know that everywhere you move
Sure you gonna find them
Dogs on the leash

You hear a voice that's telling you
No problem everything will be alright
Although you feel it can't be true
You don't allow yourself to get uptight

He's not afraid of what this world could be
A kind of know it all
But the day you've got to count on him
You've got a hundred times to call

The other day you're not alone
You smile and say everything's alright

So anytime you hear this kind of moving story
Just try to get it right your own bad way

You know that everywhere you move
Sure you gonna find them
Dogs on the leash