

# Bob Rivers, Yellow Snow Yellow Snow Yellow Snow

Oh, the weather outside was whitening  
'Til the dog did something frightening  
He's got no other place to go  
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow

And he doesn't show signs of stopping  
As he sniffs around his dropping  
You see him everywhere you go  
In the snow, yellow snow, yellow snow

When he finally goes outside  
He'll be frolicking 'round in the storm  
He'll be marking our yard with pride  
You can tell by the steam that it's warm

When the snow begins it's thawing  
It reveals those puppy drawings  
He's a frisky little pooch van Gogh  
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow

Come here, Yeller. Come on boy. Good doggie.

Oh, not on Frosty.

He'll be marking our yard with pride  
You can tell by the steam that it's warm

Well, he's happy and his tail starts waggin'  
But the snowman's left side is saggin'  
There's a little puddle right below  
Yellow snow, yellow snow, yellow snow  
Yellow snow, yellow snow

Yellow snow  
Little patches of yellow snow  
Yellow snow  
Little patches of where Fido goes