

# Bright Eyes, Stray Dog Freedom

There's a skinny dog in a dirty parking lot.  
And he doesn't bite, but he begs.  
And he knows what's true so if you are, he'll follow you  
if you're headed home all the way.  
So we let him finish every dinner plate,  
and we watched his tail saying "thanks, thanks, thanks."  
And we tried to name him, but he ran away  
once he knew his freedom was at stake.  
It's the same old shit, so it's how you deal with it.  
it's the glove that fits that you wear.  
So when the wind blows strong, I put a few more layers on,  
and I tell myself I don't care.  
I might make a phone call to a better man.  
To ask the questions that I have.  
Like how did I get started? And where's it gonna end?  
why should I treat a traitor like a friend?