

# Dogs With Jobs, Die Like A Dog

You were walking down the sidewalk  
Yeah, you'd just been laid  
when that bastard stopped you up and  
slashed you with his blade

Your eyes are getting glassy,  
all you feel is pain  
Yeah, your wallet is gone,  
you've been mugged again

Die like a dog, die on the street  
Die like a dog, you're the maggot's meat  
Die like a dog, die from the fight  
Die like a dog, to rot in the night

Lying on the sidewalk in the midday sun  
Faces turn away like they know no-one  
"Why won't someone help me?" were your last words said  
The natives pass you by, leaving you for dead

Your fingers claw the pavement, there's no doubt  
Your nightmare is your death and there's no way out  
Your entrails are crawling spilling into the sewer  
Your thoughts are fading out getting farther and fewer

Can't seem to catch your breath, it's getting away  
Blowing down the street upon which you lay  
You feel your tortured body falling into the black  
You'll never return, you'll never come back

Your eyes are frozen open, blood dries in your mouth  
You're no longer breathing, your life snuffed out  
You're stiff in repose on your asphalt tomb  
You're Times Square picturesque  
as rats feed on your wounds...