

Guy Clark, Queenie's Song

Some S.O.B. shot my dog
I found her under a tree
If I hadn't loved that dog so much
It wouldn't mean nothin' to me

You son-of-a-bitch I'll tell you what, I will not be deterred
I'll find you out and track you down
On that you got my word

Queenie's getting buried
It's time to dig the hole
New years day in Santa Fe
Broke mean and it broke cold

I don't predict the world will end
And I don't presume it won't
And I don't pretend to give a damn
If it do or if it don't

And I bet you got a gun for Christmas
That don't make it right
What in the hell were you thinkin'
With little Queenie in your sights

Queenie's getting buried
It's time to dig the hole
New years day in Santa Fe
Broke mean and it broke cold

Now brother death and father time
Are almost loaded up
And they're headed for the border line
In a stolen pick-up truck

For old acquaintance not forgot
For old dogs left behind
I won't forgive and I can't forget
The year of '99

Screamin' Auld Lang Syne

Queenie's getting buried
It's time to dig the hole
New years day in Santa Fe
Broke mean and it broke cold