

Jack Foster III, Civilized Dog

He has the best of manners
polite bark and no bite
he wags his tail when spoken to
he never picks a fight
he waits to have his feet wiped
when he comes in from the rain
he loves to have his belly scratched
he never raises Cain

He's a civilized dog
never howls at the moon
he leaves that to me
and I'll be howling soon
a civilized dog
he never rolls in the mud
that's what I want to do
I want to run for the blood

When nature is a beast
in hand-me-down threads
you can cover up the wolf
but what big teeth he has!
And when he sleeps he dreams
you know he's dreaming most the day
that he's running with the pack
that he's chasing down some prey

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never howls at the moon
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that's what I want to do
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That dog's a lot like us
happy but a bit repressed
we sit when we are told
and we want to be possessed
so we're doing tricks for treats
until the new wears off
then we both can be
civilized dogs

We're civilized dogs
howling at the moon
if you're not howling now
you'll be howling soon
we're civilized dogs
but we can roll in the mud
that's what we want to do
we want to run for the blood