

# James Young, Wild Dogs In The Night

Woke last night  
To a terrible sound  
Four A.M.  
It was the baying of hounds  
Doctors', lawyers'  
Pets out on the prowl  
Forgotten lives  
You know they're primal creatures now  
Now don't you know...they're all just

Wild dogs in the night  
On the loose in the hills of L.W.  
Poison in their bite  
Mother warned be it might be this way

We're all brought up  
To act quite civilized  
Expect our pets  
To be quite domesticized  
Some people now  
Aren't quite housebroken yet  
Down, down, down  
Is all that they get  
Now don't you know...they're just like

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Poison in their bite  
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