

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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