

# Page France, Dogs

I heard it's getting windy so I'll set and watch you blow  
I will chain you to my boat  
I will carry you back home  
And I won't say I love you cause it's all been said before  
Let's not say it anymore  
'cause love nothing here's for sure

They treat us like dogs  
So we play along  
We bark and we moan  
And play them more songs  
But when we blow away  
And get out of this place  
We go down like a shout  
And up like a praise

I heard it's getting windy and we'll all be blown away  
Did you tell me you're afraid?  
Darling, you look so afraid  
And I'm not sure what happens when everything here ends  
But I hope it's like they said  
And I hope it never ends

They treat us like gold  
Dug up to be sold  
We shine and we shake  
Assuming our roles  
But when we blow away  
Up over this place  
We go down like a shout  
And up like a praise

I know it's hard to see me darling  
Let your eyes adjust  
If you go blind just trust  
You are made out of my dust  
I was made out of your dust  
And the wind will carry us  
In the ocean's evening dust  
Up above the mountain tops  
He will have the both of us  
He will have the both of us  
He will have the both of us  
You will have the both of us