

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Dog Society

The baby crawls, the baby growls, to all concerned in fits and snarls.
The baby burns, unbridled thoughts, to rise again above it all.

Yeah bow down to the dog society.
Bow wow to the dog society.

Don't turn to run, don't break my fall,
'cos you'll die young, so will we all.
Be a better man, yeah be yourself,
and join the band of the new fox cult.