## Pink Floyd, Dogs

You gotta be crazy, you gotta have a real need

You gotta sleep on your toes, and when you're on the street

You gotta be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed

And then moving in silently, down wind and out of sight

You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking.

And after a while, you can work on points for style

Like the club tie, and the firm handshake

A certain look in the eye, and an easy smile

You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to

So that when they turn their backs on you

You'll get the chance to put the knife in.

You gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder

You know it's going to get harder, and harder, and harder as you get older

And in the end you'll pack up, fly down south

Hide your head in the sand

Just another sad old man

All alone and dying of cancer.

And when you loose control, you'll reap the harvest you have sown

And as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone

And it's too late to loose the weight you used to need to throw around

So have a good drown, as you go down, all alone

Dragged down by the stone.

I gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused

Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used

Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise

If I don't stand my own ground, how can I find my way out of this maze?

Deaf, dumb, and blind, you just keep on pretending

That everyone's expendable and no-one has a real friend

And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner

And everythings done under the sun

And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer.

Who was born in a house full of pain

Who was trained not to spit in the fan

Who was told what to do by the man

Who was broken by trained personnel

Who was fitted with collar and chain

Who was given a pat on the back

Who was breaking away from the pack

Who was only a stranger at home

Who was ground down in the end

Who was found dead on the phone

Who was dragged down by the stone.