

Rackets And Drapes, Disease Of Me

How much is that doggy in the window {ruff ruff}
the one with the wagity tail How much can that little doggy be
When I look at that doggy in the window
I see that the doggy is me, that the doggy is, that the doggy is me

Just like the doggy that returns to its own vomit
And the pig that plays in the mud

Look around and you'll see that the world is full
of sweets and goodies to eat
It's like a drug and it turns into a habit
And it rots out all of your teeth
That disease of, that disease of me

Just like the doggy that returns to its own vomit
And the pig that plays in the mud