

Rackets & Drapes, Disease Of Me

How much is the doggy in the window
How much can the little doggy be
When I look at the 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 his own vomit
And the pig that plays in the mud

Look around and you'll see
That the world is filled with
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 his own vomit
And the pig that plays in the mud

HEY (x16)

Just like the doggy
That returns to his own vomit
And the pig that plays in the mud (x4)