

# Sloan, The Dogs

I'm thinking that I'm gonna make it now  
I said I'd give it a try  
But the same old habits trickle down  
And leave me hanging out to dry  
But before I chose to do it all  
I had to find a new light  
The dogs were great, but they were small  
And I was the only one that they'd bite

Ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

The fire is burning hot tonight  
I think I stay here inside  
Calm my nerves and try to write  
And shed my prejudiced pride  
They're seemingly simple tasks to have  
And yet they fill me with dread  
Four legs good and two legs bad  
Chase each other around in my head

If I'm not looking out for where I'm giving in  
It'll be another hit I'll take on the chin  
And when it heals and the scarring's started to fade  
I'll go right back to where I tried to begin

If I can't stop it, no one can  
It makes no sense to slow down  
And one trip through my neighborhood  
Can make me despise this town  
As several people pass me by  
I felt the ice in their eyes  
And my reflection came to mind  
And it forced me to realize

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And I was the only one that they'd bite