

That Dog, She

She is given such pain. She is faced with the evil strain.

She is given no choice. She conquers and can't rejoice.

I see the picture of her standing on the street.

Her coat is white and her hair, black.

I see the picture of her standing on the street,

And she is beautiful.

She has strength beyond compare. She gets past the loss of her hair.

She is given no choice. She conquers and can't rejoice.

I see the picture of her standing on the street.

Her coat is white and her hair, black.

I see the picture of her standing on the street,

And she is beautiful.

She is beautiful.