

# Tyla, Gods Or Dogs

Mmmm

Mmmm

Hey, Sofie, take your feet of the table

Hey, mmm

Taking tea with the Kings today

Charlie slept outside my door

Were the rotten hellraise slang gang

Were coming round for more

The sold out white slate faced geordies

Climbing the walls of their dreams

While others furnish nightmares

With demons and unspeakable things

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Surrounded by their trust

Tonight you sit up with the gods

Doing the things that you must, yeah

Oh, yeah, yeah

Mmmm

Mmmm, yeah

He ate pizza and he pissed in the sink

Surrounded by the gypsy chemist I think

Everything from antibiotics to zinc

And the smell of the slash that he hashed in the trash

Tonight you sit up with the dog

Surrounded by your trust

Tonight you sit up with the god

Doing the things that you must, yeah

That you must, yeah

Is this the path of instinct we cross

The one weve travelled alone before

Take your parents to the back of the room

Put the gun on the floor

Tonight you find that the things youve signed

All got too much

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Doing the things you must

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Doing the thing, tonight

Were fine

Tonight you find that the things youve signed

All got too much

Tonight you find the things youve signed

Got too much

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Surrounded by their trust

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Doing the things you must

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Ooh

Tonight you sit up with the dogs

Doing the things youll find

Tonight you sit up with the dogs