

Damien Rice, Dogs

She lives with an orange tree
The girl that does yoga
She picks the dead ones from the ground
When we come over

And she gives
I get
Without giving anything to me

Like a morning sun
Like a morning
Like a morning sun
Good good morning sun
The girl that does yoga
When we come over
Girl that does yoga

He lives in a little house
On the side of a little hill
Picks the litter from the ground
Litter little brother spills

He gives
I get
Without giving anything to me

And the dogs they run
And the dogs they
And the dogs they run
In the good good morning sun

Side of a little hill
Litter little brother spills
Side of a little hill

Oh and she's always dressed in white
She's like an angel, man
She burns my eyes
Oh and she turns
She pulls a smile
We drive her round
And she drives us wild
Oh and she moves like a little girl
I become a child, man
She moves my world
And she gets splashed in rain
And turns away
and leaves me standing

She lives with an orange tree
The girl that does yoga
Got a wolf to keep her warm
When he comes over

She gives
He gets
Without giving anything to see

And the day it ends
And the day it
And the day it ends
And there's no need for me

The girls that does yoga

When we come over
The girls that does yoga