

Emily Haines, Dog

I do get lonely
So many nights spent soaking beans
And listening to my ears
You are what you hear

You are what you hear
Dog
Sit up and run
White laced panties and calm it
Your body is warm, so is my vomit
Your body is warm, but I'm not cold

Hard to say
Let it go before it gets away
Hard to move
Standing next to you

He's a good dog
I can do whatever I want to him
'Cause it doesn't show
He doesn't know any better

Sit
Rub
Here, dog