

Reba McEntire, Good Doggie, No Bone

oohhhhh wowowowowow
first they tell you youre gonna be the next big thing
put roses in your dressing room everytime you sing
till you ask for a little consideration
then they call you a diva,
pink slip "ermanation";
they grab the next yapper
just walking down the street
they've got him singing your songs
mark in your tree

it's lonely at the top
when the lights go down and the cheering stops
you've got no real friends
no place to call home!!
its all good doggie
but no bone1 (no no no bone!)

and the next thing you know they aint bringing you roses
its all cold stares
cold shoulder
"cold noses";
he doesn't write
doesnt call
doesn't howl you name
all that he can think about is fortune and fame
there aint nothing i can do

to turn his head and excite him
sometimes i swear i just want to bite him!

its lonley at the top
when the lights go down
and the cheerin stops
you've got no real friends
no place to call home
its all good doggie (good doggie)
(its all good doggie)
but no bone! wowow nonono!wow

good doggie (no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
good doggie(no Bone)
not even a little tiny bone
good doggie (no Bone)
no bone ohh wowowwo!!!!

and no bone owowow!