

Sting, Conversation With A Dog

I asked my dog what he thought the best in man
He said, "The love you dispense to me twice daily from a can."
I said, "Why do you think my question funny?
And where would you be without my money?"
I said, "There may be some quality in us you must treasure."
"It's despair," he said, "of which your money is the measure."

Walk like a dog
Like anybody can

I said, "What about our politics, philosophy, our history?"
He said, "If there is something admirable in these it is a mystery."
"But there must be something in our system tell me at your leisure."
"It's despair," he said, "of which your borders are the measure."

Walk like a dog
Talk like a man

Walk like a dog
Like anybody can

I said, "What about technology, computers, nuclear fission?"
"I'm terrified of radiation, hate the television."
I said, "There must be something in our scientific treasure."
"It's despair," he said, "of which your weapons are the measure."

"Feed me, you can beat me. I will love you till I die.
But don't ask for admiration and don't ever ask me why."
I said, "Why wait till now to demonstrate displeasure?"
"It's despair," he said, "of which my silence was the measure."

Walk like a dog
Talk like a man
Walk like a dog
Like anybody can