

Dogs of New York

Verse one:

For a lark we pull them through Central Park,
And make them stop as we sniff a pole.
When we are done, off again we run,
Just to show them who's in control.

Chorus:

The dogs of New York.
Some are short; some are long,
The dogs of New York,
We can do nothing wrong.

Verse two:

We ride on their backs in doggie backpacks,
As they hold blue bags of our poo.
In a basket on a bike is what we like.
You might wonder who owns who.

Chorus:

The dogs of New York,
They call us good girls and boys.
The dogs of New York.
They buy us lots of chewy toys.

Music

Verse three:

We'll yap on their lap when they take a nap.
We get free food and a comfy bed.
Our clothes are posh, and if we want a wash.
We'll roll in something dead.

Chorus repeat:

The dogs of New York,
We come in white, black, and brown.
The dogs of New York.
Together we run this town.

Chorus:

The dogs of New York,
Some are thin, some are fat.
The dogs of New York,
And the top dog is Cat.

