

Ben Folds, Dog

My dog walks a path on the same line

And lately I'm thinkin I might take his advice, yeah, yeah

'Cause he sees through the fence and he thinks I'm free

My brain and his chain look the same to me

All alone in a cage with a head rest

There's a thing I could get off my chest

'Cause I want to wear the path that's true

And I want to wear the path with you

Out of the cold of the leash for years or more

Don't even know what it was I was waiting for

Well maybe I barked up the wrong tree

That was then now I'm back won't you see me

'Cause I want to wear the path that's true

And I want to wear the path with you

Oh, it's true

I used to be afraid of growing old

and hanging around the same old place

but I got older anyway

So won't you...

So won't you...

So won't you brush my fears away

My dog wears a path and that's a good sign

'Cause my dog wears a path on the same line

Now alone in this cage with a head rest

there's a thing I should get off of my chest
Buy a house, go to work in the same car
Feed the dog, put our teeth in the same jar

Want to tell you that

I want to wear the path that's true

And I want to wear the path with you

And I want to wear the path that's true