

# Squeeze, Gone To The Dogs

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Down at the dogs the bets are placed  
A wad of notes rolled in a hand  
The floodlit track is center stage  
For winning hounds to take the stand  
In old covert coats and trilby hats  
The owners swan around the place  
The tic tac man throws out his arms  
His thin moustache stretched on his face

Gone to the dogs the man and his life  
He stands by the rail and looks at the sky  
Confused by the thoughts  
That stew in his mind  
Alone by the track on a Saturday night

Gone to the dogs  
He stands and reflects  
Gone to the dogs  
And has no regrets

The restaurant's full and table bets  
Are taken by the girls who serve  
The basket meals and German wine  
Excitement mounts  
The buzz is heard  
The stadium is full of screams  
And cigar smoke is in the air  
The dogs race around on their last lap  
And down the straight they chase the hare