

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