

Poor Little Doggy Woggy

The Twelfth Task

Iain Gilmour

Verse 1

There's a dog I know,
And it has three heads,
And three ickle noseywoseys, six ickle ears, but just four legs.
It's called Cerberus,
And Hercules' command,
Was to fetch ickle doggy woggy not using weapons: only hands.

Chorus

Poor ickle doggy woggy,
You're such a soggy doggy,
When we go walkies in the park.
It must be tricky wicky,
Fetching your sticky wicky,
Are your bites worse than your barks?

Verse 2

In the underworld,
Is where doggy hides,
And poor ickle Hercy Wercy had to work hard to get inside.
There he met Hades,
The underworld's big boss,
He said "Take ickle doggy woggy, we'll have to suffer doggy's loss."



Chorus

Poor ickle doggy woggy,
You're such a soggy doggy,
When we go walkies in the park.
It must be tricky wicky,
Fetching your sticky wicky,
Are your bites worse than your barks?

Bridge

Sit! Walk! Fetch your stick!
Do what a doggy should do: learn your tricks!
Stay! Bed! Now play dead!
Don't let your cleverness go to your heads!

Chorus

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When we go walkies in the park.
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