

Dogs Stole Things

Phish

Dogs stole things I needed bad
Cats took what I never had
Pillows for my aching head
A glass of milk next to my bed
The creatures that seem, oh so kind
And sleep all day and ease your mind
At night they softly paddle on
And look to steal things that you own
So now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord that I might keep
My soul for one more night or two
And hope the creatures never do
The creatures that seem, oh so kind
And sleep all day and ease your mind
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