

Saint Bernard

Ron Sexsmith

There's a portrait on my wall
A map of a friend
Confer to where I call
On whom I can depend
My imaginary back door
I have a saint Bernard
Oh my lord
In my big backyard La la, la la la
La la, la la la Dispatches from the pound
I receive in my dreams
Black tears of white and brown
That's a rip on the scheme
And life won't seem to hard
If I had a Saint Bernard
Oh my Lord
It wouldn't be so hard
La la, la la la
La la, la la la Who else is going to rescue me when I'm face down in the snow?
No other dog looks a bit like me
I'm feeling
Or unwilling
Unable to make the show In my imaginary backyard
There's a flask around his neck
A brandy for me
Sip on as I reflect
On your mortality
Like a four legged Minnie Maud
I'm talking Saint Bernard
On a four
He's my minnie maud
La la, la la la
La la, la la la I'm talking Saint Bernard La la, la la la
La la, la la la

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