

Your Bulldog Drinks Champagne

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Thanks to Joe Caruso

INTRO COUNT: 1 2 3 4

There was a lady in a window,
In the room across the way.
From the hotel I was staying in,
While on my holi-day.
I couldn't help but see everything,
Cause I was peeping, I confess.
Still, after dinner every night, she had the strangest guest.

She'd retire to her favorite chair, and sit there with a dog.
Fill the crystal glasses while the fire danced on the log.
Well, I watched them drink their bubbly brew, 'til that fire grew dim.
Then I stuck my head out the window,
And said, 'WHY NOT ME INSTEAD OF HIM'!!??

Oh, your bulldog drinks champagne,
And I ain't one to com-plain.
But, what a perfect waste of wine it seems to me.
So, honey, tell ol' rover that the big dog's coming over...
Cause any woman that'd get a bulldog drunk,
Would have to be good to me.

Fourteen days and fourteen nights, not one word did I hear.
Her with her silk and champagne, and me in my shorts with a beer.
She just left the curtains wide, and I knew she knew I could see.
Her and the pug-nosed mutt,
Guzzling wine and teasing me.

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So I made a bolder move, I went over and rang her bell.
I heard growling from inside, and I got scared as hell.
Then the bulldog staggered out the door, and he said, 'How do you do?'
But the lady bit me on the leg,
And I said rrrruuuffff, I love you too!

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