

Rover (the Pub Landlord's Dog)

Written by Patrick Faux Chadwick

## 7 : ROVER THE DOG.

Rover,Rover,keeps on falling over,  
Ev'ry time he lurches through the door,  
Curious,furious,'cos he's lab'radorious,  
He's had his food but now he wants some more.

He'll watch you munch,when you're eating lunch,  
Whet his appetite,watching ev'ry bite.

Moping,hoping,with his mouth wide open,  
And his front paws perched upon your stool,  
Waiting,frustrating,eye-balls concentrating,  
Ev'ry mouthful makes him start to drool.

Sits in the pub,looking at your grub,  
If you stop to talk,nicks food off your fork.

Lusting,disgusting,he's a canine dustbin,  
Anything will travel past his lips,  
Whining,pining,he will watch you dining,  
Nick your scampi,chicken and your chips.

Lies at your feet,helping you to eat,  
He will watch your plate,and he'll salivate.

Rover,Rover,eats all that's left over,  
He's so fat he should go round on wheels,  
Detect it,collect it,when you least expect it,  
They call him'The Hound Of The Basket Meals'.



C Dm C F C  
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 Bb G7 C Dm  
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 C C  
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