

## Stay, Go & Fetch

By Les Barker

I'd always wanted a dog, so one day I took in a stray.  
He didn't want to leave me, and so I called him Stay.

I knew it was a mistake, the first time I told Stay to go:  
"Go, Stay," and I pointed. Did Stay go?... No.

"Go, Stay," I said; and he started; he was going...then he was not;  
He looked at me, sad and confused, and his two big eyes said "What?"

I threw him a stick; I said "Fetch, Stay." He started and stopped all in one;  
I never got round to "Come here, Stay." Stay couldn't come; he'd not gone.

He wanted to please, but he couldn't; I spoke, but he just didn't know;  
So I got him a spaniel for company. I shouldn't have called it Go.

I said "Stay, Go," and Go'd stay a second,  
Then both Stay and Go were away,  
And I had to shout "Come here, Stay and Go."  
They were coming and going all day.

I said "Stay, Go and Stay." I tried "Go, Stay and Go."  
Nothing seemed to get through;  
It's not that they were both saying "No."  
They were both saying "Does he mean you?"

It's all very well in the park, but what if we're stood at the kerb?  
Two lost souls in the dark: which bloody one is the verb?

I've got them a new friend now; I found him, a poor starving wretch;  
I hope they'll be happy together; Go and Stay, come and meet Fetch !