Steve Cook - The Leg Misc Unsigned Bands	end				
THE LEGEND OF THE DO	GMAN - STEVE CC	 OOK 			
Standard Tuning					
CAPO 2					
Bb A cool summer mornin	C# in early June	G# e is when the	Eb Bl		
Bb At a nameless loggin	C# g camp in Wexfo		# ere the Mai	Eb nistee River	Bb
Bb Eleven lumberjacks n dog	C# ear the Garland	G# d Swamp found	an animal	Eb they though	Bl nt was a
Bb In a playful mood th	C# ey chased it ar	G# cound til it	ran inside	Eb e a hollow I	Bb Log
Bb A logger named Johns	C# on grabbed him	G# a stick and		Bb nd inside	
Bb Then the thing let o	C# ut an unearthly	G# scream and		Eb and stood	Bb upright.
Bb None of those men ev	C# er said very mu	G# uch about wha	Eb tever happe	Bb ened then.	
Bb		C#		G#	Eb
Bb They just packed up from again.	their belonging	gs and left t	hat night a	and were nev	ver heard
It was ten years lat	er in 97 when	a farmer nea	r Buckley v	was found	
Slumped over his plo	w, his heart ha	ad stopped. T	here were o	dog tracks a	all around.
Seven years past the	turn of the ce	entury they s	ay a crazy	old widow h	nad a dream

of dogs that circled her house at night. They walked like men and screamed....

In 1917 a sheriff who was out a walkin ...

Found a driverless wagon and tracks in the dust like wolves had been a stalkin

Near the roadside a four-horse team lay dead with their eyes open wide....

When the vet finished up his examination he said it looked like they died of fright...

In 37 a schooner captain said several crew members had reported...

a pack of wild dogs roaming Bowers Harbor. His story was never recorded....

In 57 a man of the cloth found claw marks on an old church door...

The newspaper said they were made by a dog. He d a had to stood seven foot four....

In 67 a van load of hippies told a park ranger named Quinlan...

they d been awakened in the night by a scratch at the winda...

there was a dog-man looking in and grinnin.

In 77 there were screams in the night near the village of Bellaire...

Could have been a bobcat, could have been the wind. Nobody looked up there...

Then in the summer of 87, near Luther it happened again....

At a cabin in the woods it looked like maybe someone had tried to break in...

There were cuts in the door that could only have been made by very sharp teeth and claws...

He didn t wear shoes cause he didn t have feet; he walked on just two paws...

So far this spring no stories have appeared. Have the dogmen gone away? Have they disappeared?...

Soon enough I guess we ll know cause summer is almost here....

And in this decade called the 80s, the 7th year is here....

And somewhere in the northwoods darkness a creature walks upright And the best advice you may ever get...

Is don t go out at night...