## Dog Years <br> Rush

Intro 2x: $\mathbf{F}$ G Am $\mathbf{F} \quad \mathbf{G}$

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Eb F Gm
Eb F Gm
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    In a dog s life, a year is really more like seven
    Eb F Gm
Eb F Gm
And all too soon a canine will be chasing cars in doggie heaven
Bb C Dm $\quad \mathrm{Bb}$ C Dm
It seems to me, as we make our own few circles round the sun
Bb C Dm
Bb C
We get it backwards and our seven years go by like one
G
D A

## A

B
Dog years...It $s$ the season of the itch
$\mathbf{G} \mathbf{D} \quad \mathbf{A} \quad \mathbf{B} \quad \mathbf{F} \mathbf{G} \mathbf{A m} \quad \mathbf{F} \mathbf{G}$
Dog years...With every scratch it reappears

## Eb F Gm <br> Eb F Gm

In the dog days, people look to Sirius
Eb F Gm
Eb F Gm
Dogs cry for the moon, but these connections are mysterious
Bb C Dm
$\mathrm{Bb} \mathbf{C} \mathrm{Dm}$
It seems to me, while it $s$ true that every dog will have his Day

## Bb C Dm

Bb C
When all the bones are buried, there is barely time to go outside and play

G D A B
Dog years...It $s$ the season of the itch
$\mathbf{G} \quad \mathbf{D} \quad \mathbf{A} \quad$ B
Dog years...With every scratch it reappears
G
D
A B
Dog years...For every sad son of a bitch
$\mathbf{G} \quad \mathbf{D} \quad \mathbf{A} \quad \mathbf{G} \quad \mathbf{F}$ G $\quad$ G C
Dog years...With his tail between his ears
$\begin{array}{llllll}\mathbf{F} & \mathbf{G} & \mathbf{F} & \mathbf{G} & \mathbf{F} & \mathbf{G} \mathbf{C}\end{array}$
I d rather be a tortoise from Galapagos, or a span of geological time
F
G F
G $\quad \mathbf{F}$
G I d rather be a tortoise from Galapagos, or a span of geological time
$\mathbf{E b} \quad \mathbf{F} \quad \mathbf{E b} \quad \mathbf{F}$
Than be living in these dog years, living in these dog years

Solo - Vocalização: Bb C Bb C Dm (2x)
F G (2x)
$\mathbf{E b} \quad \mathbf{F} \quad \mathbf{G m} \quad \mathbf{E b} \quad \mathbf{F}$
Eb F Gm
Eb F Gm

In a dog $s$ brain a constant buzz of low level static
$\mathrm{Eb} \mathbf{F} \mathbf{G m}$
Eb $\mathbf{F}$ Gm
One sniff at the hydrant and the answer is automatic
Bb C Dm
Bb C Dm

It seems to me, as well make our own few circles round the block Bb C Dm

Bb C
We ve lost our senses, for the higher level static of talk
G D

## A

B

Dog years...For every sad son of a bitch
G
D
A G
Dog years...With his tail between his ears
Bb
C
Bb

In these dog years, 0000 !
Bb
C
Bb
In these dog years, oouu!
Bb
C
Bb
In these dog years, oooo!
Bb
C
F G F
In these dog years, oouu! Oooo!
F
G $\quad \mathbf{E b} \mathbf{F} \mathbf{G m}$
Eb F
In these dog years, oooo!

