

**William Shatners Dog**  
**Stephen Fretwell**

Capo on 4th on the record, although live I think Stephen plays in on 5th.

Verse chords: **Bm**: x02210  
                  **D**: x32010  
                  **Dmaj9**: x20010

(Use thumb for bass notes)

**Bm**                  **D**  
I walk by the water and I  
**Dmaj9**                  **Bm**  
Head for your house  
Though I know that you ll be out  
In some dirty city bar

I stand on your street  
And I stare at your room  
And the shadows play and move  
And your brother comes out with a bat

Chorus

**Em**                  **A**  
Sayin that  
                  **D**  **Dmaj9**  **Bm**  
You might be with your sister in Paris  
**Em**                  **A**  
On the Rue turnau  
                  **D**  **Dmaj9**  **Bm**  
Wearing Marline Ditrik glasses  
**Em**                  **A**  
Where we made that bet  
                  **D**  **Dmaj9**  **Bm**                  **Gmaj7**  
That bet that I knew you d win for sure  
                                  **F#**  
When you where sick on the floor

Verse 2

The denim is ripped  
Beneath the patch  
It s an itch I can never scratch  
Now it s so far gone the past

The fines I m  
Having trouble to contest  
With the library book you kept

The one that sent your head so far west

Chorus

Far far away

In those continental cities

Where they get in a race

To see who can build the tallest buildings

Where you went for some space

And wound up

With a slightly reddened face

And a pain in your gut

Verse 3

I turn on the TV

And I see there your face

And in it there s not one trace

Of that old brown bowl of lace

And that bowl of lace

Is sat beside the gas bar fire

Where you probably laid

Eating ice cream chocolate lollies

That your mother brought home

From the freezer store

On the old kent road

She too had enough

And that look on your face

That you d throw accross the dinner table

In the middle of grace

With your fathers eye closed shut tight

And it happend like that

Every damn night

That I had to come

To your house

Well tell Charles Okief

That I don t want to go to Paris

It s sunnier hear

And I m happy in this loveless marriage

With the girl from the pru

And your father and your sister

And your mother too

And not forgeting you