

MOUNTAIN DOG

by Ken Bradbury



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Hee-Yah! (*a yell*)

Hey You! Hey, you no-good Mountain Dog!

Where you hidin' now from me, you low-count, no-good Mountain Dog!

Get out from under there and, no, I ain't got gravy now

...

It's time we chatted, you and me, and maybe set things straight somehow.

And don't start off your whinin' here, It ain't no use to slicker me ...

'Cause I'm about as tired of you, as Mountain Dog, you are of me.

Remember when I found you ...

Think real hard now, Mountain Dog ...

Remember when I seen you limpin' down that trail, your tail tucked 'tween your legs ...

Just a pup, I picked you up and took you home for company.

You remember now, you cur? You low-downed mangy thing?

That strike a memory in your head, you no-good, flop-eared, Mountain Dog?

Then you growed up ... don't growl at me! ... and thought you's quite a dog!

You found yourself a doggie-gal ... Hey, look at me, you Mountain Dog!

You chased that bitch 'cross fifteen miles of hallows, hills, and hollers.

You ran off seven years of fat and lost your brand new collar.

You remember now, you cur? You low-downed mangy thing?

That strike a memory in your head, you no-good, flop-eared, Mountain Dog?

You stink-faced, slack-skinned, long-tailed heathen!
Pea-brained cousin of a skunk and uncle to a buzzard!

Then it's me that's left to raise them eight black pups all winter.

It's me that's left to hear 'em howl, while you run loose, you sinner!

Then you heard the Preacher say that dogs don't go to heaven ...

Remember how you moped all day ... you no-good Mountain Dog?

You yelped all night repentin' to the Lord that you was born a hound.

You kept me up 'til almost dawn ... and then become a Baptist!

Now don't you think that Jesus needs a poor old mountain hound?

That even God Almighty smiles when He hears that coon-hunt sound?

But here's the jist of what I want to tell you, listen up. I've raised you, fed you, washed you, lost you all night long and looked!

I've spent your stinkin' entire life a raisin' you, you see.

Now tell me, hound dog, just for fun, what you've done for me?

There's times I'd like to kill you and I almost thought I would!

You've made me mad enough to spit, you no-good Mountain hound!

The times you dragged a possum, two-days dead and stinkin' high,

Into the house while I was gone ... You flop-eared Mountain Dog!

Or stumblin' out at midnight when nature called my name,

I hit the porch to get relieved and tripped on your old frame?

A-sendin' me into the bush, my longjohns 'round my neck,

With things a stickin' into me in places I can't even get.

You no-good, slack-jawed, flop-eared mutt! You onrey, one-eyed whelp!



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