

MAD DOG

A D
Mad Dog isn't mad, nor is he a dog
A E
He got the nickname from a nickname catalogue
A D
Relax, he won't bite you, he only bites burritos
A E
Mad Dog wouldn't hurt a fly, maybe a mosquito
D E A Bm A E
Mad Dog, Mad Dog, burning off the morning fog, Mad Dog

A D
Mad Dog walks himself, he's never on a leash
A E
Imagination on the loose, he don't need hashish
A D
But what the heck, light it up, he's about to go on stage
A E
It's not wine, you know, it don't improve with age
D E A Bm A E
Mad Dog, Mad Dog, burning off the morning fog, Mad Dog

A D
Mad Dog knows a moon when he sees one in the sky
A E
Howling is his forte, no need to amplify
A D
Mad Dog is standing at the ol' ballgame
A E
The seventh inning stretch will never be the same
D E A Bm A
Mad Dog, Mad Dog, burning off the morning fog, Mad Dog

E A E A
Mad Dog never barks up the wrong tree, all the trees he barks up are correct
E A D E
Mad Dog doesn't beg, roll over or play dead, he's got too much self-respect

A D
Mad Dog's on a hilltop with a little unicorn
A E
The baby at the bottom can only see the horn
A D
She crawls on up there, laughing harder as she goes
A E
Mad Dog cannot stop it from nibbling on her toes
D E A Bm A
Mad Dog, Mad Dog, burning off the morning fog, Mad Dog