

# Gnarled

by Robert Force

(starts out slowly, wistfully-- reflective with rubato...)

Gnarled, old Gnarled-- sweet puppy--  
We ain't goin' huntin' no more.

'Cause Gnarled, old Gnarled... (as fast as you can sing!)  
Done cleaned out the 'coons on the whole North Shore!  
Done cleaned out the 'coons on the whole --North --Shore!

Well, my dog Gnarled is a hound dog's dog  
Snufflin' uppa 'coons and razorback hogs.  
He can find a 'gator in a peat bog  
And ol' Mr. Possum in a hollered out log.

chorus: Dog Gnarled-- aroooo (howl)  
Dog Gnarled-- aroooo (howl)  
Dog Gnarled-- aroooo (howl)  
... My dog Gnarled!

My dog Gnarled is smart as they say,  
Much more than any on the government's pay.  
Only bites the mailman he gets in the way.  
Lays in the shade in the heat of the day. (chorus)

He's a flop-eared wonder with long, bony legs,  
Eats only mush and ostrich eggs.  
Wouldn't touch water if you got down and begged;  
Prefers to do his drinkin' from the squeezin's keg. (chorus)

My dog Gnarled is a pretty strange breed--  
One half ornery and the other half mean.  
He's got a set of chompers you wouldn't believe  
And his voice it sounds like the oper-ree (chorus)

Yes, my dog Gnarled... (repeat second verse)

--final chorus-- Heavy on the howls. Operatic!