

Salty Dog

www.mike-martin.net

Standing on the corner with the lowdown blues
A great big hole in the bottom of my shoes
Honey let me be your salty dog

Let me be your salty dog
Or I won't be your little man at all
Honey let me be your salty dog

Look it here Sal, I know you
Run down stocking and a wore out shoe
Honey let me be your salty dog

If I can't be your salty dog
I won't be your man at all
Honey let me be your salty dog

I got a gal she's ten feet tall
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall
Honey let me be your salty dog

Two old ladies sittin' in the sand
Each one with that the other were a man
Honey let me be your salty dog

Salty Dog, Salty Dog,
I don't want to be your man at all.
I just want to be your Salty Dog.

Down in the wildwood sitting on a log
Singing a song about Salty Dog
Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

Floating downstream on a hollow log
Having a dream about a salty dog
Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

Each Verse - G E A A D D G D