THE DOG'S QUESTIONS



You tell me that bones are a danger,

That cooked ones will stick in my craw.

I have an easy solution:

Why don't you eat your meat raw?

Oh don't take away my good garbage!

That is my everyday plea.

Why are you filling the landfill,

When you could be filling me?

You ask why I'm barking and howling

When it is but five a.m.

There's mean out there taking our garbage!

Why aren't you questioning them?