

HERE BOY COME HOME

F

poodle was bored sittin by the fire place

Dm

eatin fancy treats off fine white china plates

A#

C

surrounded by paintings and a priceless flower vase life was way too slow

F

one day the front door was open just a bit

A7

he was nervous but he knew that this was it

A#

C

it's now or never time to make a run for it before that door would close

F

he felt the snowflakes melting on his poodle nose

Dm

he trotted down the street with no plan as to where to go

A#

C

got lost right away in the dirty snow feet so cold and sore

F

pretty soon he was soaking wet and lonely

A7

he missed his home all warm and homey

A#

C

small poodle he wish he had a some money to take a taxi home

F

people's feet covered up his little tracks

Dm

soaked through and dreaming of a steaming bath

A#

C

outta luck stuck wishin' he could find the path back to where he's known

F
then he heard a sound that made his tiny heart jump
A7
a voice he knew calling out for the lost pup
A# C
so far away so he had to really listen up through the falling snow

F A# F A# F A# F
here boy come home here boy come home here boy come home
F A# F
(and he ran toward the sound of the voice)
F A# F A# F A# F
here boy come home here boy come home here boy come home

F
ended up the day back in front of the fire place
Dm
eatin fancy treats with a smile on his poodle face
A# C
surrounded by paintings and a priceless flower vase his life was good and slow

F
next time the poodle wants to have adventures
A7
he'll just dream about 'em from a big cozy chairs
A# C
warm and safe far from cold and scared off to dream he goes

F A# F
little poodle I know it feels good to be home (3)
F A# F
(and he ran toward the sound of the voice)
F A# F
little poodle I know it feels good to be home (2)
F A# F
little poodle I knew you would come home