

THE WATCH DOG

When darkened heavens creak and strain
and send down nothing but cold rain
who is it that will heal my pain?

When all signs read despairingly
what unique secrets does he see
to change my fate and rescue me?

When skies turn black and chill winds blow
my hopes into the undertow
who is it that will ease my woe?

My Scottie's looking after me;
If not for him I'd surely be
a soul lost for eternity.

by Lee Netzler