

# The Sheep Dip

Words and Music by Roger Alan Deitz

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I never sleep, when I count sheep  
Those little woolie wonders always keep me awake  
All dressed in white, sheep walk the night  
They flash their big brown eyes and I go damn near insane

A shepherd's life is not an easy lot out on the range  
Nobody ever worries if he's cold - or hot - or strange  
But I can never lose, as long as I've got ewes  
I've always been a glutton for a lovely leg of mutton . . . that's why

Chorus:

Everybody's talking about 'The Sheep Dip' (sheep dip)  
That's the dance that makes you want to back flip (back flip)  
You do it where you can, then you take it on the lamb  
And when you're done what's better -  
You could knit yourself a sweater

And you don't need a diploma or a sheepskin (sheepskin)  
That's the stuff the insides of a sheep's in (sheep's in)  
So if someone's got your goat, your worries are remote  
The Sheep Dip is the dance you ought to do

I got so blue, last time I ate stew  
I thought I'd recognized a long lost friend  
Though we had fun, I hate to eat and run  
It seems the meal in question always gives me indigestion

Mary had a little lamb, it had a funny glow  
And everywhere that Mary went, the boys were sure to go  
But they weren't after Mary, when pushing, came to shove  
They'd tender their affection in a vet'nary direction . . .  
It's lamb chops they loved . . . and now (Chorus)

I've got a wife, she's the new love of my life  
We left the ranch and moved on into town  
She's not to blame, but my love life's not the same  
I make her wear a cardigan every time we mess around

Some people have weird preferences, that shouldn't make them odd  
They seek a touch of heaven and a piece of the old sod  
They may be wild and woolie, their flock might make you mad but  
Between consenting mammals, how could anything be b-a-a-a-a-a-d (Chorus)