

Mr. Dexter's Neighborhood

Good morning, good morning,
Dexter wakes up,
It's breakfast time,
So let's feed the pup.

Dexter eats all his food,
Just like he should,
Now it's time for a walk,
In his neighborhood.

He steps into his harness,
The leash snaps on tight,
Then out into the morning,
All sunny and bright.

Down the driveway he prances,
And out toward the street,
Turns left on the sidewalk,
On his four white feet.

Dexter's neighborhood
Has many houses and trees,
There are so many things,
For a doggie to see.

Two cardinals fly by,
They're joined by a jay,
When they land on the sidewalk,
Dexter shoos them away!

Now here comes Winnie,
She's from Adopt-A-Dog, too,
They start to play,
And step on my shoe (ouch!).

As he trots down the street,
Dexter hears the train,
Goes down to the corner,
And sniffs the storm drain.

Dexter he knows,
Raccoons live in there,
Remembers one night,
When he got a big scare!

He crosses the street,
What's that up ahead?
Two deer stand quietly,
Near a car that is red.

Dexter sniffs the air,
The deer look his way,
One stands still,
But one leaps away.

Dex wants to chase,
But I hold him back,
He then hears something else,
"Quack, quack, quack, quack!"

Down near the stream,
There crossing the street,
A family of ducks,
On their waddling feet.

Three little ducklings,
Walking in line,
Follow their parents,
Under a sun that shines.

They're cute little things,
Dexter wants to see,
But they slide into the water,
Down past the trees.

Dexter looks through the fence,
And spies a bunny,
But here comes the mailman,
Oh, Dexter's so funny.

He barks like crazy (bark, bark, woof, woof!),
When the mailman visits the house,
But when they meet on the street,
He's quiet as a mouse.

Dexter walks near the leaves,
Piled so high,
Here comes Alicia,
Walking on by.

She has two dogs,
One black, one white,
One wags his tail,
One wants to fight!

Dex likes to walk in the road,
But he doesn't get far,
Back on the sidewalk,
Because here comes a car.

He looks for Bingo,
Who can run very fast,
But Bingo's not home,
So Dexy walks past.

Up toward the corner,
Around bushes, past a gate,
This is the street,
The street Dexter hates.

The big, noisy trucks,
Down the street they race,
They scare poor Dexter,
Who wants to bark and chase.

Dexter runs to the corner,
Turns onto his street,
There are more friends here,
That he wants to meet.

He sees Olive and Isabel,
Two little gals,
All three love to play,
They're very good pals.

Dexter's had a good walk,
But it's nearing the end,
Says "Hi!" to Summer,
The two are best friends.

Now, back up his driveway,
And on through the gate,
Inside the house,
For a biscuit he waits.

He'll spend the rest of the day,
On the porch like he should,
Watching the world go by,
In Dexter's neighborhood.