

You Gotta Quit Kicking My Dog Around
 Trad., arr. by Bob Dylan
 Taped in the Basement (1967)

Played over a sustained G with a capo on the 2nd fret, and with occasional G-C/g-G embellishments.

Every time I go to town
 the boys keep kicking my dog around
 Don't know why I'm going to town
 I don't know why they kick my dog around

Spoken:let me hear you now:

(dog, dog, dog
 dog, dog, dog
 dog, dog, dog
 why, why, why
 why, why, why
 why, why, why
 why, why, why)

Every time I go to town
 the boys keep kicking my dog around
 I don't know why I'm going to town
 I don't know why they kick my dog around
 (dog, dog, dog) yes, yes, yes
 (why, why, why) oh-ho
 (dog, dog, dog) why, why, why
 (why, why, why) dog around

Every time I go and get a meal
 I can see the boys they're planning to steal
 My here dog, he's waggin' his tail
 he helps me pick up the morning mail (bark, bark, bark)

Every time I go to town
 the boys keep kicking my dog around (kick, kick, kick)
 I don't know why they kick my dog around
 I just keep go-ong to town (bark, bark, bark)
 I don't know why
 (why, why, why) I don't know bark
 (dog, dog, dog) I don't know why
 (bark, bark, bark) bark-a bark, bark
 (quack, quack, quack) duck, duck, duck
 (duttuduttudu) pig pig pig
 (...) f**k f**k f**k
 (bark bark bark) dig dig dig

As Donald Legaut has pointed out, the pattern of the song goes back at least to the 1910s. One version is as follows:

Me and old Lem Briggs and old Bill Brown
 Took a load of corn to town
 Old Jim dog, the on'ery pup
 He just naturally followed us up

Every time I come to town
 The boys go to kicking my dog around
 Makes no difference if he's a hound
 Ya gotta quit kicking my dog around

As we driv' past the country store
 A passel of yaps came out the door
 Jim he scooted behind a box
 Showered him with sticks and rocks

They tied a tin can to his tail

And run him past the county jail
That just naturally makes me sore
Bill he cussed and Lem he swore