

TANGO

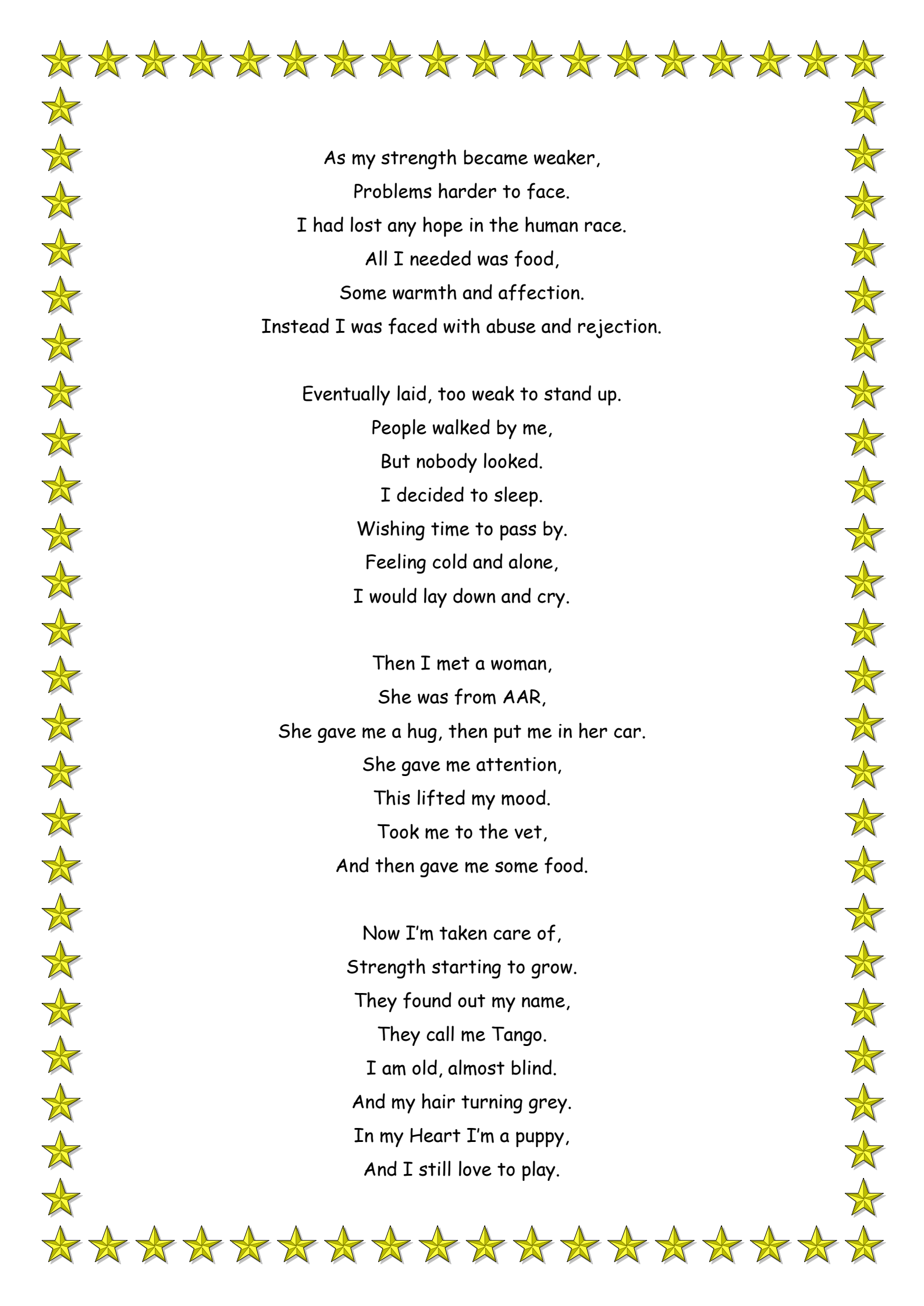
This is the story about myself,
From when I felt low and in very poor health.

How I got to recover,
Now doing quite well.
Please sit back and listen,
To the story I'll tell.

I once had a home,
And an owner I loved.
I never knew the reason,
Why they gave me up.
They left me outside,
On the streets I would roam.
No owner who loved me,
With no place to call home.



I am not young, that's the problem I had,
I was starving and weak,
And my eyesight is bad.
I was once big and strong,
But now just skin and bone.
But nobody cared,
And the people threw stones.



As my strength became weaker,
Problems harder to face.
I had lost any hope in the human race.
All I needed was food,
Some warmth and affection.
Instead I was faced with abuse and rejection.

Eventually laid, too weak to stand up.
People walked by me,
But nobody looked.
I decided to sleep.
Wishing time to pass by.
Feeling cold and alone,
I would lay down and cry.

Then I met a woman,
She was from AAR,
She gave me a hug, then put me in her car.
She gave me attention,
This lifted my mood.
Took me to the vet,
And then gave me some food.

Now I'm taken care of,
Strength starting to grow.
They found out my name,
They call me Tango.
I am old, almost blind.
And my hair turning grey.
In my Heart I'm a puppy,
And I still love to play.



Please don't be put off by my age and my size.

In my heart I am young,

With my age I am wise.

I dream of finding my Human,

So I can lay by their feet,

In a house I call home,

To make my life complete.

I know there's someone out there.

To make my dreams come true.

You would be good for me,

I would be good for you.

I am ready now to travel,

Can live local or afar.

If you feel like you could love me,

Give a call to AAR.

Author - Helen Davis

(Tango is now living happily in his forever home)