

Wild Dogs

Tommy Bolin

This baggage handcuffed to my wrists
I drag it everywhere I go
Sometimes I fight you with my fists
But if I knew which way was home
That's where I'd go, if I knew which way was home
Hey Porter cut me free
I'm sick of my own company
Sometimes I miss the gold
Most times I miss my home
That's where I'd go, if I knew which way was home
Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night
Oh, that's what I like
Porter come and cut me loose
Would bring my whiskey and my water
Sometimes I get them blues
Though I know I shouldn't oughta
That's where I'd go, if I knew which way was home
Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night
Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night
Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night
Hear 'em howl

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