

# 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  
Before the karma cut me free  
I'm sick of my own company  
Sometimes I miss the boat  
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  
Before the karma 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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