

# Howlin' At the Moon

George Jones

Words & music by Hank Williams, Sr. I know there's never been a man in the awful shape I'm in

I can't even spell my name, my heads in such a spin  
Today I tried to eat a steak with a big old tablespoon  
You got me chasin' rabbits, walkin' on my hands  
And a-howlin' at the moon. Well look, I took one look at you  
And it almost drove me mad  
And then I even went and lost what little sense I had  
Now I can't tell the day from night, I'm crazy as a loon  
You got me chasin' Rabbits, pullin' out my hair  
And a-howlin' at the moon.

--- Instrumental --- Some friends of mine asked me to go out on a huntin' spree

'Cause there ain't a hound dog in this state  
That can hold a light to me  
I eat three bones for dinner today, then I tried to tree a 'Coon  
You got me chasin' Rabbits, scratchin' fleas  
And a-howlin' at the moon. I rode my horse to town today and a gas pump we did pass  
I pulled 'im up and I hollered whoa!, said fill 'em up with gas  
The man picked up a monkey wrench and wham!,  
He changed my tune  
You got me chasin' rabbits, spittin' out teeth  
And a-howlin' at the moon.  
I never thought in this old world a fool could fall so hard  
But honey, baby, when I fell the whole world  
Must have jarred  
I think I'd quit my doggish ways  
If you'd take me for your groom  
You got me chasin' rabbits, pickin' out rings  
And a-howlin' at the moon...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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