

# Wild Dogs (Live at the Northern Lights)

## Tommy Bolin

Baggage handcuffed to my wrist  
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 homeHey porter, come and cut me loose  
Bring that whiskey and my water  
Sometimes I get the blues  
But I know I shouldn't oughtaThat's where I'd go

If I knew which way was homeRun down ghost trail  
No chance for love  
No sign of life

Just wild dogs howlin' in the nightHey porter, come and cut me free  
I'm sick of my own company  
Sometimes I miss the gold  
Most times I miss my homeThat's where I'd go

If I knew which way was homeRun down ghost trail  
No chance for love  
No sign of life

Just wild dogs howlin' in the nightRun down ghost trail  
No chance for love  
No sign of life

Just wild dogs howlin' in the nightI say, that's what I likeRun down ghost trail  
No chance for love  
No sign of life

Just wild dogs howlin' in the nightHear 'em howl

Songwriters

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