

Wild Dogs (Early L.A. Demo)

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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