

# Howl

## Grace Askew & The Black Market Goods

I kicked a cowboy offa my floor today  
Said "you can't stay here no more, you're drivin me insane"  
So I helped him pack his bags and took the very last swig of his whiskey  
In tattered clothes, with patches and holes, he left smokin like a chimney

The shake in his hands made the mornings' demands crumble  
So all he could do was write songs on my stoop and stumble  
Well, he wishes he were dead, wants to rest his head six feet below and soon  
Just like Townes, his body'll shut down, underneath a fiery moon

ooh, cowboy ramble on now  
ooh, you've worn down  
ooh, cowboy, ramble on now, now, now, now  
You've worn you're welcome down...  
To the ground

he took a greyhound bus from a dead west texas town  
said he didn't trust the dirt and the dust on the ground  
But, he taught me the blues and gave me some shoes made in New Mexico  
told me stories of the ramblin glories from livin out on the road

But I'm a Rambler myself and I've gambled away my heart  
And I don't see the man, I see the blood on his hands, and he's fallen hard  
Well, he needs to go home, to his mama, back in Abilene  
He needs to know I can't save him from his drama, no, no not me, no not me

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ooh, cowboy, ramble on now, now, now, now  
You've worn you're welcome down...  
To the ground  
You gotta ramble, ramble on now

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Lyrics submitted by DreamingDone.

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