

# Houndog

Cold Chisel

Hump that coffin up round one more bend  
Hump that coffin up round one more bend  
If your head needs a bandage  
Try a roadhouse open sandwich  
Dodge the waitress and hit the road again

I got dog's disease and asphalt on my shoes  
I got dog's disease and asphalt on my shoes

I got the houndog sittin' on the side of the road  
Houndog sittin' on the side of the road  
Houndog sittin' on the side of the highway blues  
Yeah the highway blues

I coulda flown East-West  
But the ticket was outa my range  
I coulda gone rail  
But they said I looked a little strange  
The Budget girl's just got the sack  
The interstate bus just breaks my back  
I'm sick of getting home  
Counting my remaining change

I got the houndog sittin' on the side of the road  
Houndog sittin' on the side of the road  
Houndog sittin' on the side of the highway blues

Ride the line to Hornsby station  
Find my circus animals again

Undenied

Don't need no communication  
Through the ghost-towns, and fade away

I'm outside

The railway don't come out here no more

And it's cold  
Through Nambucca, up the coast  
Grass is greener  
Girls are sweeter  
I did it all the last ten summers

Leave the waves and change the culture  
Choose a far off name that suites ya  
Bali, Bangkok, overland  
Asian highway, Amsterdam  
Always some town unexplored  
And in the end  
It's the motion is it's own reward  
It's just the motion

I've had petrol-heads and country hicks  
Bible-freaks and lunatics  
Fifty miles to go and I'll be home

I'll be home

I got the houndog sittin' on the side of the road  
Houndog sittin' on the side of the road  
Houndog sittin' on the side of the highway blues