

Wild Dogs

Deep Purple

This baggage handcuffed to my wrists
I drag it everywhere i go
Sometimes i fight you with my fists
But if i knew which way was home

Before the karma cut me loose
Would bring me whisky and my water
Sometimes i get the blues
Though i know i shouldn't oughta
That's where i'd go

Run down ghost trail, no chance of love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin in the night
Oh that's what i like

Before the karma cut me free
Im sick of my own company
Sometimes i miss the boat
Most times i miss my home
That's where i'd go
If i new which way was home

Run down ghost trail, no chance of love
No sign of life
Just wild dogs howlin' in the night

Hear `em howl