

# Hangdog Hotel Room

Gordon Lightfoot

I go in for singing,  
I do it for my pay  
But the kind of gig  
I can really dig  
Is swiggin' at the break of day  
With a few good friends and neighbors  
Into playin' the nighttime tunes  
So pass the jar and that old guitar  
In this hangdog hotel room

I believe in magic,  
A little monkeyshines  
But the kind of row I can really hoe  
Is playin' in tune on time  
With rhythms all around us  
We're like weavers at the loom  
So pass the jar and that old guitar  
In this hangdog hotel room

Oh Lord it feels so good  
To play a nighttime tune  
So pass the jar and that old guitar  
In this hangdog hotel room

When it comes to mornin'  
And goin' out at night  
Well the kind of test that I like the best  
Is rubbin' the wrong girl right  
And a few good friends and neighbors  
In to playin' the nighttime tunes  
So pass the jar and that old guitar  
In this hangdog hotel room

Oh Lord it feels so good  
To play a nighttime tune  
So pass the jar and that old guitar  
In this hangdog hotel room  
With rhythms all around us  
We're like weavers at the loom  
So pass the jar and that old guitar  
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