

# Wild Dogs

Tommy Bolin

Baggage handcuffed to my wrist,  
I drag it everywhere I go.  
Sometimes I fight it with my fists,  
If I knew which way was home,  
It's where I'd go.  
If I knew which way was home. Porter come and cut me loose,  
Bring that whiskey in my water.  
Sometimes I get the blues,  
But I know I shouldn't oughtta.  
That's where I'd go.  
If I knew which way was home. Run down ghost town, no chance for love,  
No sign of life - just wild dogs howlin' in the night.  
That's what I like.  
Hey porter come and cut me free,  
I'm sick of my own company.  
Sometimes I miss the gold,  
Most times I miss my home.  
That's where I'd go.  
If I knew which way was home.  
That's what I like  
Hear 'em howl...

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