

# Deep Purple, Wild Dogs

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  
I'm sick of my own company  
Sometimes I miss the boat  
Most times I miss my home  
That's where I'd go  
If I knew 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...