

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...