

Lucinda Williams, Howlin' At Midnight

Howlin' at midnight, winter creepin' in
Feel like I've gone and lost my best friend
My best friend, lost my best friend
This car's headed down the wrong track again

I ain't got nobody, I'm nobody's girl
Gonna get in my Mercury and drive around the world
Around the world, all around the world
When I reach that mountain top I'll stand with flags unfurled

She's up in New York City tryin' to make it big
Wrote me a letter yesterday sayin' I ain't got no gigs
Ain't got no gigs, I ain't got no gigs
If you wanna send me somethin', make it a two dollar rig

She's up in New York City tryin' to be a star
Told me you're wastin' your time where you are
Where you are, where you are
Gotta get yourself out of all those Texas bars

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