## **Wild Dogs**

## **Deep Purple**

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 Im sick of my own company Sometimes i miss the boat Most times i miss my home That's where i`d go If i new 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