

Hangdog Hotel Room

Gordon Lightfoot

I go in for singing,
I do it for my pay
But the kind of gig
I can really dig
Is swiggin' at the break of day
With a few good friends and neighbors
Into playin' the nighttime tunes
So pass the jar and that old guitar
In this hangdog hotel room

I believe in magic,
A little monkeyshines
But the kind of row I can really hoe
Is playin' in tune on time
With rhythms all around us
We're like weavers at the loom
So pass the jar and that old guitar
In this hangdog hotel room

Oh Lord it feels so good
To play a nighttime tune
So pass the jar and that old guitar
In this hangdog hotel room

When it comes to mornin'
And goin' out at night
Well the kind of test that I like the best
Is rubbin' the wrong girl right
And a few good friends and neighbors
In to playin' the nighttime tunes
So pass the jar and that old guitar
In this hangdog hotel room

Oh Lord it feels so good
To play a nighttime tune
So pass the jar and that old guitar
In this hangdog hotel room
With rhythms all around us
We're like weavers at the loom
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