

Old Wolf

Ray Wylie Hubbard

A funky old cat's just tryin' to make a living
Singin' the blues in a dead-end bar
A few was listening, most was a-talkin'
There ain't a lot of action 'round the tip jar

The bartender is an old Navy vet
He says the V.A. ain't worth a goddamn
The waitress's name is Maggie but they call her Black Betty
Bam-ba-lam, bam-ba-lam

Bikers wearing colors got outstanding warrants
Are in a dark corner sellin' trucker speed
At the back door which ain't ever been opened
A criminal is dealing weed

Ah-ooh
The wolf is howling at the door
Ah-ooh
The old wolf really wants some more

Now two old men in torn tank-tops
Are dancing to a Jimmy groove
Fallen from grace and long forgotten
Showing no remorse for the teardrop tattoos

A blond divorcée drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon
Dresses as if she was Mamie van Doren
Wants you to know that she's got some standards
She'll take little gifts but she ain't whoring

Ah-ooh
The wolf is howling at the door
Ah-ooh
The old wolf really wants some more

Ah-ooh
The wolf is howling at the door
Ah-ooh
The old wolf really wants some more