Howlin' At The Moon

Steel Intro   G → C

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                                      C7                  F
I know there's never been a man in the awful shape I'm in
      C                  D7              G7
I can't even spell my name my heads in such a spin
 C                                      C7      F
Today I tried to eat a steak with a big old table spoon
                        C                  G7          C
You got me chasin rabbits walkin on my hands and howlin at the moon
```

Break

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C                                       C7          F
Well Sug I took one look at you and it almost drove me mad
                C                  D7              G7
And then I even went and lost what little sense I had
C                                      C7      F
Now I can't tell the day from night I'm crazy as a loon
                        C                  G7          C
You got me chasin rabbits pullin out my hair and howlin at the moon
```

Break

```
C                                          C7      F
Some friends of mine asked me to go out on a huntin spree
                        C                      D7              G7
Cause there ain't a hounddog in this state that can hold a light to me
C                                      C7      F
I ate three bones for dinner today I tried to tree a coon
                        C              G7          C
You got me chasin rabbits scratchin fleas and howlin at the moon
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C                                       C7      F
I rode my horse to town today and a gas pump we did pass
                C                  D7                  G7
I pulled him up and I hollered whoa and I said fill him up with gas
C                                      C7          F
The man picked up a monkey wrench and wham he changed my tune
                        C              G7          C
You got me chasin rabbits spittin out teeth and howlin at the moon
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Break

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C                                       C7      F
I never thought in this old world a fool could fall so hard
                C      D7                      G7
But honey baby when I fell the whole world must have jarred
C                                      C7      F
I think I'd quit my doggish ways if I'd take me for your groom
                        C              G7          C
You got me chasin rabbits pickin out rings and howlin at the moon
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(Howling)