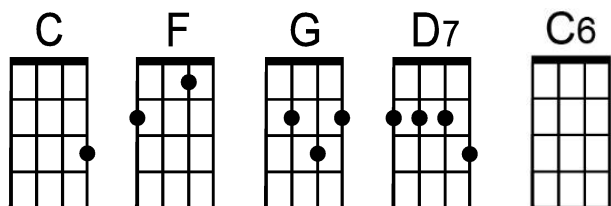


Howlin' At the Moon (key of C)

by Hank Williams (1951)



Intro: ' . ' | **F** . **C** . | **G** . **C** . |

(sing d e)

| **C** | **F** . |
I know there's ne--ver been a man in the aw--ful shape I'm in--

| **C** | **D7** **G** . .
I can't e--ven spell my name, my head's in such a spin--

| **C** | **F** . .
To-day I tried to eat a steak with a big ol' ta-ble- spoon--

| **C** |
Chorus: You got me cha--sin' rab-bits, walkin' on my hands and

| **G** | **C** |
Howl-in' at the moon----- Ow--wooooo-----

| **C** | **F** . .
Well, Shug, I took one look at you and it al-most drove me mad--

| | **D7** **G** . .
And then I ev--en went and lost what lit--tle sense I had--

| **C** | **F** . .
Now I can't tell the day from night, I'm cra--zy as a loon--

| **C** |
Chorus: You got me cha--sin' rab-bits, pullin' out my hair and

| **G** | **C** |
Howl-in' at the moon----- Ow--wooooo-----

Instr: **C** | **F** . . | **C** . | **D7** . **G** . |

C | **F** . . | **C** . | **G** . **C** . |

| **C** | **F** . .
Some friends of mine asked me to go out on a huntin' spree--

| | **C** | **D7** **G** . .
'Cause there ain't a hound-dog in this state that can hold a light to me--

| **C** | **F** . .
I ate three bones for dinner to-day, I tried to tree a coon

| **C** |
Chorus: You got me cha--sin' rab-bits, scratchin' fleas and

| **G** | **C** |
Howl-in' at the moon----- Ow--wooooo-----

Instr: C . . . | . . F . | . . C . | D7 . G . |
C . . . | . . F . | . . C . | G . C . |

| C | F .
I rode my horse to town to-day and a gas pump we did pass—

| C . . | D7 . . G .
I pulled him up and I hollered ‘whoa’ and said “fill him up with gas—”

| C | F .
The man picked up a mon-key wrench and WHAM, he changed my tune—

Chorus: | C .
You got me cha-sin’ rab-bits, spittin’ out teeth and

G . . . | C . . . |
Howl-in’ at the moon— Ow—wooooo—

| C | F .
I nev-er thought in this old world, a fool could fall so hard—

| C . . | D7 . . G .
But hon-ey ba-by, when I fell, the whole world must have jarred—

| C | F .
I think I’d quit my dogg-ish ways if you’d take me for your groom—

End: | C .
You got me cha-sin’ rab-bits, pickin’ out rings and

G . . | C\ -hold- C6\
Howl-in’ at the moon— Ow—wooooo—