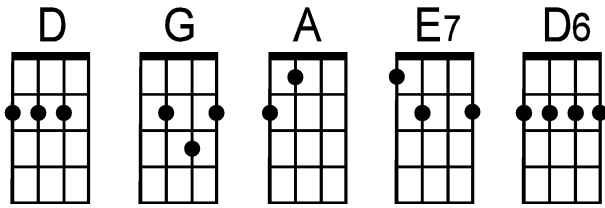


Howlin' At the Moon

by Hank Williams (1951)



Intro: ' . ' | G . D . | A . D . |

(sing e f#)

I know there's ne--ver been a man in the aw--ful shape I'm in--

I can't e--ven spell my name, my head's in such a spin--

To-day I tried to eat a steak with a big ol' ta-ble- spoon--

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

Howl-in' at the moon----- Ow--wooooo-----

Well, Shug, I took one look at you and it al-most drove me mad--

And then I ev--en went and lost what lit--tle sense I had--

Now I can't tell the day from night, I'm cra--zy as a loon--

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

Howl-in' at the moon----- Ow--wooooo-----

Instr: D . . . | . . G . | . . D . | E7 . A . |

D . . . | . . G . | . . D . | A . D . |

Some friends of mine asked me to go out on a huntin' spree--

'Cause there ain't a hound-dog in this state that can hold a light to me--

I ate three bones for dinner to-day, I tried to tree a coon

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

Howl-in' at the moon----- Ow--wooooo-----

Instr: D . . . | . . G . | . . D . | E7 . A . |
 D . . . | . . G . | . . D . | A . D . |

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

| D . | E7 . . A .
 I pulled him up and I hollered ‘whoa’ and said “fill him up with gas—”

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

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

A . . . | D . . . |
 Howl-in’ at the moon— Ow—wooooo—

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

| D . | E7 . . A .
 But hon-ey ba-by, when I fell, the whole world must have jarred—

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

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

A . . . | D\ -hold- D6\
 Howl-in’ at the moon— Ow—wooooo—