

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"Hangdog Hotel Room"

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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
So pass the jar and that old guitar in this hangdog
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