

Luciletric

"Howlin' At Midnight"

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Howlin' at midnight, winter creepin' in
Feel like I've gone and lost my best friend
My best friend, lost my best friend
This car's headed down the wrong track again

I ain't got nobody, I'm nobody's girl
Gonna get in my Mercury and drive around the world
Around the world, all around the world
When I reach that mountain top I'll stand with flags
unfurled

She's up in New York City tryin' to make it big
Wrote me a letter yesterday sayin' I ain't got no gigs
Ain't got no gigs, I ain't got no gigs
If you wanna send me somethin', make it a two dollar
rig

GUITAR SOLO

She's up in New York City tryin' to be a star
Told me you're wastin' your time where you are
Where you are, where you are
Gotta get yourself out of all those Texas bars

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This car's headed down the wrong track again

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