

Cold Chisel

"Houndog"

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Hump that coffin up round one more bend
Hump that coffin up round one more bend
If your head needs a bandage
Try a roadhouse open sandwich
Dodge the waitress and hit the road again

I got dog's disease and asphalt on my shoes
I got dog's disease and asphalt on my shoes

I got the houndog sittin' on the side of the road
Houndog sittin' on the side of the road
Houndog sittin' on the side of the highway blues
Yeah the highway blues

I coulda flown East-West
But the ticket was outa my range
I coulda gone rail
But they said I looked a little strange
The Budget girl's just got the sack
The interstate bus just breaks my back
I'm sick of getting home
Counting my remaining change

I got the houndog . . .

Ride the line to Hornsby station
Find my circus animals again

Undenied

Don't need no communication
Through the ghost-towns, and fade away

I'm outside

The railway don't come out here no more

And it's cold
Through Nambucca, up the coast
Grass is greener
Girls are sweeter
I did it all the last ten summers

Leave the waves and change the culture
Choose a far off name that suites ya
Bali, Bangkok, overland
Asian highway, Amsterdam
Always some town unexplored
And in the end
It's the motion is it's own reward
It's just the motion

I've had petrol-heads and country hicks
Bible-freaks and lunatics
Fifty miles to go and I'll be home
I'll be home

I got the houndog sittin' on the side of the road
Houndog sittin' on the side of the road
Houndog sittin' on the side of the highway blues

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