

Beat Farmers

"Lonesome Hound"

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There ain't a whole lotta things in this world that mean
too much to me
Just a beat-up old guitar and some clouded memories
Well and you know I've searched for something but that
something can't be found
And I don't believe there's nothing that can tame this
lonesome hound

Well Cindy tried to help me but it made her love run
cold
She could never figure out just what was torturing my
soul
Well there's an anger deep inside and it's scorching
me to death
Drink another shot of whiskey and it might make me
forget

Joe Business Suit is smiling and he's looking right at
me
But no money has been minted that can set this hound
dog free
Well the humming of the street lights has become a
friendly sound
And I walk those streets at night trying to tame that
lonesome hound

Now I'm racing down the highway from a devil I can't
see
I know he's right behind me but he'll never catch up on
me
Well his fire burns my neck, he's trying to run me to the
ground
But this old boy's too fast, he'll never catch that
lonesome hound
Well and I know that there ain't nothing that can tame
that lonesome hound

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