

Allan Taylor

"Scotty"

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Scotty checked out this morning
In his customary way
With a glass of good malt whiskey in his hand
At least that's what they say

He didn't leave much owing
When he finally paid the bill
Maybe he should have settled a few old scores
But now I guess he never will

I remember the time he told me
We were born under a golden star
And maybe sometimes we couldn't find it
And the journey seemed too far

But it was just a matter of hangin' in
And we'd get there in the end
Well it seems you're gonna find it
My crazy, beautiful friend

Mr. Scott has left the building
The big old twelve string's packed away
And the gig is finally over
And Scotty's on his way

But there's a song I still keep singing
And I'll never lose the tune
'Cos Scotty's out there somewhere
And he's howlin' at the moon

He's howlin' at the moon
I can hear him, he's howlin' at the moon
Scotty's out there somewhere
And he's howlin' at the moon

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