Howlin’ At the Moon
by Hank Williams (1951)

**Intro:**

D G A D G

| D . . . . | . . G . | I know there’s never been a man in the awful shape I’m in—
| D . . . . | . . G . |
I can’t even spell my name, my head’s in such a spin—

D . . . A D G

To-day I tried to eat a steak with a big ol’ table-spoon—

D . . . . . . .

You got me chasin’ rabbits, walkin’ on my hands and howlin’ at the moon— Ow-wooooooo!

| D . . . . . . . |
Well, Shug, I took one look at you and it almost drove me mad—

And then I even went and lost what little sense I had—

| D . . . . . | . . G . |
Now I can’t tell the day from night, I’m crazy as a loon—

D . . . A D G

You got me chasin’ rabbits, pullin’ out my hair and howlin’ at the moon—

**Instrumental:**

D . . . . . . G . |

*(same chords as verse)*

D . . . E7 A |

D . . . . . G |

D . . . A D . . .

| D . . . . . . |
Some friends of mine asked me to go out on a huntin’ spree—

‘Cause there ain’t a hound-dog in this state that can hold a light to me—

| D . . . . . | . . G . |
I ate three bones for dinner to-day, then tried to tree a ‘coon—

You got me chasin’ rabbits, scratchin’ fleas and howlin’ at the moon—

**Instrumental:**

D . . . . . . G . |

*(same chords as verse)*

D . . . E7 A |

D . . . . . G |

D . . . A D . . .
I rode my horse to town to-day and a gas pump we did pass—
I pulled him up and I hollered 'whoa' and said "fill him up with gas—"
The man picked up a monkey wrench and WHAM, he changed my tune—
You got me chasin' rabbits, spittin' out teeth, and howlin' at the moon—  Ow-woooooo!
I never thought in this old world, a fool could fall so hard—
But honey baby, when I fell, the whole world must have jarred—
I think I'd quit my doggish ways if you'd take me for your groom—
You got me chasin' rabbits, pickin' out rings, and howlin' at the moon—  Ow-woooooooo!