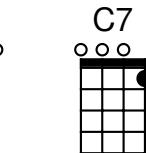
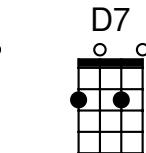
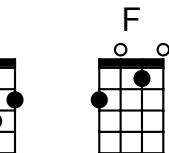
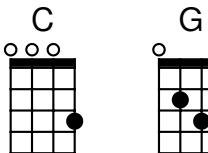


# Howlin' at the Moon

by Hank Williams (1951)



Note: In the last line of each chorus, howl “Ow-wooooo” like a hound.

Intro: You got me [C] chasin' rabbits, pullin' out my hair and [G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow- wooooo—

I [C] know there's never been a man in the [F] awful shape I'm [C] in---  
I can't even spell my name, my [D7] head's in such a [G] spin---  
To-[C] day I tried to eat a [C7] steak with a big ol' [F] tablespoon...

Chorus: You got me [C] chasin' rabbits, walkin' on my hands and [G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow- wooooo—

Well, [C] Shug, I took one look at you and it [F] almost drove me mad.  
And [C] then I even went and lost what [D7] little sense I [G] had.  
[C] Now I can't tell the [C7] day from night, I'm [F] crazy as a loon...

Chorus: You got me [C] chasin' rabbits, pullin' out my hair and [G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow- wooooo—

Kazoo: I [C] know there's never been a man in the [F] awful shape I'm [C] in.

I [C] can't even spell my name, my [D7] head's in such a [G] spin.  
To-[C] day I tried to eat a steak with a big ol' [F] table- spoon.  
You got me cha sin' [C] rabbits, pullin' out my hair and [G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow- wooooo—

[C] Some friends of mine asked me to go [F] out on a huntin' [C]spree---  
'Cause there ain't a hound-dog in this state that can [D7] hold a light to [G] me---

I [C] ate three bones for [C7] dinner today, I [G] tried to tree a coon...

Chorus: You got me [C] chasin' rabbits, scratchin' fleas and  
[G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow-wooooo—

Kazoo: I [C] know there's never been a man in the [F] awful shape  
I'm [C] in.

I can't even spell my name, my [D7] head's in such a [G] spin.

To-[C] day I tried to eat a steak with a big ol' [F] tablespoon.

You got me [C] chasin' rab--bits, [F] pullin' out my hair and  
[G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow-wooooo—

I [C] rode my horse to town to-day and a [F] gas pump we did [C] pass.  
I pulled him up and I [D7] hollered 'whoa' and said, "fill him up with  
[G] gas."

The [C] man picked up a [C7] monkey wrench and [F] WHAM, he  
changed my tune—

Chorus: You got me [C] chasin' rab--bits, [F] spittin' out teeth and  
[G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow- wooooo—

I [C] never thought in this old world, a [F] fool could fall so[C] hard.  
But honey baby, when I fell, the [D7] whole world must have [G] jarred.  
I [C] think I'd quit my [C7] dog-gish ways if you'd [F] take me for your  
[G] groom—

You got me [C] chasin' rabbits, [F] pickin' out rings and  
[G] Howlin' at the [C] moon— Ow-wooooo—

Outro: You got me [C] cha--sin' rabbits, [F] pickin' out rings and  
[G] Howl--in' at the [C] moon— Ow---[C7] wooooo-----