

# Coyote (The Last Waltz)

Joni Mitchell

No regrets Coyote  
We just come from such different sets of circumstance  
I'm up all night in the studios  
And you're up early on your ranch  
You'll be brushing out a brood mare's tail  
While the sun is ascending  
And I'll just be getting home with my reel to reel  
There's no comprehending  
Just how close to the bone and the skin and the eyes  
And the lips you can get  
And still feel so alone  
And still feel related  
Like stations in some relay  
You're not a hit and run driver, no, no  
Racing away  
You just picked up a hitcher  
A prisoner of the white lines on the freeway  
We saw a farmhouse burning down  
In the middle of nowhere  
In the middle of the night  
And we rolled right past that tragedy  
Till we turned into some road house lights  
Where a local band was playing  
Locals were up kicking and shaking on the floor  
And the next thing I know  
That Coyote's at my door  
He pins me in a corner and he won't take "No!"  
He drags me out on the dance floor  
And we're dancing close and slow  
Now he's got a woman at home  
He's got another woman down the hall  
He seems to want me anyway  
Why'd you have to get so drunk  
And lead me on that way  
You just picked up a hitcher  
A prisoner of the white lines of the freeway  
I looked a Coyote right in the face  
On the road to Baljennie near my old home town  
He went running through the whisker wheat  
Chasing some prize down  
And a hawk was playing with him  
Coyote was jumping straight up and making passes  
He had those same eyes - just like yours

Under your dark glasses  
Privately probing the public rooms  
And peeking through keyholes in numbered doors  
Where the players lick their wounds  
And take their temporary lovers  
And their pills and powders to get them through this passion play  
No regrets, Coyote  
I just get off up aways  
You just picked up a hitcher  
A prisoner of the white lines on the freeway  
Coyote's in the coffee shop  
He's staring a hole in his scrambled eggs  
He picks up my scent on his fingers  
While he's watching the waitresses' legs  
He's too fat from the Bay of Fundy  
From Appaloosas and Eagles and tides  
And the air conditioned cubicles  
And the carbon ribbon rides  
Are spelling it out so clear  
Either he's going to have to stand and fight  
Or take off out of here  
I tried to run away myself  
To run away and wrestle with my ego  
And with this flame  
You put here in this Eskimo  
In this hitcher  
In this prisoner  
Of the fine white lines  
Of the white lines on the free, free way

Songwriters

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