

Coyote

Joni Mitchell

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 on 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 far 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

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