

Coyotes

Richard Thompson

Was a cowboy I knew in South Texas
His face was burnt deep by the sun
Part history, part sage, part Mexican
He was there when Poncho Villa was young
And he'd tell you a tale of the old days
When the country was wild all around
Sit out under the stars of the milky way
And listen while the coyotes howl
They go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Now, the longhorns are gone
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
And the outlaws are gone
Geronimo's gone
And sand bass is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is gone
Well, he cursed all the roads in the old land
And he cursed the automobile
Said, this is no place for an hombre like I am
In this new world of asphalt and steel
Then he'd look off someplace in the distance
At something only he could see
He'd say all that's left now is the old days
Damned old coyotes and me
And they go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Now, the longhorns are gone
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
The outlaws are gone
Now, Quantro is gone
Stan Wantee is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is gone
One morning they searched his adobe
He disappeared without even a word
But that night as the moon crossed the mountain
One more coyote was heard
And he'd go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo

Who, du, yip, who, yip, who, who

Songwriters

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