

# HomeStead

Lorne Balfe

Almost caught me a coyote today  
A lowdown skunk of a dog I say  
I fired my gun as he slunk away  
But he'll be back again It ain't been easy since my husband died  
A widow woman at thirty-five  
None can court me and few have tried  
But I keep these homestead hopes alive A couple of cows, a couple of hens  
A mule that plows every now and then  
But mostly balks and wears me thin  
He can't talk but I swear he grins Don't call it a prairie if you fence it in  
Could call it a pasture but the topsoil's thin  
It just might rain but then again  
It wouldn't make no difference Ever since they built that damn railroad  
Hobos been knocking at my door  
Saying, "Lady, I will work for food  
Can I haul you water, can I chop you wood?" Let me take a good look at you  
Ain't nothing lye and hot water won't do  
You can sleep on my porch if you're wanting to  
And I give him my husband's old brown boots But in the morning he was up and gone  
A chicken missing from my pen  
I told you that coyote would be back again  
But it don't make no difference Don't call it a prairie if you fence it in  
Could call it a pasture but the topsoil's thin  
Sometimes I still take hobos in  
But I walk to town when I need a friend

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