Coyotes

Don Edwards

Was a cowboy I knew in south Texas,
His face was burnt deep by the sun,
Part history, part sage, part mesquit,
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.And they go... hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoodi hoo di yip hoo di yip hoo
hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoo di hoo di yip hoo di yip hooNow the long horns are gone,
And the drovers are gone,
The Comanches are gone,
And the outlaws are gone,
Geronimo is gone,
And Sam Bass is gone,
And the lion is gone,
And the red wolf is gone.Well he cursed all the roads and the oil men,
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 some place in the distance,
At something only he could see,
He'd say all that's left now of the old days,
Those damned old coyotes and me.And they go hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoodi hoo di yip hoo di yip hoo
hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoo di hoo di yip hoo di yip hooNow the long horns are gone,
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
And the outlaws are gone,
Now Quantro is gone,
Stan Watie is gone
And 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, hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoodi hoo di yip hoo di yip hoo
hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoo di hoo di yip hoo di yip hoohoo yip hoo yip hoo

hoodi hoo di yip hoo di yip hoo
hoo yip hoo yip hoo
hoo di hoo di yip hoo di yip hoo

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