

Don Edwards

"Coyotes"

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Was a cowboy I knew in south Texas
His face was burnt deep by the sun
Part history, part sage, part mesquite
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, poo yip poo yip poo
Poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
Poo yip poo yip poo
Poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

Now the long horns are gone
And the drovers are gone
And the Comanches are gone
And the outlaws have gone

And Geronimo is gone
And Sam Bass is gone
And the red wolf is gone
And the buffalo is gone

Well, he cursed all the roads and the oil men
He even cursed the automobile
And he said, "This ain't 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
And them damned old coyotes and me

And they go, poo yip poo yip poo
Poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
Poo yip poo yip poo
Poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

Now the long horns are gone
And the drovers are gone

And the Comanche's are gone
And the outlaws have gone

And Geronimo is gone
Stan Watie is gone
And the red wolf is gone
And the buffalo is gone

Then one morning they searched his adobe
He disappeared without even a word
And that night as the moon crossed the mountain
One more coyote was heard

And he'd go, poo yip poo yip poo
Poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
Poo yip poo yip poo
Poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

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