

## Ian Tyson

### "Navajo Rug"

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Well it's two eggs up on whiskey toast, home fries on  
the side,

Wash it down with road house coffee, burns up your  
insides,

Just a canyon Colorado diner, and a waitress I did love,

I sat in the back neath an old stuffed bear, and a worn  
out navajo rug.

Now old Jack, the boss, he left at six, and it's Katie bar  
the door,

She'd pull down that navajo rug, and spread it across  
the floor,

Hey I saw lightning cross, the sacred mountains, saw  
woven turtle doves,

I was lying next to Katie, on that old Navajo rug.

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, shades of red and blue,

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, whatever became of the Navjo rug  
and you

Katie, shades of red and blue.

well I saw old Jack, about a year ago, said the place  
burned to the

ground,

And all I saved was this old bear tooth, and Katie, she  
left town,

Ah, but Katie got her souvenir to; Jack spat a tobacco  
plug,

Well you should have seen her comin through the

smoke,

Draggin that Navajo rug,

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, shades of red and blue,

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo  
rug and you.

So everytime I cross the sacred mountains, and  
lightning breaks above,

It always takes me back in time, to my long lost Katie  
love,

But everything keeps on moving, and everybodys on  
the go,

Hey, you don't find things that last anymore, like an old  
woven Navajo,

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, shades of red and blue,

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo  
rug and you,

Katie, shades of red and blue,

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo  
rug and you

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