

## **Jerry Jeff Walker** **"Navajo Rug"**

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Ian Tyson/Tom Russell

Well it's two eggs up on whiskey toast  
Home fries on the side,  
You wash her down with the roadhouse coffee  
that burns up your inside,  
It's just a canyon, Colorado diner,  
A waitress I did love,  
We sat in the back 'neath an old stuffed bear,  
A worn out Navajo rug.

Aye, aye, aye, Katie,  
Shades of red and blue  
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,  
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?

Well, old Jack the boss, he left at six  
It was, 'Katie, bar the door'.  
She'd pull down that Navajo rug  
And we'd spread it across the floor,  
I saw lightning frame the sacred mountains  
The wooing of the turtle doves  
Just 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 Navajo rug and you?

Well, I saw old Jack about a year ago,  
Said the place burned to the ground,

All he saved was an old bear tooth  
And Katie she left town,  
Well, Katie, got a souvenir too,  
Jack smiled as he spit out a big old plug,  
Well, you shoulda seen her coming through the smoke  
She was dragging 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 every time I cross the sacred mountains  
And lightning jumps above,  
It always takes me back in time  
To my long lost Katie love,  
You know everything keeps on a moving  
Everybody's on the go,  
Hey, you don't find things that last anymore  
Like a hand-woven Navajo.

Aye, aye, aye, Katie,  
Shades of red and blue  
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,  
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you!

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