## Richard Thompson "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 Mexican 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

They go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo

Now, the longhorns are gone And the drovers are gone The Comanches are gone And the outlaws are gone

Geronimo's gone
And sand bass is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is gone

Well, he cursed all the roads in the old land 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 someplace in the distance At something only he could see He'd say all that's left now is the old days Damned old coyotes and me

And they go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo

Now, the longhorns are gone And the drovers are gone The Comanches are gone
The outlaws are gone

Now, Quantro is gone Stan Wantee is gone And the 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, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo

Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo

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