

**Kristofferson Kris****"El Coyote"**

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They call him a bandit  
And you know the notches  
That he ought to wear on his gun

He sees you through eyes  
He's partially blinded  
>From staring to long at the sun

But he's true to his school  
And he's nobody's fool  
And he's lucky to still be alive

The wolf pack will die  
When it's scattered by man  
Lonesome Coyotes survive.

He burried his feelings  
And life was a mountain  
That he was determined to climb

Then he caught the scent  
Of a sister in spirit  
Who taught him to love her in time

Somehow or other  
She gathered together  
The cubs that he sired on the way

And they run by his side  
Through the chill hungry night  
And they sleep to his sweet serenade

There's a part of his heart up in Heaven  
And a part that will always be wild  
And all he can leave them is love and a reason  
To run for the rest of their lifves  
Lonesome Coyotes survive.

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