

Old Coyote Town

Don Williams

He's got a US flag on his front porch to remind everyone where
he lives
And up in the attic there are papers that prove the old house i
s finally his
After thirty five years the grass still don't grow in that rock
hard west Texas ground
Where my old dad still clings to that old coyote town
Like horses the pickups are parked out in front of a cafe that
don't need a name

Where the old men rock as the tumbleweeds roll
Pass the boarded up windows down Main
Waist high weeds hide a forsale sign at the drive-
in where my innocence died
With a rusty advertisement dangling by a nail says popcorn and
pepsi for a dime

And down at the depot where I left for good
There's a hobo and his three legged hound
Waitin' for a train that no longer comes to that old coyote tow
n

And the interstate rumbles like a river that runs
To a rhythm that don't ever slow down
As cars and trucks and time pass by that old coyote town
Daddy falls asleep in the living room on the sofa with the TV o
n

Sometimes he waits for a phone call from me sometimes he waits
too long
But I still think of people and the place that he loves
How much longer will they be around
'Til it's aches to aches dust to dust for that old coyote town

Like horses the pickups are parked out in front of a cafe that
don't need a name
Where the old men rock as the tumbleweeds roll
Pass the boarded up windows down Main
And the interstate rumbles like a river that runs

To a rhythm that don't ever slow down
As cars and trucks and time pass by that old coyote town
God bless that old coyote town