

Wind in the Wire

Randy Travis

I've been riding fence all day,
Way up on the summer range.
Found a place to make my bed
As the evening shadows spread
Beyond the campfire light,
In the stillness of night,
Came the call of a coyote choir,
And the song
Of the wind in the wire.

As it strummed the rusted strings,
It sang of long-forgotten things.
Many moons and many suns
Of the real Americans.
When the arrow and the bow
Stalked the range
Of the buffalo,
And the call of the coyote choir
Knew no song
Of the wind in the wire.

As the ghostly balladeer
Hypnotized me, I could hear
Bugle calls, and battle cries.
Broken promises and lies.
The spirits of the plain
Still sing their sad refrain
In the call of the coyote choir
And the song
Of the wind in the wire.