

## 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.