

Song Of A Hundred Toads

The Handsome Family

On my way out to the gold mines, crossing the western hills
Me and my little dog Clyde and a horse named Prancing Bill
I slept under the stars, I heard the coyotes sing
And the sun was a golden coin shining just for me
The sun shone just for me

But high up in the mountains, Bill began to foam
And as I whipped and tugged him, he bucked against his load
Around a hairpin turn, the wagon tumbled o'er
And down the jagged rocks, Bill fell with all I owned
He fell with all I owned

As the sun died out, coyotes began to howl
Little Clyde's head rose and answered with a growl
But when I bent to call him, he snapped at me and ran
And then I was alone in the silent rocks and sand
The silent rocks and sand

By my fifth day of walking, I was crawling on my knees
In handfuls of dust from between the dying weeds
I laid down in the dirt as the sun lost her glow
But I was welcomed in the dark by the song of a hundred toads
The song of a hundred toads

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