

Don Williams, Old Coyote Town

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 is 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.

CHORUS

Like horses the pick-ups are parked out in front
Of a cafe that don't need a name
Where the old men rock and the tumbleweeds roll
Past the boarded up windows down Main
Waist high weeds hide a for sale 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 with his three-legged hound
Waitin' for a train, that no longer comes to that old coyote town
And the interstate rumbles like a river that runs
To a rythm 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 on
Sometimes he waits for a phone call from me
Sometimes he waits too long
But I still think of the people and the place that he loves
How much longer will they be around
Till its ashes to ashes, dust to dust
For that old coyote town