

# Joe Purdy, Canyon Joe

Well I live in the canyon  
Where the old coyotes howl  
And they come down from the mountains when the dogs begin to growl  
And they meet up in the darkness where they fight until the death  
When the morning sun is rising I will bury who they left

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

And I stay in the cabin  
Where I work my hands to bleed  
Swing the hammer to the nail  
And I swing the axe onto the tree  
And I once cleared these woods  
-yeah there used to be a path  
And now the trees have overgrown just to prove that nothing lasts

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

The old man went crazy  
He lives high up on the ridge  
He used to tell me all the stories of the church house and the bridge  
But the bridge, she washed away your sin  
The church house- it got burned  
'Cause this world has gone angry and some people never learn

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

And I once loved a woman  
Yes and Georgia was her name  
We met out in the foothills of the Ozark Mountain Range  
We saw the world together  
Least the parts that we love most  
She still comes to me in dreams  
I am still haunted with her ghost

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

And all my thoughts are heavy  
My beard, it has grown long  
And I search the face of six-strings for an old familiar song  
But the chords, they all sound foreign like the places that I've been  
So I close my eyes to sleep  
Tomorrow I will start again

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe  
Oh, oh, they call me Canyon Joe  
Singing oh, oh, they call me Canyon Joe