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Kent Rollins

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The Ole Coyote

by Kent Rollins¹



Some call him a song dog,
Some call him an ol' wolf
Let me tell you fellers,
He shore is tuff

He's been around
For an awful long time,
Before your kinfolk,
And even some of mine.

Now don't get me wrong,
I ain't takin' sides,
Cause I've even took
Some of their mangy hides

The ol' timers made a livin'
Trappin' this ornery cuss,
With the market the way it is now,
Trappers say it ain't worth the fuss

To city folk he's a pretty sight,
They enjoy his yodel on a moonlit night
To the farmer and rancher,
He's like a stick in their eye,
There's no love lost between 'em
They wish they all would die

Now the old sheep farmer
He's tried to get the best of this critter.
But the ole coyote and Mother Nature,
Respond by increasin' the litter.

Now all this ain't just by chance,
This ole wolf can adapt to any circumstance.
He can live in the desert where there's lots of heat,
Or he can survive on the big city's street
He's been here since Columbus first came,
He's made tracks from Texas to Maine

Now remember I ain't choosin' sides,
I've lost many a calf to his cunning hide
If it should come to a nuclear war,
And these ol' plains are barren to grown no more.

Then he comes a crawlin' out of his hole,
This ol' coyote nobody wants to know.
He's a survivor and always will be,
Dad fetch his hide, the cow-yodee!

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