

## Coyote

Better Than Ezra

Heading out, your heart beating in your head.  
Riding on the Texas wind.  
Raise your feet as you cross the state line.  
Waking up, the mesa, sun, and the sky.  
All the way to Tucumcari, and Santa Fe seems  
a stone's throw away.

Coyote.

Coming down, the Phoenix sun on your face.  
Turns it red by the afternoon.  
And to the right, the Grand Canyon is wide.  
Sing along, the Needle skips in the wind.  
Count the stars of Death Valley.  
And in the dark, Barstow starts to fade.

Coyote.