

Blue Coyote Moon

D A D
My daughters were young back then, only three and seven;
A D
Sometimes a pair of wildcats, but always gifts from heaven.
G D Bm
To our favorite desert canyon, last evening of June,
D A D
To smell the sage and come of age to a blue coyote moon.
G D Bm G A
Oh, you blue coyote moon, shining on this last evening of June.
G D Bm D A7 D
Song Dog on the rimrock, sing your timeless tune , for you, blue coyote moon.

The last call for canyon wren was the setting of the sun.
One last pass for peregrine, your desert day is done.
Owl's dusky dance of death is jumping mouse's doom,
Taking flight in the ghostly light of that blue coyote moon.

The memories of that time and place are set here in this song.
Someday you'll grow up, go away, do things I've never done.
That's a daddy's day of reckoning, that time has come too soon.
Take the moment and the magic of a blue coyote moon.

Intro/V1C1/V2C2/break/V2/V3C3/outro