

## Coyote on Valencia

Words and Music by Bill Foreman © 2010 General Ludd Music  
(Capo up two frets, play as in D)

My velvet blazer and my whiskers waxed  
I tip my top-hat as I cross the tracks  
Without copper coin or greenbacks  
My paws patter on the blacktop

Leave no reflection passing window panes  
Nor no impression passing peoples' brains  
I slip between the cars and bike lanes  
That litter this, my creation

I'm sneaking through windows and doors

My claws click upon floors  
On this howling mid-January evening  
I'm seeking out scents

Coming in from the past tense  
And in minutes my pack starts its quiet forming

So, if you feel like somebody's found you  
But you can't see any people around  
Then you'll know  
That you'll never be alone in the Financial District  
You'll have company inside the station at 24<sup>th</sup> St.

Emaj7 A6 Emaj7  
And if you take in your surroundings  
A6  
You'll see fancy mirrors and hear distant tape recordings  
F#m7  
You'll know  
B7 F#m7  
That you'll never be alone on the Big Red Bridge  
B7  
You'll see long ago footprints in Dolores Park

I catch inarticulate infants' eyes  
I read the forms in that clouded sky  
I see the metal buildings gone too high  
While crouching down on the pavement

Despite that history hunting on my track  
I didn't leave, so I can't come back  
The past is gone, and the present's cracked  
So I put my eyesight ahead of me

I'm sneaking through windows and doors  
My claws click upon floors  
On this howling mid-January evening  
I'm seeking out scents  
Coming in from the past tense  
And in minutes my pack starts its quiet forming

So, if you feel like somebody's found you  
But you can't see any people around  
Then you'll know  
That you'll never be alone when you're taking the T  
You'll have so much company you won't know what to do with it.  
And if you take in your surroundings  
You'll see fancy mirrors and hear distant tape recordings  
You'll know  
That you'll never be alone when you're cursing the Mayor's office  
You'll see any number of brown eyes staring back at you

When the paper reads the Mission burned  
White Jesus gone, Father Serra spurned  
You'll know that I took my turn  
Though it was too long in coming