

COYOTE



THE MISSING YEARS.

UTOPIA/ DYSTOPIA
RECORDS

..:COYOTE:..
THE MISSING YEARS

AFTER THE PEOPLE STOP TELLING TRICKSTER STORIES, COYOTE
GOES LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES.



SIMATTA



» «
.:THE LAST STORY:.
» «

THE TRICKSTERS LAMENT

IN THE DAYS OF OLD, WHEN WOMEN WERE CHIEFS AND THE ANIMALS WERE STILL PEOPLE, THERE LIVED A IMMORTAL TRICKSTER SPIRIT, COYOTE. COYOTE WAS LOVED, FEARED, LAUGHED AT, AND ADORED BY THE PEOPLE. THEN A CHANGE CAME, THE WOMEN WERE NO LONGER CHIEFS, AND THE PEOPLE STOPPED TELLING COYOTE STORIES. THIS ALBUM FOLLOWS COYOTE AS THEY GO LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES, FROM BARSTOOL TO REHAB. CAN THEY SURVIVE THE INTERGENERATIONAL FOG LONG ENOUGH TO REMEMBER WHO THE HELL THEY ARE?

DEDICATED TO THE ALCHOHOLIC WHO STILL SUFFERS.





"I AM COYOTE,
HEAR ME SING."

» «
.:COYOTE:.
» «

LYRICS

COYOTE, THE MISSING YEARS

(VERSE 1)

COYOTE'S IN THE CORNER, WITH A BOTTLE IN HIS HAND,
EYES LIKE DESERT THUNDER, ROLLING 'CROSS THE SAND.
HE USED TO BE THE TRICKSTER, BUT NOW HE'S JUST A GHOST,
LOST INSIDE THE SILENCE OF THE STORIES FOLKS DON'T TOAST.

(CHORUS)

WHERE'S THE LAUGHTER, WHERE'S THE TEARS?
GONE LIKE SMOKE IN ALL THOSE MISSING YEARS.
COYOTE, DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?
EVEN IF THE WORLD FORGETS, YOU STILL SURVIVE.

(VERSE 2)

HE'S THINKING 'BOUT THE OLD DAYS, WHEN HIS NAME WAS ON THE WIND,
WHEN EVERY CAMPFIRE WHISPERED OF THE MISCHIEF HE WAS IN.
BUT NOW THE NIGHTS ARE QUIET, AND HIS LEGEND'S FADING FAST,
HE DRINKS TO DROWN THE MEMORY OF A TALE THAT COULDN'T LAST.

(CHORUS)

WHERE'S THE LAUGHTER, WHERE'S THE TEARS?
GONE LIKE SMOKE IN ALL THOSE MISSING YEARS.
COYOTE, DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?
EVEN IF THE WORLD FORGETS, YOU STILL SURVIVE.

(BRIDGE)

HE STARES OUT AT THE MOON, LIKE AN OLD FORGOTTEN FRIEND,
WONDERING WHEN THE STORIES STOPPED, AND WHEN HIS TIME WOULD END.
BUT THE STARS, THEY'RE STILL SHINING, AND THE EARTH STILL TURNS BELOW,
AND DEEP DOWN, HE KNOWS, THOSE STORIES NEVER REALLY GO.

(VERSE 3)

THE BARKEEP POURS ANOTHER, AND COYOTE GIVES A GRIN,
"I GUESS THE WORLD'S JUST TURNING, BUT I AIN'T GIVING IN."
HE RAISES UP HIS GLASS, TO THE ONES WHO STILL BELIEVE,
THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE SHADOWS, COYOTE'S STILL RUNNING FREE.

(FINAL CHORUS)

WHERE'S THE LAUGHTER, WHERE'S THE TEARS?
GONE LIKE SMOKE IN ALL THOSE MISSING YEARS.
COYOTE, DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?
EVEN IF THE WORLD FORGETS, YOU STILL SURVIVE.

(OUTRO)

COYOTE WALKS OUT SLOWLY, UNDER A SKY SO WIDE AND BLUE,
THE WORLD MIGHT FORGET HIS STORIES, BUT HE'LL MAKE HIMSELF BRAND NEW.

CAN I COME HOME NOW?



SIDE A



**UTOPIA/ DYSTOPIA
RECORDS**

GATHERING THE STORIES



...: OF PLACE:...