

COUNTRY FAIR

There's a coyote on the road
wondering which way to go
he's tired of dodging cars and police
wishin he could take a holiday

Go to the Country Fair
Take his little coyote lady there
They'd go on a ride and HOWL
Yip yip yip hooray!

It's not fair to be a coyote in the city
It's not fair to be a coyote in the street

There's a coyote on the street
thinking about a bite to eat
he's tired of eating dogs and cats
and doesn't like the taste of rats

But at the Country Fair
get some good old free range country hare
He'd lick his lips and HOWL
Yip yip yip hooray

It's not fair to be a coyote in the city
It's not fair to be a coyote in the street

The ducks are gone
the air stinks
there's no good places left for him to dig

the street lights stay
on all night long
the moon is just a sidewalk memory

There's a coyote on the road
lookin for a place to hide
his toe nails click, on the pavement
alone without a pack of friends

But at the Country Fair
all his coyote buddies would be there
they'd run up a hill and HOWL
Yip yip yip hooray...

..he squints his eyes and scurries away

Yip Yip Yip