



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

# Coyote

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CGDFCE, 'Joni' Tuning: C77374

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CaddD Dm11/C CaddD Dm11/C CaddD Dm11/C CaddD Dm11/C

Dm9/Eb Fmaj9/G Dm11/C  
No regrets Coyote, we just come from such different sets of circumstance

CaddD Dm11/C Am11/G G  
I'm up all night in the studio while you're up early on your ranch

Gm11/F F Gm11/F F  
You'll be brushing out a brood mare's tail while the sun is ascending

CaddD Dm11/C Dm9/Eb  
And I'll just be getting home with my reel to reel, there's no comprehending

Fmaj9/G CaddD  
Just how close to the bone and the skin and the eyes and the lips

Dm11/C Am11/G G Gm11/F F  
You can get and still feel so alone, and still feel related

Gm11/F F  
Like stations in some relay, you're not a

CaddD Dm11/C Dm9/Eb  
Hit and run driver no, no, racing away

Fmaj9/G CaddD  
Dm11/C  
You just picked up a hitcher, a prisoner of the white lines on the freeway

CaddD Dm11/C CaddD Dm11/C CaddD Dm11/C CaddD Dm11/C

We saw a farmhouse burning down, in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night  
And we rolled right past that tragedy, till we rolled into some roadhouse lights  
Where a local band was playin', locals were kickin' and shakin' on the floor  
The next thing I know that Coyote's at my door  
He pins me in the corner and he won't take "No!"  
He drags me out on the dance floor and we're dancin' close and slow  
Now he's got a woman at home, he's got another woman down the hall  
And he seems to want me anyway  
Why'd you have to get so drunk and lead me on that way  
You just picked up a hitcher, a prisoner of the white lines on the freeway

I looked the Coyote right in the face on the road to Baljennie near my old home town  
 He went runnin' through the whisker wheat, chasin' some prize down  
 And a hawk was playin with him, Coyote was jumpin' straight up and makin' passes  
 He had those same eyes just like yours under your dark glasses  
 Privately probing the public rooms, peeking through keyholes in numbered doors  
 Where the players lick their wounds and take their temporary lovers  
 And their pills and powders to get them through this passion play  
 No regrets Coyote, I just get off up aways  
 You just picked up a hitcher, a prisoner of the white lines on the freeway

Coyote's in the coffee shop, he's staring a hole in his scrambled eggs  
 He picks up my scent on his fingers while he's watching the waitresses legs  
 He's too far from the Bay of Fundy, Appaloosas and eagles and tides  
 And the air conditioned cubicles and the carbon ribbon rides  
 Are spelling it out so clear  
 Either he's gonna have to stand and fight or take off out of here  
 I tried to run away myself, to run away and wrestle with my ego  
 And with this flame, you put here in this Eskimo  
 In this hitcher, in this prisoner, of the fine white lines  
 Of the white lines on the free, free way

CHORDS:

	Dm11/C	CaddD	Dm9/Eb	Fmaj9/G	Am11/G	G	Gm11/F	F
E	--0-----0-----0-----0-----7-----7-----5-----5-----							
C	--0-----2-----0-----0-----7-----7-----5-----5-----							
F	--0-----2-----0-----2-----7-----9-----5-----7-----							
D	--0-----2-----0-----3-----7-----9-----5-----7-----							
G	--0-----0-----5-----0-----7-----7-----5-----5-----							
C	--0-----0-----3-----7-----7-----5-----5-----							

NOTE: This is just a cleaned up, lyrics added version of what Howard Wright posted before.