

## Flying Down a Coyote Line

Cold day in late December, gray clouds hanging low,  
A field of less than twenty from the kennel ride out slow.  
The pack is sharp and eager, the field quiet as a mouse  
As we draw the covert in the hollow behind the neighbor's house.

Then we head on down a gravel road, hunt slowly toward the west,  
All we need is some game, this pack's one of the best.  
Then a hound speaks up, and another, and another, and the pack all chimes right in,  
Then the huntsman jumps a coop, and we're all off with our coattails flying in the wind.

### Chorus

So it's blow "Gone Away," it's a wonderful day, and we're all feeling fine.  
I'm in the Field Master's pocket flying down a coyote line.  
I've got a sick old mother and girlfriend problems, a world of troubles on my mind,  
But they're not with me on this fine morning, flying down a coyote line.

Then we turn to the right on a steep, hilly power line, the footing's none too good,  
It's rocky and slick and frosty and we're going faster than we should.  
But we've gotta ride hard or we'll get left. That coyote sure won't wait.  
But the Field Master we've got leading has never been one to be late.

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