

Joe Purdy, Canyon Joe

Well I live in the canyon
Where the old coyotes howl
And they come down from the mountains when the dogs begin to growl
And they meet up in the darkness where they fight until the death
When the morning sun is rising I will bury who they left

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

And I stay in the cabin
Where I work my hands to bleed
Swing the hammer to the nail
And I swing the axe onto the tree
And I once cleared these woods
-yeah there used to be a path
And now the trees have overgrown just to prove that nothing lasts

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

The old man went crazy
He lives high up on the ridge
He used to tell me all the stories of the church house and the bridge
But the bridge, she washed away your sin
The church house- it got burned
'Cause this world has gone angry and some people never learn

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

And I once loved a woman
Yes and Georgia was her name
We met out in the foothills of the Ozark Mountain Range
We saw the world together
Least the parts that we love most
She still comes to me in dreams
I am still haunted with her ghost

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe

And all my thoughts are heavy
My beard, it has grown long
And I search the face of six-strings for an old familiar song
But the chords, they all sound foreign like the places that I've been
So I close my eyes to sleep
Tomorrow I will start again

And oh, they call me Canyon Joe
Oh, oh, they call me Canyon Joe
Singing oh, oh, they call me Canyon Joe