

Michelle Shocked, Homestead

Almost got me a coyote today
A lowdown skunk of a dog, I say
I fired my gun as he slunk away
But he'll be back again
You know, it ain't been easy since my husband died
A widow woman at thirty-five
And none can court me and few have tried
But I keep these homestead hopes alive

A couple of cows, a couple of hens
A mule that plows every now and then
But mostly balks and wears me thin
He can't talk but I swear he grins

Don't call it a prairie if you fence it in
You could call it a pasture but the topsoil's thin
It just might rain but then again
It will not make a difference

Ever since they built that damn railroad
Hobos been knocking at my door
Saying "Lady, I will work for food
Can I haul your water, can I chop your wood?"
"Well, now let me take a good look at you
(There ain't nothing lye and hot water won't do)
And you can sleep on my porch if you're wanting to
And I'll give you my husband's old brown boots"
But in the morning he was up and gone
A chicken missing from my pen
I told you that coyote would be back again
But it don't make no difference

Don't call it a prairie if you fence it in
You could call it a pasture but the topsoil's thin
It just might rain but then again
It will not make a difference
Don't you call it a prairie if you fence it in
You could call it a pasture but the topsoil's thin
Sometimes I still take hobos in
But I walk to town when I need a friend
When I need a friend