

Tom Russell, Navajo Rug

Well it's three eggs up on whiskey toast
And home fries on the side
You wash it down with the truckstop coffee
That burns up your inside
It was a canyon, Colorado diner
A little waitress I did love
Well we sat in the back 'neath the old stuffed bear
And a worn out Navajo rug.

Well, Old Jack, the boss, he closed at six
And it's, 'Katie bar the door'.
She'd pull down that Navajo rug
And spread it on the floor,
Hey, I saw lightning in the sacred mountains
Saw the dance of the turtle doves
When I was lying next to Katie
On that old Navajo rug.

Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Shades of red and blue
Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
Katie

Well I saw old Jack about a year ago
He said the place burned to the ground
And all he'd saved was an old bear tooth,
And Katie she left town
"Ah but Katie, she got her souvenir too..."
Jack spat out a 'baccho plug
He said, "You shoulda seen her a-runnin' through the smoke
A haulin' that Navajo rug."

Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Shades of red and blue
Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
Katie

So every time I cross the sacred mountains
And lightning breaks above
It always takes me back in time
To my long lost Katie Love
Ah but everything keeps a movin'
And everybody's on the go
Well you don't find things that last anymore
Like a double woven Navajo.

Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Shades of red and blue
Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you
Katie
Shades of red and blue
Ai-yi-yi, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you
Katie