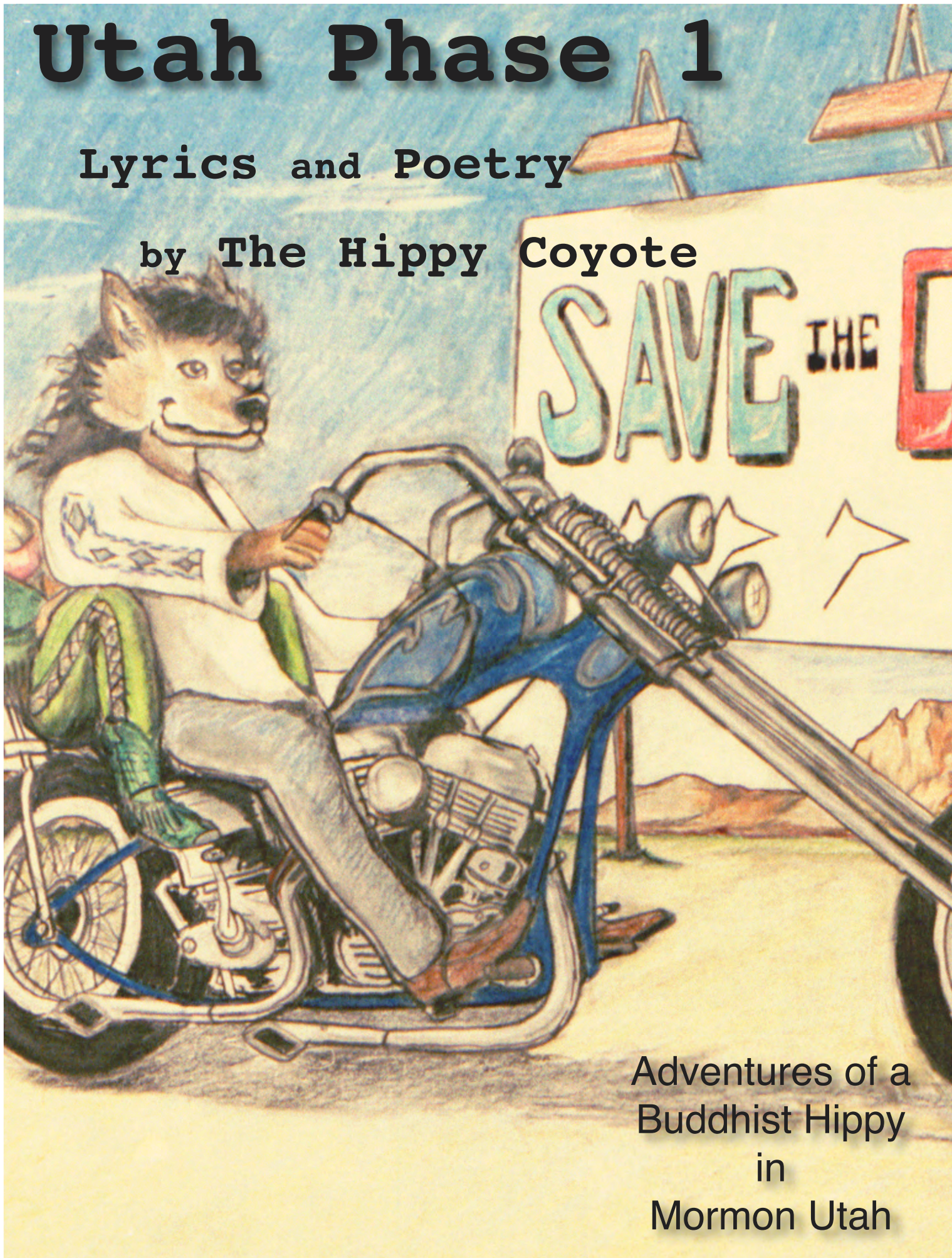


Utah Phase 1

Lyrics and Poetry

by The Hippy Coyote

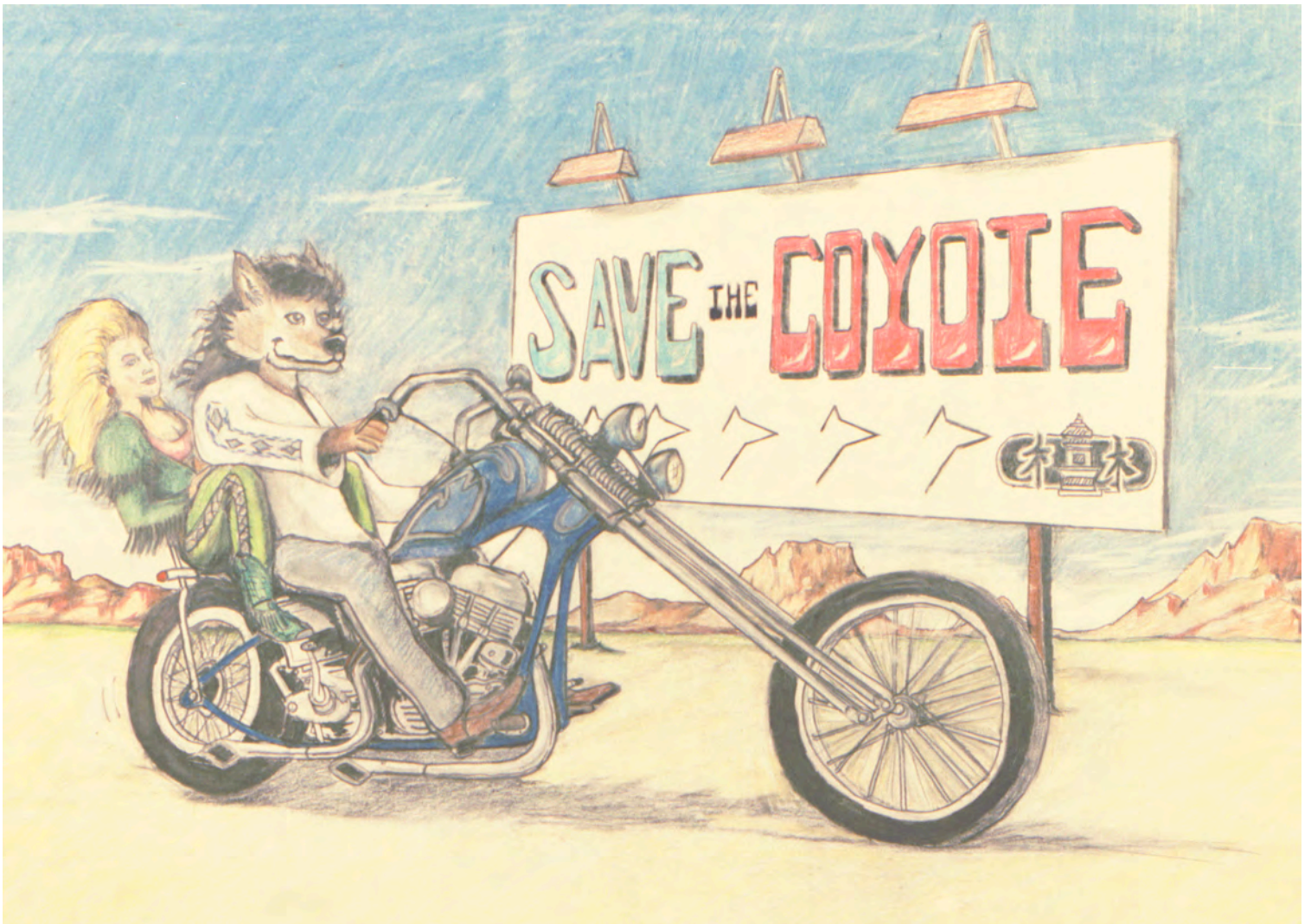


Adventures of a
Buddhist Hippy
in
Mormon Utah

Utah Phase 1

Lyrics and Poetry

by The Hippy Coyote



Adventures of a Buddhist Hippy
in
Mormon Utah

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

First book of lyrics and poetry from a couple years of living in Utah.

Utah Phase 1

The Hippy Coyote

Shaolin Communications

Tujunga, California, USA

Check out the podcast poetry readings from this book at www.coyotepoetry.libsyn.com
If you are Mormon, please don't read this book and don't bug me.

Book publisher, Shaolin Communications, can be found at www.shaolinCOMMUNICATIONS.com
The shopping cart for Shaolin Communications is www.shaolinCOM.com
Publishing administrated by Shaolin Music, ASCAP. www.shaolinMUSIC.com

Copyright 2007 Shaolin Records. All rights reserved.
Shaolin Records is a division of Shaolin Communications.

For podcasts, mp3s, CDs, and DVDs of this book, visit www.shaolinRECORDS.com
The official website of American Zen is www.americanZEN.org
The Coyote is an exclusive artist of Shaolin Records.

Publisher: Richard Connor
Editor: Richard Del Connor
Illustrator: All graphics and photography by The Hippy Coyote except:
 "Angel Flyer" by Juan Puga,
 and "Save The Coyote," by Damien Hunter.
Cover Design: The Hippy Coyote

Notice of Rights

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. For information on getting permission for reprints and excerpts, contact:
publisher@shaolinCOMMUNICATIONS.com

ISBN 978-1-57551-318-8 (hardcover version)
ISBN 978-1-57551-319-5 (paperback version)
ISBN 978-1-57551-320-1 (pdf download version)

FIRST PRINTING (besides the photocopied books we made in Utah): **June 16, 2007 Tujunga, California**
8 7 6 5 4 3 2

The PDF download of *Utah Phase 1* may be printed and copied for your personal use.
If you want to piss off your Mormon friends by sending them a PDF of this book --
please buy another copy first -- but don't tell them where you got it from.

Purchase PDF download: <http://www.autumnflavors.com/OrderTheBook.html>

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Foreword

I'm in California now.

Walking the dirt paths of sagebrush, and roads without sidewalks, lots of coyotes, in Tujunga, California; I've found a new PEACE OF MIND.

I often find myself saying to myself, "I'm the luckiest man in the world."

A nice calm thought that reminds me how content I am.

This book was written during a really rough year. Very difficult. Unpleasant.

Of course, I always find my little bits of PEACE OF MIND wherever and whenever I can. It's just easier now.

Not just because I've escaped the Mormon conflicts. I've got really whacko neighbors where I am now. Lesbians across my front yard, registered looney to the left, and I guy on the other side who gives me death threats and puts cuss word signs up in his bedroom window facing my house.

So, despite my current contentment there's a whole bunch of weird poetry coming after this, inspired by my biker neighbors, loss of family, and new life in California.

First, travel my path in Utah and see if you learn anything.

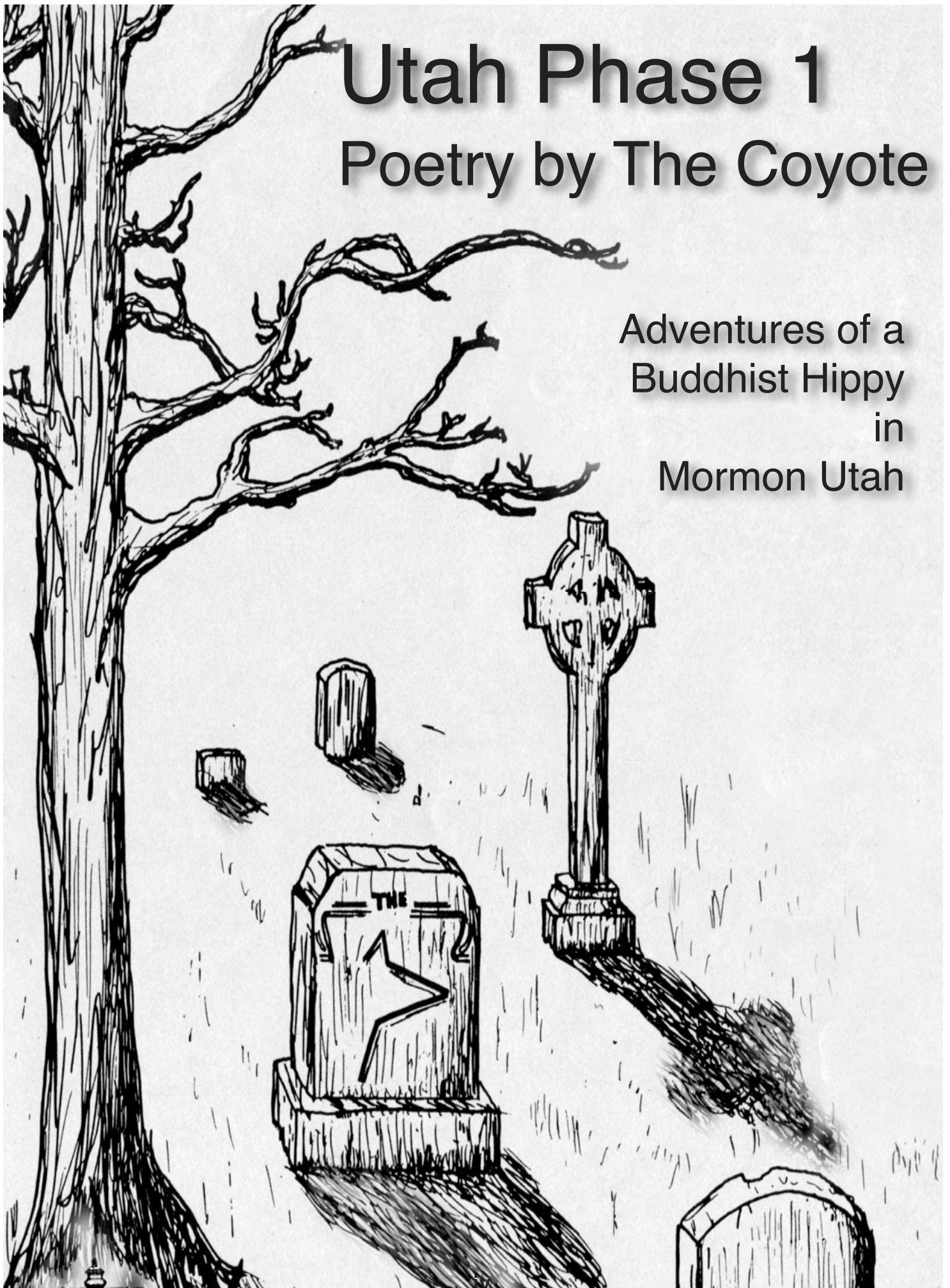
I sure did!

Sincerely,
Coyote

Utah Phase 1

Poetry by The Coyote

Adventures of a
Buddhist Hippy
in
Mormon Utah



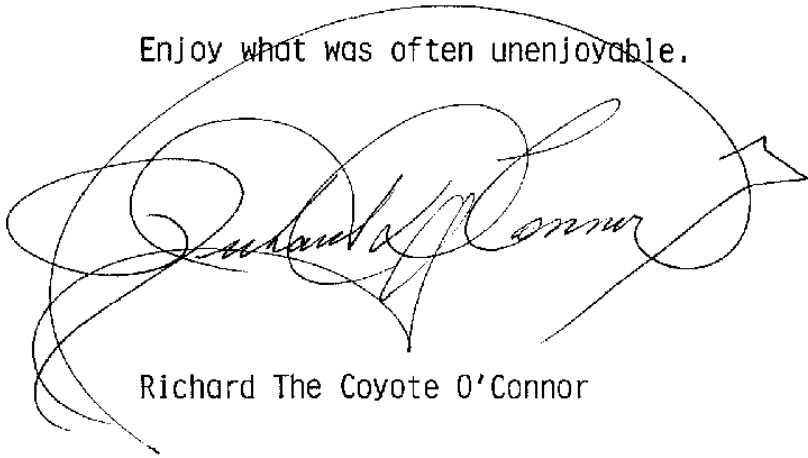


Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

As bad as this past year may have been, I'm somehow content more than ever. I do look forward to having more fun, but my creative productivity has been incredible this year. Accomplishments are a unique satisfaction. Scores of poems, over forty songs, a loving family, five books written, and a half dozen music and poetry performances add up to a great year. Yes, I miss the beach and serenity of California. Hardship has its rewards.

Half of these poems are lyrics with songs that may already have been performed in concerts here in Salt Lake City. These poems and lyrics that chronicle my life and experiences are approximately in the order they were written.

Enjoy what was often unenjoyable.

A highly stylized, cursive handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is enclosed within a large, loopy, circular flourish that extends upwards and downwards. The name appears to be 'Richard The Coyote O'Connor'.

Richard The Coyote O'Connor

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

CONTENTS

Peace Of Mind	1	Hoover Was A Communist	7
Black Of Night	2	Clouds Of White	8
B. & R.	3	This Is Heaven	9
Who's Heaven Is This?	4	Varied Place	10
Get Out Of My Dream	5	Undressed	11
In The Darkness	6	Power Is A Moment	12
You've Been Sold	7	Teamwork	13
Free The Change (Feel The Change)	8	Why Do I Care? (Tell Me)	14
Simple Lady	9	Wild Cat	15
All Screwed Up	10	Quitters Are Losers	16
Last year...	11	flyer: "Utah Premiere"	17
When Children Are Unwanted	12	Christ Killer	18
Nurturing Your Life	13	About the author:	19
The Power	14	press release: 1/22/2002	51
The Teacher Was He	15	press release: 2/20/02	52
Spring Rain	16	Christ Killer	53
A Long Way Home	17	About the author:	54
It's tough...	18		
Thank You	19		
My Woman Is My Wife	20		
Saints	21		
God Will Protect	22		
I Am Not From Here	23		
I Want To Laugh	24		
Son Of A Bitch	25		
Broken Heart	26		
The Criminal Is The Press	27		
L.A. Tea Party	28		
World Of Opposites	29		
Wasted Dream	30		
Quiet City	31		
Our Last	32		
Walk A Way	33		
33 Bass Players	34		
Quiet Army	35		
Vicious Circle	36		

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

PEACE OF MIND

THE COYOTE

E Bm I've told you my tale in many different songs E
 Bm If you've heard them you know where I'm coming from G A
 Bm I left L.A. for a home in Salt Lake E
 Bm To be stranded, broke down, and get an eviction G A

B All I want is peace of mind G A
 B All I want is peace of mind G A
 B All I want is peace of mind G A E

Bm Our families help us out, formula, diapers, some handouts E
 Bm We moved here in the winter, in a few weeks a foot of snow G A
 Bm Our cars break down, the managers lie and steal our rent E
 Bm Utah's been a nightmare and it's not even Christmas yet G A

B All I want is piece of mind G A
 B All I want is piece of mind G A
 B All I want is piece of mind G A E

solo: Bm-E-Bm-G-A, Bm-E-Bm-G-A

Bm I gave up my business, walked out on my friends E
 Bm To start a new life, in the Rocky Mountains G A
 Bm I was a small fish in a huge, huge pond E
 Bm But Salt Lake's an ocean of tears from what I've found G A

B All I want is piece of mind G A
 B All I want is piece of mind G A
 B All I want is piece of mind G A E

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

THE COYOTE

BLACK OF NIGHT

(F#m-B)⁴ F#m B
The air is of a dusty grey
F#m B
Burns my eyes, I turn away
F#m B
The sky of varied shades of coal
D E
Darkens hope within my soul
F#m E
My plans are cracked, I've stored them all
A
Taped up my dreams in boxes in a wall

chorus: D F#m
Where should I go?
D F#m
What should I do?
D F#m
I don't know what
D F#m
Is the way to
A B
Where I'm going to is this twilight
D
Before the daybreak
E
Or is this whole fight
D E F#m B
Just a pause before the forces that I battle attack by the black of night
F#m B F#m B F#m B
Black of night, black of night, black of night

verse#2: F#m B
Metal horses broken down
F#m B
Broken legs it makes no sound
F#m B
The child hidden deep inside
D E
Is freezing from nowhere to hide
F#m E
I brought my dreams into this place
A
Not expecting winter to erase

chorus: D-F#m-D-F#m-D-F#m-D-F#m-A-B-D-E-D-E-F#m-B-F#m-B-F#m-B-F#m-B

bridge: A B
Sunlight never comes to here
A B
But darkness isn't what I fear
D E
It's silence that is haunting me
D E
My voices need a listener to be free
F#m B F#m B F#m B (F#m-B)⁴ F#m
In the black of night, black of night, black of night

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

B. & R.

Yell and scream, shout and bitch
An angry old man and a hateful witch
 At least you don't beat your kids (when we're around)
Cuss and swear, shout and scold
Smoking cigarettes, your kids share a cold
 Blow your top and flip your lids (loving an angry sound)

Make them cry
Scare them to Hell
It's still child abuse
When you cuss and yell

Call them names, call them dumb
Shut their mouth with a wicked thumb
 At least go smoke in the other room (second hand disease)
Tape their mouths and threaten with stones
If they misbehave they know you'll break their bones
 Growing up in doom (Crying themselves to sleep)

Make them cry
Scare them to Hell
It's still child abuse
When you cuss and yell

I know the story - your parents were unkind
They beat and punished your body and mind
You think that you're a better parent than you know
But you're still a child abuser, though you love them so

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



THE COYOTE

Hollywood, California

WHO'S HEAVEN IS THIS?

(A-G-F-E)²

(D-A-Bm-G)⁴

D A Bm G
Hold on for just a minute, I've got something to say
D A Bm G
Yes I realize I'm a dreadful sight in your conservative eyes
D A Bm G
My long hair and free speech must make you want to curl up and die
D A Bm C
But I'm not the evil you fear, for which you pray

intro: (A-G-F-E)²

(D-A-Bm-G)²

D A Bm G
You don't have to agree, you don't have to buy what I say
D A Bm G
Just open up your teeny eyes, you may even sympathize
D A Bm G
Being free, happy, with love and spirit is a lot of hard work for me
D A Bm C
Deciding and choosing what to do in Heaven, each and every day

A G
Pardon me is this your world?
F E
Did I break one of your God given rules?
A G
Who's Heaven is this? (Yours or mine?)
F E
The Church of Saints or Church of Fools?

(D-A-Bm-G)²

D A Bm G
Hold on just a minute, I've got something to say
D A Bm G
These handcuffs are really hurting my wrists, this blindfold cuts my eyes
D A Bm G
Perhaps you'll reconsider, I'm an expensive pet to feed
D A Bm C
I'm sure you mean well, you can keep your Hell, I just want to leave

A G
Pardon me is this your world?
F E
Did I break one of your God given rules?
A G
Who's Heaven is this? (Yours or mine?)
F E
The Church of Saints or Church of Fools?

solo verse: (D-A-Bm-G)²

A G
Pardon me is this your world?
F E
Did I break one of your God given rules?
A G
Who's Heaven is this? (Yours or mine?)
F E
The Church of Saints or Church of Fools?

D-A-Bm-G / D-A-Bm-C

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Get Out Of My Dream

Seemed like everything was going fine
I found a movie camera, and considered it mine
It seemed like people were ready, for what I needed to do
I didn't pinch myself, I didn't want to
My world was moving quickly, at just the right speed
A contentment uncommon, I had everything I need
Then I walked down a city street and looked in a shiny window
You smiled as if you'd missed me, I felt that same old glow

Don't come back, into my life
I've a daughter, and a wife
You never were what you seem
Get out of my dream

Just as if you'd never left, I felt the feelings rise
You looked as good as always, in a puppy's eyes
It seemed as if the new life, had all suddenly died
When I explained the rules for us, you explained you really tried

Don't come back, into my life
I've a daughter, and a wife
You never were what you seem
Get out of my dream

My bubble popped, the dream was flooded, I knew it all was wrong
I felt the love, the tragedy, I was back in a sad love song
My heart, my body and my mind, me, they did betray
What started out as a great dream, had all been blown away

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

THE COYOTE

IN THE DARKNESS

*Am9 riff = Am9/+Cbass/+Bbass sus4

(Am9riff)⁴ Am9 riff Em
 You live inside a box
 Am9 riff Em
 Don't go outside for walks
 Am9 riff Em
 The sun is kept from your face
 C G Am C G Am
 In the darkness you waste, In the darkness you waste
 C G Am Am, Am, Am
 In the darkness you waste

Am9 riff Em
 You live just a mile from the beach
 Am9 riff Em
 Yet the ocean is out of your reach
 Am9 riff Em
 If you were outside you would sweat
 C G Am C G Am
 In the darkness you're cold with regret, In the darkness you're cold with regret
 Am -D (Am-D)³
 In the darkness you're cold with regret.

solo: (Am-D)⁴ (Am--D)² (Am-D)⁴ (G-Am)⁴ (Am-D)⁴ (G-Am)³ (C-D)³ G

intro: Am9 riff-Em, Am9 riff-Em, Am9 riff-Em, C-G-Am, C-G-Am

Am9 riff Em
 Do mistakes last forever you ask
 Am9 riff Em
 When misery is sucking your next chance
 Am9 riff Em
 Where is the courage and hope you knew
 C G Am C G Am
 In the darkness there isn't any blue, In the darkness there isn't any blue
 C G Am-D
 In the darkness there isn't any blue

solo: (Am-D)³ (G-Am)⁴ (Am-D)⁴ (G-Am)⁴ (Am--C--G--Am)² (Am - D)² (Am-D)⁴ Am

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



THE COYOTE

YOU'VE BEEN SOLD

(E-D-A)⁴ E D A
 Does anyone know where they should be?
 E D A
 Does anyone know when they're really free?
 E D A
 We give up, and give in, to still feel bad
 E D A
 Wishing for something we already had
 A D
 When it seems farther from your grasp
 A E
 The future looks brighter when seen through the past

D A E
 It's so hard, it's so cold, it's so cold
 D A E
 Doing what's expected, what you've been told
 D A E
 It's so hard, keeping my cool, keeping my cool
 D A E-D-A
 When you don't get what you've been sold

E-D-A E D A
 Dreams are for sale, we all name our price
 E D A
 Sometimes we pay more to put them on ice
 E D A
 Survival we blame, has to come first
 E D A
 But doing without dreams is a starvation worse

D A E
 It's so hard, it's so cold, it's so cold
 D A E
 Doing what's expected, what you've been told
 D A E
 It's so hard keeping my cool, keeping my cool
 D A E-D-A
 When you really get the life you've been sold
 E-D-A E-D-A E-D-A
 You've been sold You've been sold You've been sold

solo: (E-D-A)⁴
 A D A D
 It's not giving up when you decide to complain
 A D A D
 Sometimes it's hard to understand or even explain
 E A
 So we search for our mistakes, we hope to correct
 D E
 To change the future into what we expect

D A E...
 It's so hard, it's so cold, it's so cold...
 7

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

THE COYOTE

FREE THE CHANGE (Feel The Change)

G-- G D C Bm
 Change, change, change, people are afraid to rearrange
 G D C Bm Em D
 Change, change, change, nothing ever stays the same

(Em-D)³ G D C Bm
 Say you can't change, you'll prove you can be a fool
 G D C Bm Em D
 Say you don't want to break your own stupid rules

(Em-D)³ Em D Em D
 Look around and listen, to your own complaints
 Em D Em D
 Do you expect the world to change, while you remain the same?
 Em D Em E
 You swear to God, you cuss so well
 Em D Em D
 Are you really free? In what you call Hell
 Em D Em D
 You're stuck, in your own past
 Em D Em D
 You are right: you can't change. You can't think that fast

(Em-D)⁸ C Am D
 Free the change Don't you really want to?
 C Am D
 Free the change Don't you see you've gotta?
 C Am D
 Free the change The only way to grow
 C Am D
 Free the change Free the
 Em D C
 change Free the
 Em D C
 change

solos: (Em-D)⁴ (Em-D)⁴ (Em-D)⁸ (C-Am-D)⁴ (Em-D-C)²

G-- G D C Bm
 Change, change, change, people are afraid to rearrange
 G D C Bm Em
 Change, change, change, nothing ever stays the same

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

SIMPLE LADY

THE COYOTE

(Am-C)³ G Am C Am
 She was a friend - years ago
 G Am
 Not many saw her come and go
 F G C
 She was sent away
 F G Am
 I knew she couldn't stay
 F G Am C
 I knew I'd see her soon - or so I'd pray
 Am G
 To see her again - someday

(Am-C)³ G Am C Am
 She was a friend - some said "no"
 Am G Am
 Not many knew her or they'd know
 Am C Am
 She was a good friend who was burned
 Am G Am
 Not many could admit what they had learned
 C G F
 Simple pleasure was returned
 F G Am
 Simple lady - just another turn
 F G C
 She was sent away
 F G Am
 I knew she couldn't stay
 F G Am C
 I knew I'd see her soon - or so I'd pray
 Am G
 To see her again - someday

(Am-C)³ G C G F
 Simple pleasure was returned
 F G Am
 Simple lady - just another turn

(Am-Am-C-C)²

(Am-G)²

(Am-G-F)²

Am-G-Am

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



THE COYOTE

ALL SCREWED UP

(A-G-D)⁴ A G D
 Papa drives a truck
 A G D
 Gone for half the week
 A G D
 He's got a girl in L.A.
 A G D
 He rents a motel but that's not where he'll stay
 A G D
 Mama stays at home
 A G D
 Takes care of the kids
 A G D
 Mama sleeps with a neighbor boy
 A G D
 She teaches him and plays with his toy

E G A D A-D
 All the world - All screwed up
 E G A D A-D
 All the world - All screwed up

A G D
 Kids are a nuisance
 Put them in a preschool
 They're easier to raise
 As long as that divorced husband pays

E G A D A-D
 All the world - All screwed up
 All the world - All screwed up

A D E
 All, all, all screwed up
 All, all, all screwed up
 All, all, all screwed up
 All, all, all screwed up "IT'S ALL SCREWED UP!"

solo verse + solo chorus: (A-G-D)⁴ (E-G-A-D-A-D)²

A D E
 All, all, all screwed up (REPEAT x4)

A G D
 Watch TV as they murder and die
 Bullets, screams, they advertise
 Children can't even close their eyes
 As Father cheats and Mother lies

E G A D A-D
 All the world - All screwed up
 All the world - All screwed up

A D E
 All, all all screwed up (REPEAT x4)

solo verse: (A-G-D)⁴

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Last year at this time--you were nursing
Caitlin was a baby crawling on the floor
This year is a new time--you're a mother
Caitlin's closing any open door

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

When Children Are Unwanted

When children are unwanted
Where do they get their love?
When children are not needed
Who are you thinking of?
When children are not cared for
How much can they tolerate?
When children are distracting
Will obligation turn to hate?
When children scream and cry
Does patience grow on trees?
When children need to play
Is a crib going to set them free?
When children keep you awake all night
Do they understand why you're mad?
When children break the things you love
Do you tell them they've been bad?
When children yell and point at nothing
Do you tell them to be quiet?
When children weep and need a nap
Do you sing them a soothing song?
When children throw their food at you
Do you throw it back?
Or do you smile and clean it up?
That stain could be your soul

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Nurturing Your Life

You wake three times a night
Sometimes even more
I hear your breaths and hiccups
Through the closed bedroom door
Before you wake from your nap
That bottle is on its way
Nothing soothes like your smile
Or watching you at play
Tearing up the phone book
Pulling out my files
Emptying out mother's dresser drawers
Wearing her underwear in various styles
Draping bras and panties
Like shawls upon your shoulders
It's amazing watching you grow
Each day I'm a lesson older
From each new word to each new dance
Springing on your tippy-toes
My respect, admiration and my love
For you each day they grow

A daughter's hugs and kisses
Mean as much as those of my wife
The future holds unimagined fascinations
Nurturing your life

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

The Power

The counselor at Decker Lake
Speaks highly of my success
The kids I teach seem better off
I'd like to think I'm blessed
Blessed with ability to bless other people
I want to see, understand and direct
People all have a chance, of this I wish to show
The less people hate themselves, the better our world will grow

What happened to them I can't undo
As abilities I guide and arrange
Yes the future is a better place
When we decide to make a change
It's right to influence, when you mean well
When you believe the absolute best, is what you sell
It's right to make a judgement, and to judge yourself
Each of us is God

The power to see is God
The power to change is God
The power to give is God
The power to take is not

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

The Teacher Was He

Frisky, hopping high
Like a fish out of water
Over the drying knee-high grass
A few stickers in my sox

The scent of hot, dry sage
Memories of my youth, still with me
Listening today with headphones
To an album, Mint Tattoo

One of my favorites of '68
The bass player with full precision
Blows my mind - him I'd imitate
Burns Kellogg before The Blue

He'd changed his name in '84
He produced the band I'd been hired for
Alisa & The Nomads, the musical whore
A handcuff prostitute

Everyone was jewish
Except me on my '59 Ricky
Ethan James on the knobs
Eight-track Radio Tokyo

Producing us "Living Underground"
He complimented my style
He, Burns Kellogg, stroking me
I replied with an off-balance smile
"I had a great teacher"

The teacher was he

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Spring Rain

The diagonal rain
Is the Utah springtime wind
Cleaning off the yellow-green
As life begins again
Washing down the flowers
It's too warm to freeze
Stirring up the butterflies
And chasing home the bees
This waterfall of liquid sand
That wears upon my house
Can be felt before it's smelt
It's a feeling in my mouth
As if the air were heavier
Before it starts to pour

My voice instinctively announces the fact,
"I think it will rain some more."

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

A LONG WAY HOME

THE COYOTE

(Bm-E)⁴ Bm E
A t-shirt in the sunset, scarlet flames warm the sky
D A D E
I can feel the ocean's breath when you look into my eye
Bm E
Barbecues on the porch, soft cool touch of the night
D A D E
Evening is the time to go, driving with the radio
A G A G A
California is alive, now I'm gone, when will I arrive?
D G A D G Bm E
California is a dream, a long way home

(Bm-E)³ Bm E
Faces of glass and metal, appliance lives
D A D E
Religion and rules, are financial tools
Bm E
Police are invisible, greed is the hidden dream
D A D E
Love is a conquered fear, women are leaving here
A G A G A
Utah is dead, saints and ghosts cross my bed
D G A D G Bm E
California is a dream, a long way home

(Bm-E)³ Bm E
Winter's knife carved out my heart, lawyers wrestle for a part
D A D E
The English have abandoned me, wanting more than I can be
Bm E
Vultures circle just above, abandoning the wagon train
D A D E
Shelter of apologies, now the snow has turned to rain
A G A G A
Springtime has arrived, working late behind the prison gate
D G A D G Bm E
California is a dream, a long way home

(Bm-E)³ Bm E...
Flowers, trees in my mind, somewhere I know I'll find
Comfort and safety, California I can see
Prison letters and business plans, Kung Fu teaches that you can
Casting hooks to drag me free, waiting for my chance to be
Summer will come, working hard to get my work done
California is a dream, a long way home

(Bm-E)³ ...
Looking for that last goodbye, friendship pretends not to lie
Building what I'll leave behind, never know what I will find
Making most of being good, our future is understood
Business is so unclear, when I search for something here
California is alive, in my mind
California is a dream, a long way home

(Bm-E)³ Bm E Bm E
A long way home
Bm - E - Bm

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

It's tough to be alone
It's difficult to work in teamwork
It's impossible to plan the future
It's frustrating to depend on other people
It's hard to shape a dream into reality
It's lonely to realize freedom
It's crowded to be wanted
It's confusing to guess what's right
The only way to live is to be your dream

When people look at photos of me I hope that they will realize that innumerable obstacles plagued me. Friends deserted me, lovers cheated, coworkers lied, and employers cheated me. The happiness in my world is not luck or circumstance. I created my realities and comforts through incredible effort and persistence. As important as what I created is what I have ignored. The despair, misfortune, bad luck, resistance, deceit, and disappointments were best forgotten immediately. Neither success or failure exist in the future. Only our perceptions continue with us.

Mistakes, errors, and disappointments are part of life, not the future. I have occasionally patted myself on the back. Rarely scolding myself I sought to learn and not diminish my self-confidence.

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

THANK YOU

THE COYOTE

E You were there today and yesterday A D

E But how much did I offer to say? A D

E Providing love, support and kindness A D

E Sometimes teamwork is blindness A D

G My life is more my own with the faith you give D A

G Thank you for the freedom to be the life I live D A

D Thank you, thank you, thank you G A

E In a world of pain and tragedy A D

E Your love and comfort still shines for me A D

E I admit today was all mine A D

E You deserve more love and better times A D

G My life is more my own with the faith you give D A

G Thank you for the freedom to be the life I live D A

D Thank you, thank you, thank you G A

solo verse: (E-A-D)⁴

E My dreams and my life come first A D

E To escape this hunger and thirst A D

E It seems I can't afford to think of you A D

E But that's why I work as hard as I do A D

G My life is more my own with the faith you give D A

G Thank you for the freedom to be the life I live D A

D Thank you, thank you, thank you G A

D Thank you, thank you, thank you G A

D Thank you, thank you, thank you G E

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

My Woman Is My Wife

Honey, honey
Sweet banana cream
White velvet skin
An erotic daydream
From a nasty smile
To a pleased moan
You're my favorite high
The most beautiful stone

Shine for me and set me free
Fantasy becomes life
My woman is my wife

Friendship, romance
Rolled into one
Faith and trust
Anywhere is fun
Now a holy child
In a warm home
Safety allows the wild
To freely roam

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Saints

I come from the land of dreams
Some broken, some unspoken
Many dreams still come true
To a place where one man wrote the scene
And a million farm actors
Played the parts they were told to do

Living in the past of history
Writing the rules of mystery
Looking at words too closely to see
The Latter Day Saints are you and me

It's been too long since God appeared
Angels and devils disguised
A world of secrecy
Broadcasting lies and weaknesses dreamed
Allowing horror and death
To amuse our fantasy

Are some men born a Saint?
Are some men born a God?
Are some men born a woman?
Are some men born to kill?

Are some women born to suffer?
Are some people born to lose?
Who decides who we are?
Who's the fool and who's the star?

Can any person become a Saint?
Can anyone change the world?
Can any person go to Hell?
If Jesus was here today do you think you could tell?
Do you need a mirror on the door?
Not many people recognized him before

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

GOD WILL PROTECT

THE COYOTE

(D-C-Am)⁴ D C Am
Sitting atop the concrete pin
D C Am G
"You can't serve Babylon and Zion"
D C Am
Brigham Young says wealth he'll scorn
D C Am G
As Moroni blows his golden horn

(D-C-G-D)² D Am C G
Stay away from the gentile ways
D Am C G
Don't let them know how a Mormon prays
D Am C G
Worship the church of The Latter Day Saints
D Am C G
Give us your children so your soul is raised

Em A Em A
Don't trust your soul to know where to go
Em A Em A
God will protect, if you let him collect
C A
God will protect

(D-C-G-D)² D Am C G
Pray in school, pray at home, politicians pray
D Am C G
Play by rules, play with tools that build our state
D Am C G
Pay the church, pay respect to what we say
D Am C G
If you disagree we will excommunicate

Em A Em A
Don't trust your soul to know where to go
Em A Em A
God will protect, if you let him collect
C A
God will protect

bass solo: (D-D-C-C-G-G-D-D)⁴ (D-Am-G-D)⁴ (Am-G-D-D)³ Am-C-A

flute solo: (D-C-G-D)² (D-Am-G-D)² (Am-G-D-D)² Am-G (D=2 eighths + 7 1/4 pauses)¹⁶
(D-Am-G-D)⁴ (Am-G-D-D)³ Am-C-A

Sitting atop the concrete pin, "you can't serve Babylon and Zion"
Brigham Young says wealth he'll scorn, as Moroni blows his golden horn

Don't trust your soul to know where to go
God will protect, if you let him collect
D ending

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

I Am Not From Here

There is violence in the dark
There is murder in the sunlight
Women must obey the laws of men
People must die for money
Lives are sold to pay rent
Children are beaten
Poison is eaten
Success is someone else's payment

For thousands of years wars still rage
Violence burns the poet's page
Sidewalks bleed from the buried sage
My sword has no edge
My passion is to slice new pathways
Passing through Heaven's thick green hedge

I am not from here

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

THE COYOTE

I WANT TO LAUGH

F#m G#m
We don't have money

F#m G#m
Nothing seems funny

A B
I want to give

A B
I want to live

A B
I want to love

A B
The way you're thinking of

E A Am
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh

F#m G#m
Remember when

F#m G#m
How it was then

A B
Nothing was sad

A B
Nothing seemed bad

A B
All that we had

A B
Was all we wanted

E A Am
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh

F#m G#m A B
We have each other, and all our dreams

F#m G#m A B E
We have our daughter, look what can be, I want to laugh

E A Am
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh

solo: (F#m-G#m)² (A-B)² I want to laugh^E

E A Am
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh
I want to laugh

E ending

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Son Of A Bitch

You lazy fool
The excuses you make
The only one who believes your lies
Is the fool who is a pretender and fake
Slowing me down with the plans you break
Why don't you give up and quit
For everyone else's sake

Always late or forgetful
The only surprises are your creative mistakes
Removing you from my life
Will improve my life in Salt Lake

You trust in your lies
With excuses you seem to believe
My life is hanging
From the dishonest noose you weave

You son of a bitch

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

BROKEN HEART

THE COYOTE

(D-C-A-G)³ D C A G
 Em-A Em A C A
 You don't look the same to me - Billy
 Your face is worn, colder and harder - cousin
 D C A G
 Em A C A
 I'm surprised to see you here - Uncle
 You haven't seen your son in 24 years

Em G A
 They say he died of a heart attack
 C A
 Found face down on the street
 Em G A
 Kicked out of home at 16
 C A
 He died of a broken heart

D C A G
 Your child would not obey - so leave him
 D C A G
 He's too much trouble to raise - he's bleeding
 Em A C A
 He had to sneak back in to see his own mother
 Em A C A
 No one was allowed to speak his name, not even his own brothers
 C G A
 His name was erased

Em G A
 They say he died of a heart attack
 C A
 Found face down on the street
 Em G A
 Kicked out of home at 16
 C A
 He died of a broken heart

D A
 It's strange how some people age
 G D
 We look like our hearts
 A
 As we look in the mirror
 G D
 You'd think we'd know where to start
 A
 The mistakes that we carry
 G D
 Will tear us apart
 A
 When we look in the mirror
 G D
 What you see is your heart

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

THE CRIMINAL IS THE PRESS

THE COYOTE

E
 What're we gonna do?
 What're we gonna print?
 We've got something new
 The lawyers say we'll get away with it
 A G E
 Here's a headline, here's some news
 A G E
 Nothing's been proven, you can choose
 A G E
 Whether it's lies, or whether it is true
 A G E
 We don't care, and neither do you

E
 We've got signatures
 Of policemen who have broke the law

A G E
 You're too difficult, too squeaky clean
 A G E
 We need dirt on you, something real obscene
 A G E
 We'll pay money, we'll protect, your identity
 A G E
 Just as long as it will sell, our magazine

Bm D A
 People don't want to know about the good you've done
 Bm D A
 We're the experts at this show, we know how ratings are won

E
 It looks like this might backfire
 People are calling Ted Koppel a liar

A G E
 No we can't say, what's their names
 A G E
 We'll disguise their face, we're not to blame
 A G E
 We're just telling you, what they said
 A G E
 We're just selling you, what's alleged

Bm D A
 People don't want to know about the good you've done
 We're the experts at this show, we know how ratings are won

E
 Now the damage is done
 Perhaps this story shouldn't have run
 And look at all this mess
 People are saying the CRIMINAL IS THE PRESS!

solo: (A-G-E)⁴ (E-Bm)³ (D-A)² (E-Bm)² (D-A)² E

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

L.A. Tea Party

No, I don't want to be there
Fire and violence, curfews and fire
It's easy to say this is wrong
Pete Wilson should know--he's been a looter all along

This is the L.A. Tea Party
Our country was born by destroying private property
This is the L.A. Tea Party
Justice has created anarchy

People waited for the courts to prevail
Everyone I know feel that justice has failed
Looting and crime cannot be justified
Yet it's all these TV crimes that are opening the world's eyes

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

WORLD OF OPPOSITES

THE COYOTE

G#
It's a world of opposites, yin and yang

F# G#
Electric positive, atomic bang

What is the balance? What is the right way?

F# G#
What is the dream to dream that changes every day?

B F# G#
Feeling good is working hard

B F# G#
Being good is to discard

B F# G#
Living right is hard to choose

E F# G#
Success is freedom to lose

G#
It's a world of opposites, pagans wear crosses

F# G#
It's a world of opposites, winners love losses

It's a world of opposites, hot and cold

F# G#
It's a world of opposites, bought and sold

C#
It's a world of make-believe, life is a movie

G#
It's a world of fantasy, watching the TV

B F# G#
Marriage is sacrifice

B F# G#
Children must pay the price

B F# G#
Families are planned like dice

E F# G#
Parents don't seek advice

solo: G#-F#-G#-F#-G#, (B-F#-G#)³ E-F#-G#

G#
It's a world of opposites, men and women

F# G#
It's a world of opposites, food is venom

It's a world of opposites, good and bad

F# G#
It's a world of opposites, happy and mad

B F# G#...
Politics is telling lies

Religion satisfies

Education isn't wise

E F# G#
Sinners apologize

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Wasted Dream

We were neighbors
She was a friend of mine
We spent some time
Skirting that dangerous line
It seems strange
What happens? What happens?
When the years finally eat away
Left without our dreams - do we pray?

We were partners
She was a friend of mine
We wandered in the evenings
Of another time
Nothing brings back the wasted nights
Nothing comes back in poisoned frights
Except wasted dreams

It seems like a dark fantasy
What we had was more than we could see

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Quiet City

Tigers line the wet black street
I'm forced to walk between
The tarpit pavement burns my feet
The buildings have all
Locked their swollen doors
Don't look down
Or you will fall

Spinning lights that hypnotize
Driving blindly in disguise

People silent will obey
And if they're trapped they always pay
Give me back my dignity
After midnight
In the quiet
Quiet city

Spinning lights that hypnotize
Driving blindly in disguise

Daylight raises up the dust
Shines and burns like metal rust
People scurry like little ants
Car horns harmonize
Their modern chants
It's a quiet city
At night

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Our Last

I will suckle the breasts of wisdom
Your eyes stay turned to the east
The life giving forces are my demand
The future is my created feast

Indians don't seek to change the past
Spotted Eagle is an American bird
Today must be used as if were our last
Carefully chosen must be our final word

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

WALK A WAY

THE COYOTE

G# D#
I've been walking for an hour now

Fm F#
An hour of many days

G# D#
I've been talking for a lifetime

Fm F# D#
But it's all just a moment that's measured by today

A#m C# D# C# G#
I've been working for a long time

A#m C# D# C# G#
I've been working for a way

A#m C# D# C# G#
I've been working for a lot of other people

F# D#
Until it was time to walk away

(G#-D#-Fm-F#)²

G# D#
I've been looking for a sunrise

Fm F#
One that doesn't burn my eyes

G# D#
I've been looking for a daydream

Fm
But when I find what I've been looking for there's always

F# D#
Something else on my mind

A#m C# D# C# G#
I've been working for a long time

A#m C# D# C# G#
I've been working for a way

A#m C# D# C# G#
I've been working for a lot of other people

F# D#
Until it's time to walk away

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



33 BASS PLAYERS

THE COYOTE

Hollywood, California

(G-G/F#bass-Em)[#]

G G/F# Em 33 bass players and not a rock to roll
 G G/F# Em Looking for musicians here is like falling in a hole
 C C/B Am 17 rehearsals the drummer somehow missed
 C C/B Am Lies and excuses are the new religious twist
 G G/F# Em Half a dozen phone calls and not a one returned
 G G/F# Em The guitarist has disappeared--another Mormon burned

F# Music will still set me free
 F# Stranded alone in Salt Lake City
 A What will this land of Eden bring?
 D What will my soul have to sing?

G G/F# Em Of 33 bass players afraid to join the band
 G G/F# Em 33 bass players have sifted through my hand
 C C/B Am I won't wait for the poison to arrive
 G G/F# Em I'll shape this dream with my own hands
 G G/F# Em Performing alone alive

F# Music will still set me free
 F# Stranded alone in Salt Lake City
 A What will this land of Eden bring?
 D What will my soul have to sing?

G G/F# Em Of 33 bass players who showed me the way
 G G/F# Em Leaving me to make my stand and be what they couldn't play

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

QUIET ARMY

THE COYOTE

Intro. + (C-A)⁴ + (C-A)⁴

^C Lining your pockets with ^A silver and gold
^C You haven't got a dime, the ^{A#} beggar is told
^C Working extra hours to yell at your crew
^F You don't trust them to cheat as ^G good as you
^C Make more, take more, ^A much more money
^C The beehive swells of ^{A#} poisonous honey
^C For a pat on the back and a ^{A#} share of the profits
^F You don't care where it comes from as ^G long as you've got it

^C Elders and Brothers ^E help each other
^F The queen ant is home with a ^G half dozen kids
^C Hire by faith and marriage won't wait
^F The church provides your ^G eternal mate

^C It's a quiet army that ^A sleeps indoors
^C Business is where they ^{A#} win their wars
^C It's a secret society ^{A#} blessed by God
^F There weapon is a ^G tight-fisted money wad

^C Elders and brothers ^E help each other
The queen ant is home with a half dozen kids
Hire by faith and marriage won't wait
The church provides your eternal mate

^C It's a quiet army that ^A sleeps indoors
Business is where they win their wars
It's a secret society blessed by God
There weapon is a tight-fisted money wad

^C Elders and brothers ^E help each other
The queen ant is home with a half dozen kids
Hire by faith and marriage won't wait
The church provides your eternal mate

solo: (C-E-F-G)⁴

It's a quiet army that sleeps indoors... chorus/"It's a quiet army"(C-E-F-G)⁸/intro

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Vicious Circle

Sit down, shut up, don't talk back
Better listen to what I'm saying
Or you'll get another smack
You're my kid so listen up and learn
Don't give me any lip
Or your ass'll really burn

How dare you try to argue you ungrateful shit
I oughta beat you with a stick
Until your head is split
There doesn't seem to be anything else that I can do
You're more trouble than you're worth
Your mother never should've had you

My father used a rod, a paddle or a stick
He taught me right from wrong
But you seem to be too thick
Too stupid to ever learn--you're a trouble making fool
No matter what I do
You keep breaking every rule

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

SHAOLIN



Hollywood, California

HOOVER WAS A COMMUNIST

THE COYOTE

^{Am} Hoover was a communist, the biggest of them ^G all
^{Am} Destroying all our freedoms, he ^G loved to watch them ^F fall
^{Am} Supporting southern slavery, he kept the negro ^G in his place
^{Am} Celebrating the Nobel King, only after blood was on his face ^{(E-F)⁴}
^{Am} Polluting up the government, ^F Washington ^G lived in fear ^{Am}
^F Knowing every bedroom was ^G wired to Hoover's ^{Am} ear

^D Yes, Hoover was a ^C communist
^{Am} He crippled the ^G USA
^D Hoover pissed on our constitution
^F With the blood of ^E every state

solo: ^{Am-G-Am-G-F} ^{Am-G-Am-G} ^{(E-F)⁴} ^{{Am-F-G-Am}²}

^{D...} Yes, Hoover was a communist
He crippled the USA
Hoover pissed on our constitution
With the blood of every state

^{Am} Presidents and senators, were just "snot-nosed ^G little punks"
^{Am} If the C.I.A. wouldn't hit them, then the Mafia'd ^F plant their junk
^{Am} He fought to keep our civil rights, dead in the U.S. ^G south
^{Am} He always got the last word with the ^F bullets around their mouth ^{(E-F)⁴}
^{Am} Russia never could have, ^F crippled us so well ^{Am}
Hoover was the ^F "red menace" that ^G burned with lust from ^{Am} Hell

^D Yes, Hoover was a ^C communist
^{Am} He crippled the ^G USA
^{Am} Hoover pissed on our constitution
^F With the blood of millions, thousands, hundreds of innocent people
^E Of every state

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Clouds Of White

Clouds of white swirl wild in the wind
Spring's loaded her breath
Life is here once again
Dandelion snow covers the ground
Stirred into swirls the trees applaud
Releasing their pods in an uproar of sound
Fluttering pods, beige snowy puffs
Spring has an orgasm of light seedy stuffs

Branches are green and the sky is blocked
The shade of life is cool
Obedient to nature's clock
Flowers are drying, nothing is dieing
As the oven hot nights unstir
More bugs in the air annoyingly flying
Flaming orange and black firebugs abound
Unfortunately spiders also climb all around

Centipedes, millipedes, thousands of feet
Inside the lampshades or buzzing at me

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

This Is Heaven

The heat drags on
Is this the desert or Rocky Mountains?
The night is warm enough to go stark naked
Land of prunes, dry, salty and baked

Firebugs slither in through the screen
The ocean is a thousand miles away
Cheap air conditioner full of peddling mice
Rumbles like the refrigerator that freezes lettuce to ice

I sweat just moving my pen
It takes a little patience to remember again
This is Heaven

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Varied Place

Given back the childhood dreams
They are sweet
Do not taste what time has aged
Memories age like meat
Selfishness was there and found
Like candy in small doses
Walk away and turn your back
Before the store door closes

Some did stay to rot their teeth
Hungering for something that wasn't more sweet
Sugar is the first temptation
Greed is the first damnation
When desire cloaks you from your friends
Too embarrassed to make amends
In darkness the loneliness turns
To fire a light that only gently burns
Hell is a varied place
Goodbye John

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Undressed

Sexual energy is like physical exercise
It is needed to stir desire
Revving up our heated passion
Is a drill that feeds the fire
Burning without burning out
Energy must be maintained
Give a little - get a little
Without feeling drained

Relief is not exhausting
Satisfaction is not a loss
The blending of polarities
Balances out the cost
Anyone can drown in water
Safety is always best
Know you're in the right tight place
Especially if you're undressed

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Power Is A Moment

Thunder in the hills
Thunder overhead
Salutes the sound of victory
Or all the soldiers dead
The crack of each lightning flash
Rumbling through the walls
Is not much different to those
Who remember air raid calls
Bombs exploding burning buildings
Light up the TV
Football revelers cheer and clap
At the foreign misery
War is just another sport
When played in distant soil
Life and death or win and lose
In safety blood does boil
For the satisfaction that is gained
From someone else's pain
Power is a moment
Similar to cocaine

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Teamwork

Teamwork does not exist
The fingers do not communicate
The hand is a tool of units
Controlled from a distant state
Connected by a river of wires
The leader is an elected face
Chosen by an invisible God
Who can create, ignore, or erase

The glory is divined
Upon the unfeathered wing
Satisfied with claps and cheers
Hungry for their golden ring
Each digit has a name
Together a team, a group
Sold as a single unit
Choreographed through a spectator's hoop

Their purpose appears simple
The players are mortal men
Harmony is called teamwork
God smiles, then moves again

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

SHAOLIN



Hollywood, California

Why Do I Care? (Tell Me)

THE COYOTE

Intro: (E-F#)⁴

E F#
There is one thing on my mind - I'd like to share

E F#
There is one thing I can't find - anywhere

E F#
There is coldness in the hearts - everywhere

E F#
There is emptiness inside - I can't bear

E F#
Tell me why - do I care?

E F#
Tell me, tell me, tell me why - do I care?

E F#
There is bitterness in life - I don't share

E F#
There is reason to be sad - anywhere

E F#
There is regret for the past - everywhere

E F#
There is hatred seeking pain - I can't bear

E F#
Tell me why - do I care?

E F#
Tell me, tell me, tell me why - do I care?

solo: (E-F#)⁴

E F#
There is hunger for death - I don't share

E F#
There are people in despair - anywhere

E F#
There are liars in our government - everywhere

E F#
There are laws that are unfair - I can't bear

E F#...
Tell me why - do I care?

Tell me, tell me, tell me why - do I care?

Tell me why - do I care?

Tell me, tell me, tell me why - do I care?

Tell me why - do I care?

Tell me, tell me, tell me why - do I care?

(E-F#)⁴

E F#
Tell me why do I care?

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote

Wild Cat

Forest mountains
Green trees and rocks
Nature geometrically carved
Where cars walk
Flat black and oil
White paint lines
Sliding engine roars
To the next road sign

A wild cat steps out
A reason all its own
The lights and noise confuse
Wheels roll over bone

Bloody eyed coughing
Calm in infinite pain
Only one eye, the leg tucked in
Concrete street is stained

Houses made of trees
Forests are backyards
Wild cat of the city
Nature is man made

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

QUITTERS ARE LOSERS

THE COYOTE

(pop riff) A G D E
 I see people who know what
 A G D E
 They need and what they are
 A G D E
 I see too many turnaround
 A G D E
 Giving up before they go far

D C G A
 I watch people who runaway
 D C G A
 They don't know who they are
 D C G A
 They think what someone told them
 D C G A
 Worshipping their polished scars

Bm A G A
 Quitters are losers - so they prove
 Bm A G A
 Quitters are losers - afraid the next move
 D A G A
 Will take them to the top of the ladder of their life
 D A G Bm
 It's easier to be at the bottom - not so far to fall

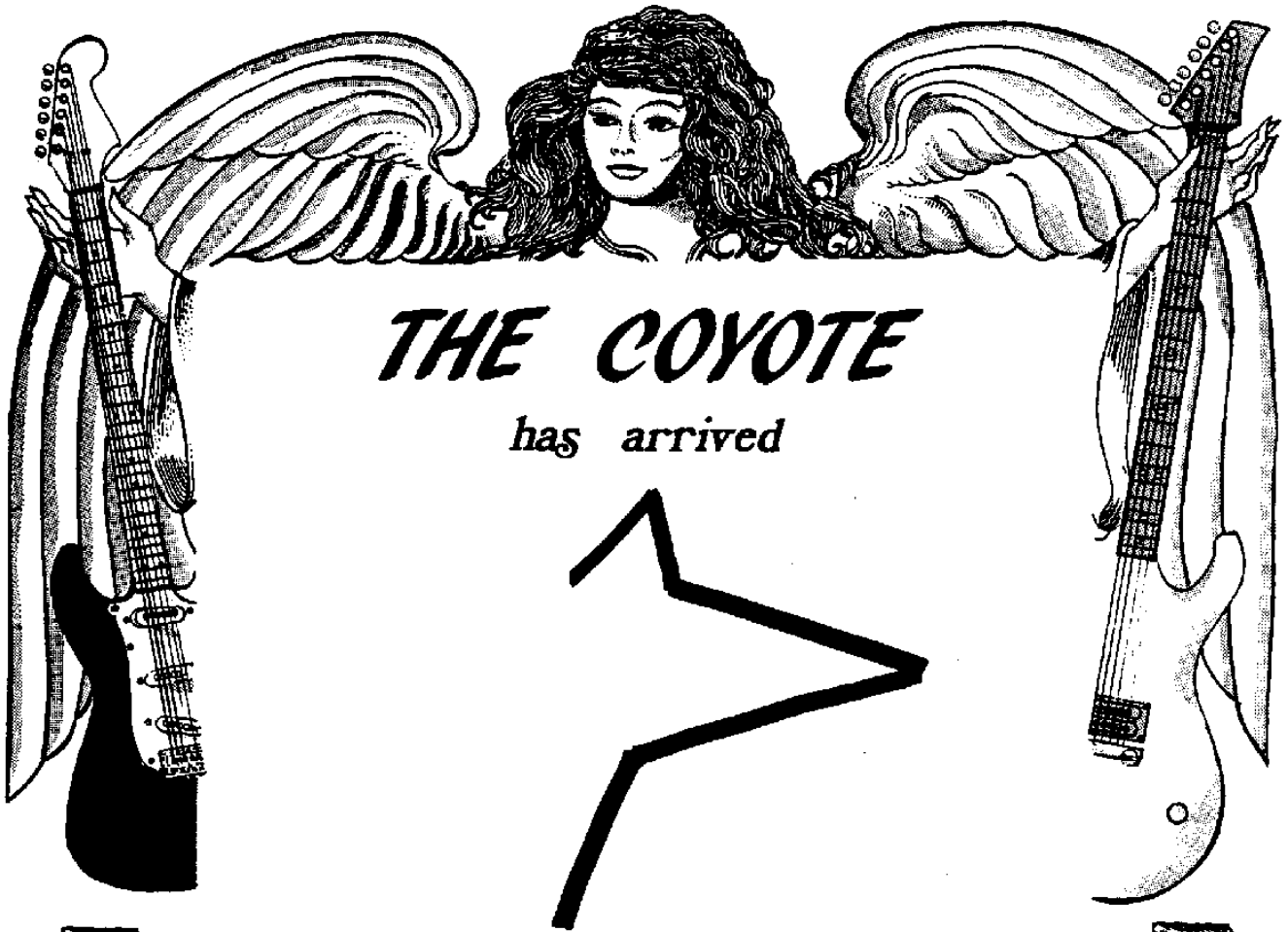
A G D E
 I see people who listen
 To the hate in their mind
 I see too many repeats
 Of mistakes they've kept behind
 D C G A
 I watch people who believe
 What they hated to hear
 They think they are smarter
 Since they can live with fear

Bm A G A
 Quitters are losers - so they prove
 Quitters are losers - afraid the next move
 Will take them to the top of the ladder of their life
 It's easier to be at the bottom - not so far to fall

solo: (A-G-D-E)⁴ (reverse riff)⁴ (Bm-A-G-A)⁴ (E pop riff)^{4½} (E rock riff)⁸
 (E-G-A-G-A-G-A-B / E-G-A-G-A-G-F#)² (up to octave E)⁴ (F# down to E)⁴
 (A-G-D-E)⁴ (reverse riff)² (Bm-A-G-A) (D-A-G-Bm)

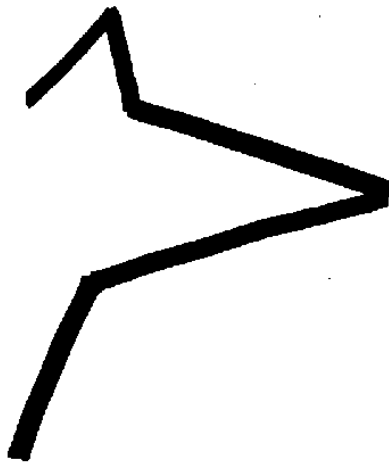
first verse:
 chorus:

Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



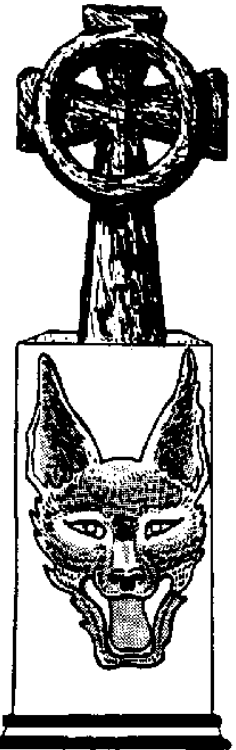
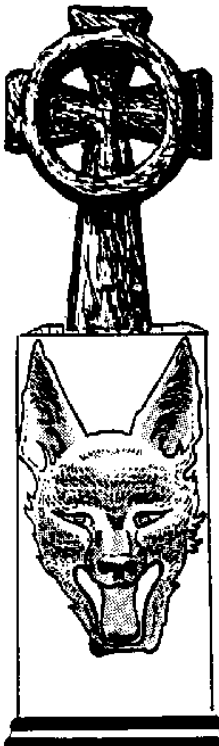
THE COYOTE

has arrived



**UTAH PREMIERE
11:00 to Midnight
Pete's Pool
July 30 & 31**

Plus special guest to be announced



SHAOLIN


SHAOLIN FILM & RECORDS
Hollywood, California



Utah Phase 1 by The Hippy Coyote



Hollywood, California

CHRIST KILLER

THE COYOTE

$(G\#m-G-F\#)^4$

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Wearing your cross, feeling your loss

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Hating waiting, nothing will do

E B A $F\#$ $G\#m - G - F\#$
Knowing the past has cheated you

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Swearing your faith, carry your weight

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Loving success, measured in tests

E B A $F\#$ $G\#m - G - F\#$
Always the last, never your best

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
The spotlight shines dancing on the chrome

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
Gathered behind the stained glass

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
Checkbook life on a balanced pillar

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
Ties suit the Christ Killer

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Walking in lines, speaking in rhymes

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Hundreds of years, worship in tears

E B A $F\#$ $G\#m - G - F\#$
Kneeling to pain, promising fear

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
The spotlight shines dancing on the chrome

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
Gathered behind the stained glass

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
Checkbook life on a balanced pillar

B A $F\#$ $A - E - F\# - A$
Ties suit the Christ Killer

$(G\#m-G-F\#)^2$

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Wearing your cross, feeling your loss

$G\#m$ G $F\#$
Hating waiting, nothing will do

E B A $F\#$ $G\#m$
Knowing the past has cheated you

Creative Works by The Coyote

Books

<i>Autumn Flavours</i>	Poetry Book	Macabre	First book of poetry of <i>Season of Fours</i>
<i>Winter Flowers</i>	Poetry Book	Romantic	2nd book of poetry of <i>Season of Fours</i>
<i>Spring Fevers</i>	Poetry Book	Erotic	3rd book of poetry of <i>Season of Fours</i>
<i>Summer Forevers</i>	Poetry Book	Inspirational	4th book of poetry of <i>Season of Fours</i>
<i>Sid's Place</i>	Novel	Adventure	Drug runner goes underground 1969
<i>Phase 1 - Utah</i>	Poetry Book	Biography	Coyote's Utah Mormon battles

www. shaolinCOMMUNICATIONS.com

Music

<i>It's Your Shadow</i>	Cassingle	Folk Rock	From rock opera, <i>Coyote In A Graveyard</i>
<i>Level 1 = Peace Of Mind</i>	CD	Folk Rock	Coyote's 1st year in Utah
<i>Level 2 = Christ Killer</i>	CD	Folk Rock	Coyote's 2nd year in Utah

www. s haolinRECORDS.com

Podcasts

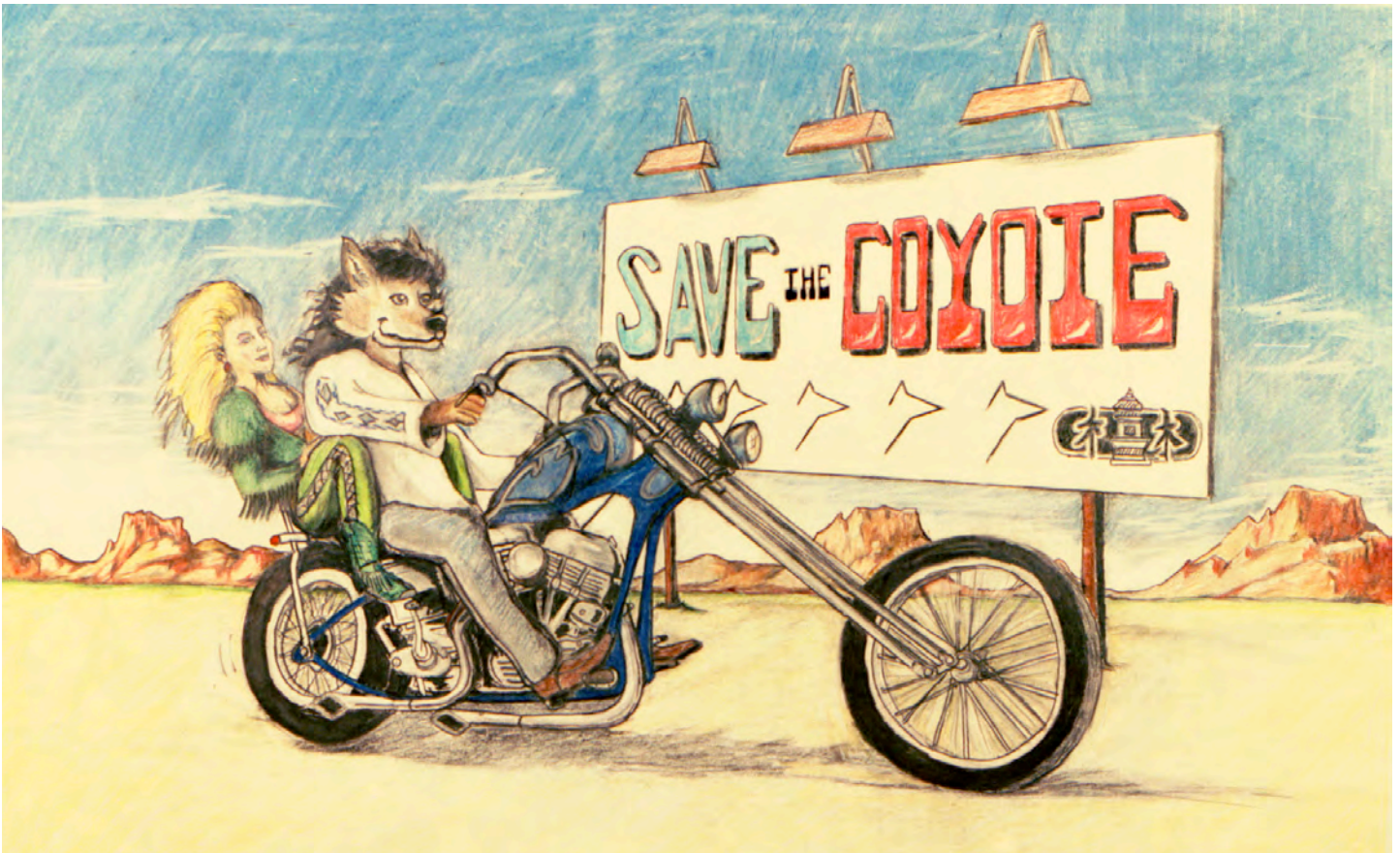
American Zen Buddhist Rock Podcast Music, webstories, and poetry by The Hippy Coyote

www. c oyoteRADIO.net

Video

Soon I hope!

UTAH PHASE 1 - A LONG-HAIRED BUDDHIST IN MORMON UTAH



Coyote being led to the land of Mormon opportunity.

A Poetic Year of Stumbling in the Land of Bumblebees. Beehive State Stings The Hippy Coyote!

"It seems I alienated a lot of people by moving to Utah. My mother took me out of her will and my girlfriend dumped me right after we moved there."

"I knew I'd made a mistake, even before we got evicted, ripped off, my typewriter got stolen, and THEN my van broke down! I believed it was my mistake, my commitment. I tried to see it through and get out of it on my own. What a sucker I was..."

"Utah sucks!"



HippyCoyote.com



shaolinRECORDS.com

ISBN: 978-1-57551-320-1



9 781575 513201

5 1 2 8 8

PDF DOWNLOAD