

# Navajo Rug (feat. Jerry Jeff Walker)

Tom Russell

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 'bacco 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

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