

Navajo Rug

Jerry Jeff Walker

Ian Tyson/Tom Russell
Well it's two eggs up on whiskey toast
Home fries on the side,
You wash her down with the roadhouse coffee
that burns up your inside,
It's just a canyon, Colorado diner,
A waitress I did love,
We sat in the back 'neath an old stuffed bear,
A worn out Navajo rug.
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
Well, old Jack the boss, he left at six
It was, 'Katie, bar the door'.
She'd pull down that Navajo rug
And we'd spread it across the floor,
I saw lightning frame the sacred mountains
The wooing of the turtle doves
Just Iying next to Katie,
On that old Navajo rug.
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
Well, I saw old Jack about a year ago,
Said the place burned to the ground,
All he saved was an old bear tooth
And Katie she left town,
Well, Katie, got a souvenir too,
Jack smiled as he spit out a big old plug,
Well, you shoulda seen her coming through the smoke
She was dragging that Navajo rug.
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?
So every time I cross the sacred mountains
And lightning jumps above,
It always takes me back in time
To my long lost Katie love,
You know everything keeps on a moving

Everybody's on the go,
Hey, you don't find things that last anymore
Like a hand-woven Navajo.
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie,
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you!

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