

THE COYOTE HOTEL (SIERRA'S SONG)

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

On a dingy street in Sonora, the coyote greets the signora
In pesos she pays, then gives him his way, hey that's life on the border
The coyote had painted this vision; it was all she had ever envisioned
With marble bathtubs and plush lobby rugs, Sierra had made her decision
She's willin' to work like a pack mule, in the onion fields of Yuma
Eight dollars a day, is all that they pay, her dreams a mirage that consumes her
So she trails close behind the Coyote, who'd been dealin' some local peyote
He roughed her up bad, but he was all she had, she knew he was no Don Quixote
With scorpions crawlin', she keeps on haulin' across this scrub cactus hell
Hell, if she's lucky by dawn, if nothin' goes wrong, she'll check in to The Coyote Hotel

Texas-Mex songs fill the night air, broken by the light of a night flare
With a worn out backpack, she froze in her tracks
And prayed God forbid it would end there
The coyote ran off and just left her, but he triggered a motion detector
Someone radioed a head, to a watchtower shed
And now no one's there to protect her

But they danced all night at a black tie and cowboy boot ball
She danced all night; in a chandeliered catering hall
Oh how she imagined it all

Black Hawks droned in the night skies, just a little ways off as the crow flies
they're use to the drill, and up for the kill, she doubted she'd live to see sunrise
Quad-runners trolled near the checkpoints, and searched out the Rio Grande waters
Latinos themselves, in jobs that paid well, hey man they're just followin' orders

But this was the moment she'd lived for; she'd fly on the wings of a Condor,
And though she felt faint, she summoned her strength
and ran for all she was good for

In a full-length gown, she waltzed round and round, Grand visions of The High Chaparral
She'd been tricked by a con artist, Who coats lies with stardust
Like the splendors of The Coyote Hotel

A high-powered scope rifle found her, Placed a few warnin' shots around her
When she didn't stop, he squeezed a last shot From a distance he knew that he'd downed her

She crawled the last yards, in front of the guards
And swore she heard the concierge say; 'welcome mademoiselle'
She drew her last breath; it was all she had left
On the mud floor of The Coyote Hotel

On a dingy street in Sonora, a coyote greets a signora.....
El espíritu de Sierra vuela/ en las alas de un condor/ hacia el alto rancho/ en el cielo
Sierra's spirit flies on the wings of a condor to that High Chaparral in the sky