



Nine-Banded Armadillo

At night in Wimberley I hear the sound,
Of something scratching in the ground,
The shuffle of feet and then scratching again,
I've heard it before but can't remember when.

I step onto the porch and turn on the light,
And the armadillo jumps up for I caused it a fright,
And jumping up is what does the armadillo in,
When it's a car causing fright, well, that's the end.

This Texas armadillo has nine bands,
And is found in both good and bad lands,
And this digger's claws are very adept,
But in your yard, it may be hard to accept.

This nine-banded armadillo is a Texas tradition,
A source of tales for a night of erudition,
The little armored one is relatively harmless,
Its rather secretive and prefers the darkness.

It was part of Austin's early music scene,
Armadillo World Headquarters – a place to be seen,
Jerry Jeff and Willie and Waylon and the boys,
Whoopin' it up, making good noise.

The armadillo is Texas's official small mammal,
It's fun to watch it ramble and scramble,
And when it needs to cross the creek,

It walks underwater - it's so heavy it sinks.

Today the armadillo is an Earth Church acolyte,
Leading us into the Camp Hideaway campsite,
We'll watch the armored one scratching and digging,
And find spiritual reward and good life-living.

I always enjoy Earth Church members,
It lights my fire, it stokes my embers,
It creates great warmth in this heat-seeking soul,
Keeping me sane, making me whole.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
And say a prayer that the 'dillo
Will warm your soul too.