

Cattle Call

Waddie Mitchell and Don Edwards

The cattle are prowling, the coyotes are howling
Way out where the doggies roam
Where spurs are a jingling, the cowboy is singing
 His lonesome cattle call
 He rides in the sun
 'Til his days work is done
And he rounds up the cattle each fall
 Singing his cattle call

For hours he would ride on the range far and wide
 When the night wind blows up and slow
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather
 He sings his cattle call
 He's browned as a berry
 From riding the prairie
And he sings with an old western drawl
 Singing his cattle call

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