Cattle Call

Slim Whitman

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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