Along The Navajo Trail

Roy Rogers

Every day, along about evening
When the sunlight's beginning to pale
I ride through the slumbering shadowsAlong the Navajo Trail
When it's night and crickets are callin'
And coyotes are makin' a wail
I dream by a smoldering fire
Along the Navajo TrailI love to lie and listen to the music
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'
It always finds me wishin' on a star
Well what a ya know, it's mornin' already
There's the dawnin', so silver and pale
It's time to climb into my saddle
And ride the Navajo TrailI love to lie and listen to the music
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'
It always finds me wishin' on a star
Well what a ya know, it's mornin' already
There's the dawnin', so silver and pale (like a silvery veil)
It's time to climb into my saddle

Songwriters
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