

Along the Navajo Trail

[Roy Rogers](#)

Every day, along about evening
When the sunlight's beginning to pale
I ride through the slumbering shadows Along 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 Trail I 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 Trail I 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

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