

Ridin' Down The Canyon

[Bing Crosby](#)

When evening chores are over at our ranch house on the plain
And all I've got to do is lay around
I saddle up my pony and ride off down the trail
To watch the desert sun go down

Ridin' down the canyon to watch the sun go down
A picture that no artist e'er could paint
White faced cattle lowin' on the mountain side
Hear a coyote whinin' for it's mate
Cactus plants are bloomin', sagebrush every where
Granite spires are standin' all around

I tell you folks it's heaven
To be ridin' down the trail
When the desert sun goes down

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