Cattle Call

Eddy Arnold

The cattle are prowlin', the coyotes are howlin'
Way out where the doggies roam
Where spurs are a jinglin' and the cowboy is singing
His lonesome cattle callHe rides in the sun 'til his days work is done
And he rounds up the cattle each fall
Singing his cattle callFor 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 callHe's browned as a berry from ridin' the prairie
And he sings with an old western drawl
Singing his cattle call

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/