Cattle Call

Slim Whitman

Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - i - de - de
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Yod - el - od - el - lo - ti - de.The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'
Way out where the dogies bawl
Where spurs are a - jinglin', a cowboy is singin'
This lonesome cattle call.He rides in the sun 'til his days work is done
And he rounds up the cattle each fall
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Singin' his cattle call.For hours he will ride on the range far and wide
When the night winds blow up a squall
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather
He sings his cattle call.

Songwriters
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