

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 singin'
His lonesome cattle call.

He rides in the sun,
'Til his days work is done.
And rounds up the cattle each fall.
Singin' his cattle call.

For 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 call.