

Dottie West

"Cattle Call"

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The cattle are prowlin' and the coyotes are howlin'
Way out where the doggies bawl
Where spurs are jinglin', my cowboy is singin'
His lonesome cattle call

He rides in the sun till his day's work is done
And he rounds up the cattle each fall
Hmm, singin' his cattle call

For hours he will ride on the range far and wide

When the night wind blows up a squall
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather
He sings his cattle call

He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie
As he rounds up the cattle each fall
Hmm, singin' his cattle call

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