

## Frank Sinatra

### "Along The Navajo Trail"

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Every day, along about evening  
When the sunlight's beginning to pale  
I ride through the slumbering shadows  
Along the Navajo Trail  
When it's night and crickets are callin'  
And coyotes are makin' a wail  
I dream by a smoldering fire  
Along the Navajo Trail  
I love to lie and listen to the music  
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar  
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'  
It always finds me wishin' on a star  
Well whatta ya know, it's mornin' already  
There's the dawnin', so silver and pale  
It's time to climb into my saddle  
And ride the Navajo Trail

I love to lie and listen to the music  
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar  
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'  
It always finds me wishin' on a star  
Well whatta ya know, it's mornin' already  
There's the dawnin', so silver and pale (like a silvery  
veil)  
It's time to climb into my saddle  
And ride the Navajo Trail  
Ride the Navajo Trail  
Ride the Navajo Trail

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