

Gene Autry "Ridin' Down The Canyon"

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Ridin' down the canyon, to watch the sun go down
A picture, that no artist ever could paint
White faced cattle lowin' on the mountain side
I hear a coyote whinin' for its mate

Cactus plants are bloomin', sagebrush every where
Granite spires are standin' all around
I tell you folks it's Heaven, to be ridin' down the trail
When the desert sun goes down

When evening chores are over at our ranch house on
the plain
And all I've got to do is lay around
I saddle up, my pony and I ride off down the trail
To watch the desert sun go down

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