

Marty Robbins

"Riding Down The Canyon"

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

Ridin' down the canyon
To watch the sun go down
A picture that no artist 'ere could paint

White faced cattle lowin' on the mountain side
I hear a coyote winnin' for it's mate
Cactus plants are bloomin', sagebrush everywhere
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

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