

## The Cattle Call

Eddy Arnold

The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'  
Out with the doggies bawl  
Where spurs are jinglin' a cowboy is singin'  
This lonesome cattle call

He rides in the sun till his day's work is done  
And he rounds up the cattle each fall  
Singin' this 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  
And he sings with an old western drawl  
Singin' this cattle call...