

Along The Navajo Trail

Frankie Laine

Every day, along about evening
Whenever the sunlight's beginning to fail
I ride through the slumbering shadows
Along the Navajo trail

Whenever it's night and the crickets are calling
And then the coyotes are making 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 climbing
It always finds me wishin' on a star

Well, what do you know, it's morning already
And there is the dawning, so silver and pale
It's time to climb into my saddle
And ride the Navajo trail

And ride the Navajo trail