Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, When The Ca

The cattle prowled and the coyotes howled out on the Great Divide, I never done no wrong, just singing a song, as down the trail I ride.
Rattle snacks rattle at the prairie dogs, you hear that mournful tune.
It's roundup time away out West When the cactus is in bloom.

Daylight comes and the cowhand yell, they call out ev'ry man, I throw my saddle on my old cowhorse and drink my coffee from a can; The sun goes down on the cattle trail and I'm gazing at the moon, It's roundup time away out West When the cactus is in bloom.

We don't have cold weather, it never snows or rains.
That is where the sunshine's best, out on the western plains.
Some of the boys have gone away, but they will be back soon.
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