

Dwight Yoakam, Cattle Call

(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)
(Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - to - do - do)
(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)
(Doo - do - do - do - op - to - do.)

The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'
Way out where the dogies bawl
Where spurs are a - jinglin', a cowboy is singin'
This lonesome cattle call.

(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)
(Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - to - do - do)
(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)
(Doo - do - do - do - op - to - do.)

He rides in the sun 'til his days work is done
And he rounds up the cattle each fall
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do
Singin' his cattle call.

For hours he will ride on the range far and wide
When the night winds blow up a squall
His heart was a feather in all kinds of weather
He sang his cattle call.

--- Instrumental ---

He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie
And he sings with an ol' western drawl
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do
Singin' his cattle call.

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