

# Frank Sinatra, Call Of The Canyon

Just a melancholy echo ling'ring when the day is through,  
It's the call of the canyon, once again I'm dreaming of you.  
Every night I search the moonlight up and down the river shore,  
It's the call of the canyon, maybe I will find you once more.  
Standing there alone by the ashes of the fire we said would never die,  
Will I ever find an ember burning from the days gone by.  
Then I hear a lonely whisper as a little spark I see,  
It's the call of the canyon, bringing back your answer to me.