

Frank Sinatra, Empty Saddles

Empty saddles in the old corral, where do ya ride tonight?
Are you rounding up the doggies, the strays of long ago?
Are ya on the trail to Buffalo?
Empty saddles in the old corral, where do ya ride tonight?
Are there rustlers on the border or a band of Navajo?
Are you heading for the Alamo?
Empty guns covered with rust, where do ya talk tonight?
Empty boots covered with dust, where do ya walk tonight?
Empty saddles in the old corral, my tears would be dried tonight.
If you'll only say I'm lonely as ya carry my old pal,
Empty saddles in the old corral.