

Frank Sinatra & The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, T

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.