

Michael Nesmith, Navajo Trail

Everyday
Along about evenin;
When the sunlight's
Beginning to fade
I ride
Through the slumbering shadows
Along
The Navajo trail
When it's night
And the crickets are calling
And the coyotes
Are making a wail
I dream
By a smouldering fire
Along
The Navajo trail
Love to lie and listen to the music
When the wind is strummin'
A sagebrush guitar
While over yonder hill
The moon is climbing
It always finds me wishin' on a star
Well whadda ya know
It's morning already
There's a dawning
So silver and pale
It's time
To climb into my saddle
Ride
The Navajo trail
Love to lie and listen to the music
When the wind is strummin'
A sagebrush guitar
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