

G | **B7** | **C** | **G**
Rid-in' down—the can-yon to watch the sun go down—

| **A** . **A7** . | **D** . **D7** . | **G** | |
A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint—

G | **B7** | **C** | **G**
White faced catt-le low-in'— on the moun-tian side—

| **A** | **A7** | **D** | **D7** |
I Hear a coy-ote whin-in' for it's mate—

Chorus: **G7** | | **C** * **C/f** **C/f#** | **C/g** |
Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'— Sage-brush eve—ry where—

A | **A7** | **D** | **D7**
Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all a—round—

| **G** | **B7** | **C** | **G** |
I tell you folks it's hea-ven— to be rid-in' down the trail—

A . **A7** . | **D** . **D7** . | **G** | **G** **D7** \ **G** \
When the des-ert sun— goes— down—