

Empty Saddles In The Old Corral

Dean Martin

There's something strange in the old corral
There's a breeze, though the wind has died
Though I'm alone in the old corral,
Seems there is someone at my side

Empty saddles in the old corral,
Where do ya ride tonight?
Are ya roundin' up the dogies,
The strays of long ago,
Are ya on the trail of buffalo?
Empty saddles in the old corral,
Where do ya ride tonight?
Are there rustlers on the border,
Or a band of Navajo
Are ya headin' 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

There is no smoke, still the fires burn,
There's no song, still I hear guitars,
There is no dust, still the ghosts return
Softly to vanish through the bars