

Paint Me Back Home In Wyoming

Chris LeDoux

She was painting a picture of slum life when the cowboy came limping by
Wearing tattered old boots with one sole gone and a far away look in his eye
Well he watched for a while as she painted and then he said mam a you surely paint well
Yes you got all this on your canvas the dirt the squalor and the hell
Well she asked to paint him in the setting ah but he shook his head slowly and low
He said naw I wont fit your picture unless you can paint be back home
Can you paint me back home in Wyoming riding free neath the big sky above
Free as the wind on the prairie out in the hills that I love
I long to get back to Wyoming and I've hoped all these years that I can
Please paint me back home on your canvas paint me back in Wyoming again

Well I never claimed this festured city
You know I was raised on a ranch out in the west
I spent my young years bustin' horses and boy they said I could ride with the best
So I came here to Madison Square Garden to ride in the big rodeo
Ah but I got stepped on and all crippled up and chute bronc bustin' is all I know
Ah boy if I could just get back to Wyoming I wouldn't feel so alone
Ah but the pain is too much for the roamin' so please can you paint me back home
Can you paint me back home in Wyoming...