

Cheyenne

Pistol Annie's

She lives for the nightlife and trashy tattoos
She loves country music and broken-in boots
Nobody can blame her for the chip on her shoulder
She finds plenty of pool-table cowboys to hold her

Her daddy says she was destined for sadness
And her Grandmama Lily's to blame for the madness
The only forever she knew ended tragic
So she'll fall for the night while the neon light flashes

If I could trade love like Cheyenne
If I could be just as cold as the beer in her hand
If I could move men and mountains with a wink and a grin
Oh, if I could treat love like Cheyenne

She knows how to make him wild in the eyes
Comes on like a fever and sets him on fire
I bet she won't even cry when it's over
She's fast like a train, nobody can slow her

If I could trade love like Cheyenne
If I could be just as cold as the beer in her hand
If I could move men and mountains with a wink and a grin
Oh, if I could treat love like Cheyenne
I wish I could treat love like Cheyenne