

Cheyenne

Donovan Woods

I am going on my way to see what's left of Cheyenne
I've known the name all my life, ain't put a face to it yet
And there's just too many things I ain't seen so I am
Driving north to find it

And every couple miles the reception dies on out
And there's a buzzing in my mind a little looming cloud
Like I'm waiting on a call that I'm gonna miss somehow
Ain't that some sweet irony

I was hoping to feel something undeniable
I was sold a bill of goods by documentaries and books
Cause it's just another town on its way back down
To being wholly unremarkable

There's a dead famous writer buried in some southern state
He won the Pulitzer Prize, now he's a weekend trip away
And I figured I'd sit calmly in the grass beside his grave
But it was dirt and empty bottles

I was hoping to feel something undeniable
I was sold a bill of goods by documentaries and books
And it strikes me that he would be shaken by this scene
So doesn't that make me the problem

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