

Cheyenne

Ian Munsick

She likes the lights in the arena
She's a queen when they turn 'em on
She'll smile and say "It's good to see ya"
Like I ain't missed her every day since she's been gone

She'll park her trailer in my driveway
She'll lay beside me in my bed
But she don't talk about the highway
And I don't ask, no I don't ask

Out here in Cheyenne
Tumbleweeds roll through town
In July I am her man
But August is something we dance around
She'll ride in Cheyenne
And then she'll ride on out
'Cause nobody stays in Cheyenne
Except a few broke downs and her damned old rodeo clown

She never asked me to go with her
So I never ask her if she'll stay
She'll be in Wickenburg by winter
And I'll be whiskey wishing for them summer days

Cowgirls, they can't ride forever
Eventually she'll have to plant her roots
But nothing ever grows here 'cept cracks on the roads here
And a girl that pretty don't need no city where nothing never happens like

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I'm her damned old rodeo clown