

Old Cheyenne

Joe Nichols

I pulled out
In a dusty cloud
On a hot night in July
With big tears rollin down
She waved goodbye

Just out of my teens
With foolish dreams
And big stars in my eyes
And now i've had a million second thoughts
On what i left behind

I wonder what she's doing
Back in Old Cheyenne
Does she ever dream of me
And how we might of been
Looking back love in the palm of my hand
I had it all back in Old Cheyenne

I know for sure that buckle of gold
It never came to me
I'm far from the hero I thought i'd be
A rolling stone in the rodeo
It's not what i had in mind
And now there's more than these old broken bones
Breaking here tonight

I wonder what she's doing
Back in Old Cheyenne
Does she ever dream of me
And how we might of been
Looking back i was such a fool
I held her love in the palm of my hand
I had it all back in Old Cheyenne

I'm bluer than the Rocky Mountains
Lonesome as a northern wind
And what i'd give to hold her once again

I wonder what she's doing
Back in Old Cheyenne
Does she ever dream of me
And how we might of been
Looking back i was such a fool
I held her love in the palm of my hand
I had it all back in Old Cheyenne