

I Can Still Make Cheyenne

Max McNown

The telephone rang 'bout a quarter to nine
I heard his voice on the other end of the line
And wondered what was wrong this time
I never knew what his calls might bring
A cowboy like him, it could be anything
And I always expected the worst in the back of my mind

I said, "It's cold out here and I'm all alone
Didn't make the short go again, and I'm coming home
I know I've been away too long
I never got a chance to write or call
And I know this rodeo has been hard on us all
But I'll be home soon and, honey, is there something wrong?"

She said, "Don't bother coming home
By the time you get here I'll be long gone
There's somebody new and he sure ain't no rodeo man"
Said, "I'm sorry it's come down to this
There's so much about you that I'm gonna miss"
But it's alright, baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne
Gotta go now, baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne

I left that phone dangling off the hook
Then slowly turned around and gave it one last look
Then I just walked away
Aimed my truck toward that Wyoming line
With a little luck I could still get there in time
And in that Cheyenne wind, I could still hear you say

She said, "Don't bother coming home
By the time you get here I'll be long gone
There's somebody new and he sure ain't no rodeo man"
Said, "I'm sorry it's come down to this
There's so much about you that I'm gonna miss"
But it's alright, baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne
Gotta go now, baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne

She never knew what his calls might bring
With a cowboy like him, it could be anything
She always expected the worst in the back of her mind