

Goodbye Old Paint

Michael Martin Murphey

Cheyenne, Cheyenne, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne;

Goodbye, old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne

My foot's in the stirrup, my rein in my hand
I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne, I'm off to Montan'
Goodbye, old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne;

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
My wagon is loaded and rolling away

We ride all day till the sun's going down
I'm gonna be glad to get out of this town