

Joe Nichols, Old Cheyenne

I pulled out in a dusty cloud on a hot night in July
With big tears rolling 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 thought of what I left behind

CHORUS:

I wonder what she's doing back in Old Cheyenne
Does she ever dream of me and how it might have been
Looking back I'm such a fool, I held her love in the palm of my hand
I had it all back in Old Cheyenne

The final show that buckle of gold never came to me
I'm far from the hero I'd thought I'd be
A rolling stone in the rodeo is not what I had in mind
And now there's more than these old broken bones breakin' here tonight

CHORUS

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

CHORUS