

Western Skies

Chris LeDoux

The Nashville friends think I'm strange to make my home out on the range
Think it's nothin' but a God forsaken
land
Why don't you bring your guitar and family, move on down to Tennessee
Well, I just smile because they don't understand
But if they ever saw a sunrise on a mountain mornin'
Watched those cotton candy clouds roll by
They'd know why I live beneath these western skies
I got peace of mind and elbow room I love the smell of sage
in bloom
Catch a rainbow on my fishin' line
We got county fairs and rodeos, ain't a better place for my kids to grow
Just turn 'em loose in the western
summer time
And if you ever held your woman on a summer's evening
While the prairie moon was blazin' in her eyes
You'd know why I live beneath these western skies
You ain't lived until you've watched those northern lights
Set around the campfire and hear the coyotes call at night
Makes you feel alright
So guess I'll stay right where I'm at, wear my boots and my cowboy hat
But I'll come and see ya once in a while
I'll bring my guitar and sing my songs, sorry if I don't stay too long
I love Tennessee but ya know it's just not my style
I gotta be where I can see those rocky mountains
Ride my horse and watch an eagle fly
I gotta live my life and write my songs beneath these western skies
When I die you can bury me beneath these
western skies, yippee

Songwriters

CHRIS LEDOUX Published by

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