

# I Can Still Make Cheyenne

George Strait

Her telephone rang 'bout a quarter to nine  
She heard his voice on the other end of the line  
She wondered what was wrong this time  
She never knew what his calls might bring  
With a cowboy like him, it could be anythin'  
And she always expected the worst  
In the back of her mind He said, "It's cold out here and I'm all alone  
Didn't make the short go again, and I'm comin' 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 somethin' wrong?" She said, "Don't bother comin' home  
By the time you get here I'll be long gone  
There's somebody new and he sure ain't no Rodeo man"  
He 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" He left that phone danglin' off the hook  
Then slowly turned around and gave it one last look  
Then he just walked away  
He aimed his truck toward that Wyoming line  
With a little luck he could still get there in time  
And in that Cheyenne wind he could still hear her say She said, "Don't bother comin' home  
By the time you get here I'll be long gone  
There's somebody new and he sure ain't no Rodeo man"  
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There's so much about you that I'm gonna miss  
But it's alright baby  
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If I hurry I can still make Cheyenne" She never knew what his calls might bring  
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And she always expected the worst  
In the back of her mind

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