

# Western Skies

[Chris LeDoux](#)

The Nashville friends, they think I'm strange  
To make my home out on the range  
They 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 'cause they don't understand But if they ever saw a sunrise on a mountain mornin'  
And watched those cotton candy clouds go by  
Then they'd know why I live beneath these western skies I got peace of mind and elbow room, I love the smell  
of the sage in bloom  
I 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  
Then 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 I guess I'll stay right where I'm at, wear my boots and my cowboy hat  
But I'll come and see you 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 you know, it just ain't 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  
And when I die you can bury me beneath these western skies, yippee aye

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