

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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If I hurry I can still make Cheyenne" She never knew what his calls might bring
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