Paint Me Back Home In Wyoming

Chris LeDoux

She was painting a picture of slum life
When the cowboy came limping by
Wearing tattered old boots with one sole gone
And a far away look in his eyeWell he watched for a while as she painted
And then he said, "Mama, you surely paint well"
Yes, you got all this on your canvas
The dirt the squalor and the hellWell she asked to paint him in the setting
Ah, but he shook his head slowly and low
He said, "Naw, I won't fit your picture
Unless you can paint me back home"Can you paint me back home in Wyoming
Riding free 'neath the big sky above
Free as the wind on the prairie
Out in the hills that I love
I long to get back to Wyoming
And I've hoped all these years that I can
Please paint me back home on your canvas
Paint me back in Wyoming againWell I never claimed this festered city
You know I was raised on a ranch out in the west
I spent my young years bustin' horses
And boy they said, I could ride with the bestSo I came here to Madison Square Garden
To ride in the big rodeo
Ah, but I got stepped on and all crippled up
And chute bronc bustin' is all I knowAh, boy if I could just get back to Wyoming
I wouldn't feel so alone
Ah, but the pain is too much for the roamin'
So please can you paint me back homeCan you paint me back home in Wyoming
Riding free neath the big sky above
Free as the wind on the prairie
Out in the hills that I love
I long to get back to Wyoming
And I've hoped all these years that I can
Please paint me back home on your canvas
Paint me back in Wyoming again
Paint me back in Wyoming again

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