

# 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 eye Well 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 hell Well 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 again Well 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 best So 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 know Ah, 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 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 again  
Paint me back in Wyoming again

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