

# Old Cheyenne

Joe Nichols

I pulled out in a dusty cloud on a hot night in July  
With big tears rollin' down she waved goodbye  
Just out of my teens with foolish dreams and big stars in my eyes  
And now I've had a million second thoughts of what I left behind I wonder what she's doin' back in old  
Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me and how it might have been?  
Looking back I was such a fool, I held her love in the palm of my hand  
I had it all back in old Cheyenne That final show, that buckle of gold, it never came to me  
I'm far from the hero I thought I'd be  
A rollin' stone in the rodeo that's not what I had in mind  
And now there's more than these old broken bones breakin' here tonight I wonder what she's doin' back in old  
Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me and how it might have been  
Looking back I was such a fool, I held her love in the palm of my hand  
I had it all back in old Cheyenne I'm bluer than the Rocky Mountains  
Lonesome as a northern wind  
And what I'd give to hold her once again I wonder what she's doin' back in old Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me and how it might have been  
Looking back I was such a fool, I held her love in the palm of my hand  
I had it all back in old Cheyenne

Songwriters

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