

# Joe Nichols, Old Cheyenne

I pulled out in a dusty cloud on a hot night in July  
With big tears rolling 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 thought of what I left behind

CHORUS:

I wonder what she's doing back in Old Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me and how it might have been  
Looking back I'm such a fool, I held her love in the palm of my hand  
I had it all back in Old Cheyenne

The final show that buckle of gold never came to me  
I'm far from the hero I'd thought I'd be  
A rolling stone in the rodeo is not what I had in mind  
And now there's more than these old broken bones breakin' here tonight

CHORUS

I'm bluer than the Rocky Mountains, lonesome as a northern wind  
And what I'd give to hold her once again

CHORUS