

Staines Bill, My Sweet Wyoming Home

My Sweet Wyoming Home

by Bill Staines

There's a silence on the prairie
That a man can't help but feel;
There a shadow growing longer now,
And nipping at my heels.

For I know that soon that old four-lane
That runs beneath my wheels
Will take me home to my sweet Wyoming home.

I headed down the road last summer
With a few old friends of mine.

They all hit the money, Lord,
I didn't make a time.

The entrance fees they took my dough,
And the travelin' took my time,
And now I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming home.

Cho: Watch the moon smiling in the sky
And hum a tune, a prairie lullaby.

A peaceful wind, an old coyotes cry
A song of home, my sweet Wyoming home.

Bridge:

Well, the rounders they all wish you luck
When they know you're in a jam.

But your money's ridin' on the bull,
And he don't give a damn.

Well there's shows in all the cities,
The cities turn your heart to clay;

It takes all a man can muster
Just to try and get away.

And the songs I'm used to hearin'

Ain't the kind the jukebox plays,

And now I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming home.

Cho.

You know I've always loved the ridin',

There ain't nothin' quite the same,

And another year may bring the luck

Of winning all the game.

There's a magpie on the fencerail,

And he's callin' out my name,

And he calls me home to my sweet Wyoming home.

Cho.