

# Sweet Wyoming Home

Chris LeDoux

There's a silence on the prairie; That a man can't help but feel  
Shadows growing longer now; Nipping at my heels  
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 good friends of mine  
They all hit the money, Lord; I didn't make a dime.  
The entry fees they took my dough; the travlin' took my time;  
And I'm headed home; to my Sweet Wyoming Home

Watch the moon; smiling in the sky  
Hum a tune; Prairie lullaby;  
Hear the wind; And old coyotes cry  
A song of home; Sweet Wyoming Home

Now 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; Cities turn your heart to  
clay  
Takes all a man can muster; Just to try and get away  
The songs I'm used to hearin'; Ain't the kind the jukebox play  
And I'm headed home; To my Sweet Wyoming Home

Well I've always loved the ridin'; There ain't nothing quite the  
same  
Another year might bring me luck; Win in another game  
There's a magpie on a fencerrail; That's callin' out my name  
And he calls me home, To my Sweet Wyoming Home

Watch the moon; smiling in the sky  
Hum a tune; Prairie lullaby;  
Hear the wind; And old coyotes cry  
A song of home; Sweet Wyoming Home  
It's a song of Home, Sweet Wyoming Home