

# 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  
On what i left behind

I wonder what she's doing  
Back in Old Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me  
And how we might of been  
Looking back love in the palm of my hand  
I had it all back in Old Cheyenne

I know for sure that buckle of gold  
It never came to me  
I'm far from the hero I thought i'd be  
A rolling stone in the rodeo  
It's not what i had in mind  
And now there's more than these old broken bones  
Breaking here tonight

I wonder what she's doing  
Back in Old Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me  
And how we might of 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 doing  
Back in Old Cheyenne  
Does she ever dream of me  
And how we might of 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