

Aaron Watson

"July In Cheyenne"

Visit "[July In Cheyenne](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the rain and the mud in July in Cheyenne,
They had to carry away that brave young man.
A little part of every heart of every rodeo fan,
Died there in the rain and the mud in July in Cheyenne.

Lookin' back it doesn't seem so long ago,
He was bigger than life, God rest his soul.
Why he died that day is hard to understand,
Right there in the rain and the mud in July in Cheyenne.

So tip your hat to the cowboy every once in a while,
And take time to remember that cowboy's smile.
A little part of every heart of every rodeo fan,
Died there in the rain and the mud in July in Cheyenne.

No buckles on a shelf collecting dust,
Still his memory shines inside of all of us.
Some miss their hero, some miss their friend;
His mom and daddy long to see their little boy again.

So tip your hat to the cowboy every once in a while,
And take time to remember that cowboy's smile.
A little part of every heart of every rodeo fan,
Died there in the rain and the mud in July in Cheyenne.

In the rain and the mud in July in Cheyenne,
They had to carry away that brave young man.
If you're washed in the blood someday you'll see him
again,
And it won't be in the rain and the mud in July in
Cheyenne.

Visit [Aaron Watson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.