

George Strait "Cheyenne"

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Her telephone rang 'bout a quarter to nine
She heard his voice on the other end of the line
She wondered what was wrong this time

She never knew what his calls might bring
With a cowboy like him, it could be anything
And she always expected the worst
In the back of her mind

He said, it's cold out here and I'm all alone
I didn't make the short go, again and I'm coming home
I know I've been away too long

I never got a chance to write or call
And I know this rodeo has been hard on us all
But I'll be home soon
And, honey, is there somethin' wrong?

She said, "Don't bother comin' home
By time you get here I'll be long gone
There's somebody new and he sure ain't no rodeo man"
He said, "I'm sorry it's come down to this
There's so much about you that I'm gonna miss"

But it's alright, baby
If I hurry I can still make Cheyenne
Gotta go now, baby
If I hurry I can still make Cheyenne

He left that phone danglin' off the hook
Then slowly turned around and gave it one last look
Then he just walked away

He aimed his truck toward that Wyoming line
With a little luck he could still get there in time
And in that Cheyenne wind he could still hear her say

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