

## George Strait "I Can Still Make 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's 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

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  
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Gotta go now baby  
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