

Chris Ledoux "Song Of Wyoming"

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I'm weary and tired. I've done my day's ridin'.
Night-time is rolling my way.
The sky's all on fire and the light's slowly fadin'.
Peaceful and still ends the day.
And out on the trail the night birds are callin',
Singin' their wild melody.
Down in the canyon the Cottonwood whispers
A Song of Wyoming for me.

[fiddle]

I've wandered around the town and the city.
Tried to figure the how and the why.
I've stopped all my schemin'. I'm just driftin'
and dreamin',
And watching the river roll by.
And here comes that big ole prairie moon risin',
Shinin' down bright as can be.
And up on the hill the coyote's singin'
A Song of Wyoming for me

[guitar + fiddle]

Well now it's whiskey and tobacco and bitter black
coffee.
A lonesome old doggie am I.
Waking up on the range Lord I feel like an angel,
Free like I almost could fly
Drift like a cloud out over the Badlands
Sing like a bird in a tree
The wind through the sage sounds like heaven singin'
A Song of Wyoming for me,
A Song of Wyoming for me.

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