

Chris Ledoux

"Sweet Wyoming Home"

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Transcribed from audio by John Harris.

Written by: Bill Staines.

Album: Chris LeDoux and the Saddle Boogie Band

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There's a silence on the prairie; That a man can't help
but feel

Shadows growing longer now; Nipping at my heels
I know that soon that old four-lane; That runs beneath
my wheels

Will take me home; to my Sweet Wyoming Home.

I headed down the road last summer; With a few good
friends of mine

They all hit the money, Lord; I didn't make a dime.
The entry fees they took my dough; the travlin' took my
time;

And I'm headed home; to my Sweet Wyoming Home

Watch the moon; smiling in the sky

Hum a tune; Prairie lullaby;

Hear the wind; And old coyoties cry

A song of home; Sweet Wyoming Home

Now the rounders they all wish you luck; When they
know you're in a jam

But your money's ridin' on the bull; And he don't give a
damn

Well there's shows in all the cities; Cities turn your
heart to clay

Takes all a man can muster; Just to try and get away
The songs I'm used to hearin'; Ain't the kind the
jukebox play

And I'm headed home; To my Sweet Wyoming Home

Interlude

Well I've always loved the ridin'; There ain't nothing
quite the same

Another year might bring me luck; Win in another game
There's a magpie on a fencerail; That's callin' out my
name
And he calls me home, To my Sweet Wyoming Home

Watch the moon; smiling in the sky
Hum a tune; Prairie lullaby;
Hear the wind; And old coyoties cry
A song of home; Sweet Wyoming Home
It's a song of Home, Sweet Wyoming Home

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