

Chris Ledoux

"Take Me Back To Old Wyoming"

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The nights get mighty lonesome out here on the road
Pickin' this old guitar a thousand miles from home
The songs tonight I'm singin', Lord, they nearly make
me cry
Take me back to old Wyoming and the lady with the
emerald eyes

Take me back to old Wyoming, I've been away too long
I want to hear the meadow lark singin' this cowboy's
favorite song
I want to saddle up old paint and just ride him out
across the hills
I belong in old Wyoming and I reckon that I always will

Everytime that I pack my suitcase, it gets harder to
drive away
The look that I see in my little girls eyes is beggin' me
to stay
And I get that lonesome feeling before I'm even gone
But with everyday that passes I'm gettin' closer to goin'
home

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