

Chris Ledoux **"Wyoming Girl"**

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I saw her for the first time, when the snow was falling
down

And Lord, she was the cutest thing I've ever seen
Great big green eyes a flashin' ruby lips a smilin'
Well, my heart went pitter patter, and I knew it was
gonna shatter
If I couldn't make that little gal my own

You can sing about your sweet Joly Blon
You can sing about them pretty gals down in
Tennessee
You can sing your song about that Yellow Rose of Texas
But the one by the Powder River that runs through old
Kaycee
That Wyoming girls the only one for me

I've been around this big country
And I've seen a lot of women in my time
Well, there ain't none sweeter and there ain't none
better
Than this little gal, I call mine
And I thank You Lord for making her my wife

You can sing about your sweet Joly Blon
You can sing about them pretty gals down in
Tennessee
You can sing your song about that Yellow Rose of Texas
But the one by the Powder River that runs through old
Kaycee
That Wyoming girls the only one for me

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