

# I Can Still Make Cheyenne

George Strait

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 comin' home.  
I know I've been away too long.  
I never got a chance to write or call.  
I know this rodeo has been hard on us all.  
But I'll be home soon, and honey is there something wrong?  
Chorus  
She said, Don't bother comin' home,  
By the time you get here I'll be long gone.  
There's some body 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 all right 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 can still get there in time.  
And in that Cheyenne wind he could still hear her say: Chorus:  
She said, Don't bother comin' home,  
By the time you get here I'll be long gone.  
There's some body new and he sure ain't no rodeo man.  
He said, I'm sorry it's came down to this.  
There's so much about you that I'm gonna miss.  
But it's all right baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne.  
Gotta go now baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne. 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...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>