

CHORUS

D4
You stand in the sky
Cadd9 G
with your feet on the ground
D4 Cadd9
Never suspectin a thing
D4
But if the sky were to
Cadd9 G
move you might never be found
Em7 G/F# Cadd9
Never be heard from again

VERSE 3

Cadd9 G Cadd9 G
We go on good behavior when our youngest comes home
Cadd9 G Em7 D4
She comes up from Boulder but she never stays long
Cadd9 D4 Em7
And that oldest still fights me like she was 18
G Cadd9 D4
Stopped in for a 6-pack awhile ago
G Cadd9 G
And she s got a cowboy problem And this last one s a sight
Cadd9 G Em7 D4
All dressed up like Gunsmoke for Saturday night
Cadd9 D4 Em7
And they were off to the bars for lack of a plan
G Cadd9 D4 G
Racing the stars to the lights of Cheyenne

(little solo part goes here)

VERSE 4

Cadd9 G Cadd9 G
And you ve kept all that meanness inside you so long
Cadd9 G Em7 D4
You d fight with a fence post if it looked at your wrong
Cadd9 D4 Em7
Well the post won t hit back, and it won t call the law
G Cadd9 D4
I look at you right, or I don t look at all
G Cadd9 G
Now take a crumpled up soft pack and give it a shake
Cadd9 G Em7 D4
Out by the dumpster on a cigarette break
Cadd9 D4 Em7
With one eye swelled up from the back of your hand
G Cadd9 D4 G

And the other eye fixed on the lights of Cheyenne

- chorus-

VERSE 5

Cadd9 **G** **Cadd9** **G**
Now there s antelope grazing in range of my gun

Cadd9 **G** **Em7** **D4**
Come opening weekend you won t see a one

Cadd9 **D4** **Em7**
They ll vanish like ghosts `cause somehow they know

G **Cadd9** **D4**
But now they re up to the fence in the early dawn

G **Cadd9** **G**
And it s warming up nicely for this time of year

Cadd9 **G** **Em7** **D4**
The creeks are still frozen but the roads are all clear

Cadd9 **D4** **Em7**
And I don t have it in me to make one more stand

G **Cadd9** **D4** **G**
Though I never much cared f or the lights of Cheyenne