

Sweet Wyoming Home

Bill Staines II-112

Capo 3 -> *Bb*

G C Am
 There's a silence on the prairie that a man can't help but feel
 D C G
 Shadows growing longer now, nipping at my heels
 G Em
 I know that soon that old four-lane that runs beneath my wheels
 Am D G
 Will take me home to my sweet Wyoming home

I headed down the road last summer with a few old friends of mine
 They all hit the money, Lord, I didn't make a dime
 Entrance fees took all my dough, the traveling took my time
 Now I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming home.

Chorus: G C Am
 Watch the moon smiling in the sky
 D C G
 And hum a tune, a prairie lullabye
 G C Am
 Peaceful wind, old coyote's cry
 D G
 A song of home, my sweet Wyoming home.

C G
 The rounders they all wish you luck when they know you're in a jam
 C Am D
 But your money's riding on the bull and he don't give a damn

There's shows in all the cities, cities turn your heart to clay
 It takes all a man can muster just to try and get away
 The song's I'm used to hearing ain't the kind the jukebox plays
 Now I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming home

Chorus

Well I've always loved the riding, there ain't nothing quite the same
 Another year might bring the luck, the winning of the game
 But there's a magpie on the fencerail, he's calling out my name
 And he calls me home to my sweet Wyoming home