

Western Skies

Chris LeDoux

The Nashville friends, they think I'm strange
To make my home out on the range
They think it's nothin' but a God forsaken land
Why don't you bring your guitar and family, move on down to Tennessee
Well, I just smile 'cause they don't understand

But if they ever saw a sunrise on a mountain mornin'
And watched those cotton candy clouds go by
Then they'd know why I live beneath these western skies

I got peace of mind and elbow room, I love the smell of the sage in bloom
I catch a rainbow on my fishin' line
We got county fairs and rodeos ain't a better place for my kids to grow
Just turn 'em loose in the western summer time

And if you, ever held your woman on a summer's evening
While the prairie moon was blazin' in her eyes
Then you'd know why I live beneath these western skies

You ain't lived until you've watched those northern lights
Set around the campfire and hear the coyotes call at night
Makes you feel alright

So I guess I'll stay right where I'm at, wear my boots and my cowboy hat
But I'll come and see you once in a while
I'll bring my guitar and sing my songs, sorry if I don't stay too long
I love Tennessee but you know, it just ain't my style

I gotta be where I can see those rocky mountains
Ride my horse and watch an eagle fly
I gotta live my life and write my songs beneath these western skies
And when I die you can bury me beneath these western skies, yippee aye