

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above, don't fence me in.

D7

listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle underneath the western skies

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences

D                  Am                  B7                  Gm                  D                  A7                  D

Can't look at hobbies, and I can't stand fences; don't fence me in