Don't Fence Me In

Oh give me land lots of land under star-ry skies a-bove. - Don't fence me in. - Let me ride through the wide o-pen coun-try that I love. - Don't fence me in. - Let me be by my-self in the eve-nin' bre-e-eze. Li-ten to the mur-mur of the cot-ton - wood trees. -

Send me off for-ev-er but I ask you please, - Don't fence me in. - Just turn me loose, let me strad-dle my old sad-dle un-der-neath the west-ern skies. On my cay-

use, let me wan-der o-ver yon-der. till I see the moun-tains rise - - - I want to ride to the ridge where the West com-menc-es. Gaze at the moon 'til I lose my sen-ses.

Can't look at hob-bles and I can't stand fenc-es. Don't fence me in.