Don’t Fence Me In
Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above,
Don’t fence me in –
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,
Don’t fence me in.
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze,
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees,
Send me off for-ever, but I ask you please:
Don’t fence me in.

Just turn me loose,
Let me straddle my old saddle underneath the western skies.
On my cayuse*,
Let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise.
I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses
Can’t look at hobbles** and I can’t stand fences,
Don’t fence me in.

*cayuse: low-quality horse or pony

**hobbles: devices that limit the movement of horses by securing their legs