

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