

Don't Fence Me In

Writers: Cole Porter and Robert Fletcher



[C] Oh [G7] give me [C] land, lots of [Am] land
Under [C] starry skies a[Am]bove.
[C] Don't [F] Fence Me [G] in.
Let me [G] ride through the [G7] wide open
[G] Spaces that I [G7] love.
[G] Don't [G7] Fence Me [C] in.

Let me [C] be by myself in the evening [C7] breeze,
[F] Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood [Dm7] trees.
[C] Send me off for[C7] ever,
but I ask [F] you, [C7] please [F],
[C] Don't [G7] Fence Me [C] in.

[C7] Just turn me [F] loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western [C] skies.

[C7] On my [F] cayuse let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains [C] rise.

[G] I [G7] want to [C] ride to the ridge
where the west com[C7]mences,
[F] Gaze at the moon until I lose my [Dm7] senses.
[C] Can't look at [C7] hobbles and I can't [F] stand [C7]
fen[F]ces.
[C] Don't [G7] Fence Me [C] in.

[C] Oh [G7] give me [C] land, lots of [Am] land
Under [C] starry skies a-[Am]bove.
[C] Don't [F] Fence Me [G] in.
Let me [G] ride through the [G7] wide open
[G] Country that I [G7] love.
[G] Don't [G7] Fence Me [C] in.