

Alison Krauss, Pastures Of Plenty

Well, it's always we ramble, this river and I
All along your green valleys, I work till I die
My land I'll defend with my life need it be
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state in this union us migrants have been
Lord, we come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops
Then it's on up North to Oregon to gather your hogs
Take the beet from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine
Just to place on your table your that light, sparkling wine