

# Ella Fitzgerald, 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 evenin' breeze,  
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees,  
Send me off forever 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  
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses  
And I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences  
Don't fence me in.

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies,  
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 evenin' breeze  
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees  
Send me off forever 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.  
Ba boo ba ba boo.

I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences  
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses  
And I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences  
Don't fence me in.  
No.  
Poppa, don't you fence me in