

Wishing Chair, Keep Me Simple

We drove 500 miles of prairie
The sky's gone green with a storm
My baby pulls up against me
Pull the sleeping bag over to keep us warm
The earth has many treasures
More than I could count
And I'd trade my gold in measure
For the gold of the sun
Or a campfire going out

Keep me simple
Keep me true
Keep my mind on the things I'm supposed to do
Open prairie, sea of sky
I'll ride these roads
As my years
Go by

I'm a gypsy girl with a minstrel's way
Walking wagon tracks my grandmas' made
Touch the earth and feel her grieve
The spirit there makes me believe
I want to learn to sing these songs
Trace my feet for moccasins
Read the wind and which grass grows
Following the buffalo

Keep me simple
Keep me true
Keep my mind on the things I'm supposed to do
Open prairie, sea of sky
I'll ride these roads
As my years
Go by

In a picture of a wishing chair
I stare at those two women there
Strong with age nothing to hide
I see the magic in their eyes
I wish for their weathered hands
I'll plant the trees, sing the songs
I promise I will carry on

Keep me simple
Keep me true
Keep my mind on the things I'm supposed to do
Open prairie, sea of sky
I'll ride these roads
As my years
Go by