

# 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