Don't Fence Me In

By Cole Porter & Robert Fletcher

D   A7   D7   G   G7   B7   E7
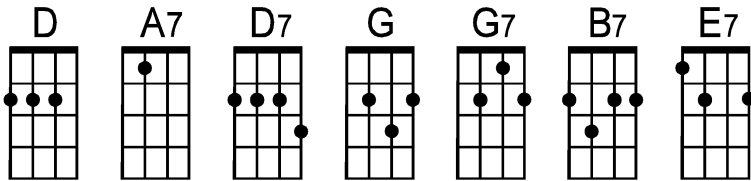
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.   .    .    .   |D   .   .    .    |.   .    .    .   |
     Oh give me land, lots land under starry skies a-bove
.   .    .    .   |A7   .   .
     Don't fence me  in
.    |.   .    .    .   |.   .    .    .   |
Let me ride through the wide open  country that I love
.   .    .    .   |D   .   .
     Don't fence me in
.    |.   .    .   |D7   .   .   .   |
Let me be  by my-self  in the eve-nin' bre-eze
G    .    .    .   | G7   .   .   .   |
Listen to the murmur of the cotton-wood tree-ees
D    .    .    .   |B7   .   .   .   |
Send me off for-ever but I ask  you ple-ease
E7    .   A7   .   |D
Don't      fence me  in


.   .    .   |G   .   .    .   |.
Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle
.   .    .    .   |D   .   .   |
Under-neath the western skies
.   .    .    .   |G   .   .    .   |.
     On  my  Cay-use let me wander over yonder
.   .    .    .   |D   .   .   |
Till I see the mountains rise
A7   .    .    .   |D   .   .    .   |D7   .   .   .
     I    want  to   ride to the ridge where the west com-men-ces
    |G   .   .    .   | G7   .   .   .
And gaze at the moon un-til I  lose my   sen-ses
   |D   .    .    .   |B7   .   .    .   |
I  can't look at hobbles and I can't  stand fenc-es
E7   .   A7   .   |D . . .  |E7   .   A7   .   |D . . . |
Don't    fence me  in            Don't    fence me  in
E7   .   A7   .   |D   A7   D\
Don't    fence me  in
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