

Home On The Range

David Allan Coe

Oh give me a home
Where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night,
When the heavens are bright
With lights from the glittering stars,
Have I stood here amazed
And asked, as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh give me a land
Where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan
Goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange
My home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home,
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.