

Pastures of plenty

Traditionnal

Its a ^{Cm} mighty gard road that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled one ^{E^b} ^{E^b/D} ^{Gm} hot, dusty road
Out ^{Cm} of your dust bowl and westward we roll
And your ^{A^b} deserts was hot and your ^{B^b} mountains was cold

I have worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes
I've slept on the ground in the light of your moon
On the edge of the city, you will see us and then
We came with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, we make all your crops
Then its up north to Oregon to gather your hops
Dig the beets from your ground, pick the grapes from your vine
To place on your table, your light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state in this union, us migrates has been
We come with the dust, and we're gone with the wind

Well its always we ramble this river and I
All your green valleys I'll work till I die
My land I'll defend with my life need it be
For my pastures of plenty, must always be free
Yes my pastures of plenty, must always be free