Dam the Waters

D G D
I've been known as a wandering man. I'm on the migrant train.
Em A7
I pick sugar beets in the summertime. In the winter I cut grain.
D G D
From Texas to Minnesota, all around I have roamed.
Em A7
But the back sweet hills of Oregon, will always be my home.

But a wandering man must have a place from which to wander from.
And when his journey's over with, must have somewhere to come.
I'll always have that wanderlust. I must always feel free.
But I'll never have my home again, after what they've done to me.

Chorus:
D
They've done, damned up the waters,
G D
And they've flooded the back field.

Where I used to do my thinking,
Em A7
Is just a memory.
D
The land which I chose to die in,
G D
When I'm done with my wandering.
Em A7 D
Don't lay me down in no other ground, just bury me at sea.

I've been thinking lately, I must get settling down.
But my memories have all been washed away. My future now's been drown.
What wise men, they don't understand, wise men just can't save.
And now they're water skiing, all over my mama's grave.

Chorus: