Covered Wagon

D A D
Oh, build me a ship, just to carry me.
G D
On through the gap, to the high prairie.
Em D
To carry my wife, and my family.
A D
From St. Louis, to the Oregon Territory.

And we'll rise with the hawk, and we'll set with the sun.
And we'll sleep with the stars, when the day's journeys done.
I'd sell my plow for a team of oxen.
To draw me along in my covered wagon.

<u>Chorus</u>:
D A D
I wish I were on a covered wagon.
G D
Riding across the plain to Oregon.
Em D
Hold, on, those days are gone.
A D
Of crossing our land, in a covered wagon.

My canvas she'd bellow, like a schooner sail,
As we rolled on along, the Oregon Trail.
As we followed in the ruts, of past wagon wheel.
I feel so I am, what I am is so real.
(<u>Chorus</u>)
The songs that we'd sing, are the songs of our life.
They are songs of our joy, and songs of our strife.
Sitting around the campfire, we'd harmonize,
With the coyotes' howl, and the prairie dogs' cries.
(<u>Chorus</u>)
But now we have planes, and motor cars.
You travel so fast, and there you are.
Can't appreciate, just where you've gone.
Like the days of travel, in the covered wagon.
(<u>Chorus</u>)