

b 1 1  
G 222  
D 222

x0201 xx020 xx301 x3201  
Four paddles hit the water  
The mountains grew in the day  
Carrying a message to St. Louis  
And grab a horse by the mane  
Why don't we make a draft ?

**Xx321 320003 02200 x0220**  
**Lifted his rifle from his shoulder**  
**In the first years of his life**  
**Once walked more than two miles**  
**Once walked more than two miles**

x0201 xx020 xx301 x3201  
The other three horses had their own reservation  
After a month in the new city  
I learned my lesson  
The wind shifted and caught scent of the smoke  
It doesn't matter now  
I take your charges seriously

Xx321 320003 02200 x0220  
The green succumbed to the wilderness  
The little creek meandred lazily  
When it matters, enough light remains  
The green succumbed to the wilderness

**Repeat**

Reach your hand out and listen  
We're too few to complain  
Ride up where you'll take your turn