

Woody Guthrie

"Oregon Trail"

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I've been a grubbin' on a little farm
On the flat and windy plains
I've been listening to hungry cattle bawl
I'm gonna pack my wife and kids
I'm gonna hit that western road
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall

Chorus:

I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall
Hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall
Where the good rain falls a-plenty
And the crops and orchards grow
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall

Well, my land is dry and cracklin'
And my chickens they're a-cacklin'
'Cause the dirt and dust is gettin' in their craw
They been layin flint rock eggs
I had to bust 'em with a sledge
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall

Repeat Chorus

Well, my hogs and pigs are squealin'
They're a-rockin' and a-reelin'
'Cause there ain't no water to water in the draw
I'm gonna grab one by his tail
I'm gonna take that western trail
And we'll hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall

Now, my good old horse is boney
Yes, he's dry and hungry too
You can see his ribs three-quarters of a mile
Throw my kids up on his back
And the bay horse and the black
And we'll hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall

Repeat Chorus

Well, my wife gets sort of ailin'
When that mean old dust is sailin'

And she wishes for the days beyond recall
If there's work there in the future
In that North Pacific land
So we'll hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall

Repeat Chorus

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