

Covered Wagon Bob Nolan © *all rights reserved*

We had fun with this great Bob Nolan song. Supposedly, it was never recorded before. I added the little rolling versus you see in italics. If you listen very close, there are katydids in the background as this song begins. A very fitting song for travelers crossing Kansas on either the Santa Fe or Oregon trails.

*Oh, the wheels keep a rollin, and the wagon keeps a goin
Over mile after mile for every woman and man
Oh we'd like to get there sooner, cept we drive a prairie schooner
But we are bound to reach our promised land.*

They were built in Missouri from the oak and the pine
They creaked and groaned, but still made good time
Though the axles kept breakin and the canvas was tore
Every man turned his back on his home forevermore

They were driven by buckskin covered men with a will
They crossed that plain and they climbed that hill
There were some fought and struggled, there was some left there bones
But they built them a continent of sticks and stones

From Missouri to the Pacific cross the wide Kansas plain
Oh we need you covered wagon to keep us from the rain

*Oh, the wheel keeps a turning, and the sun keeps a burnin
Over mile after mile for every woman and man
But theres another mile behind us and it serves to remind us
That we are bound to reach our promised land*

When the snow covered Rockies broke the spokes in the wheels
That's when they pushed and pulled while they ate cold meals
Pioneer men and women lie a buried in sod
Yet they stood by their rifles and their trust in God

*Oh the ruts are getting deeper, and the hills are getting steeper
Over mile after mile for every woman and man
It's a long and dusty trail, but we're determined not to fail
For we are bound to reach our promised land*

Twass the brave pioneer that made this land what it is
He did the mighty deeds that he claimed was his
Then that old covered wagon really made history
For it carried ancestors of you and me

From Missouri to the Pacific, cross the wide Kansas plain
Oh we need you covered wagon to keep us from the rain

*Oh the ruts are gettin deeper, hills gettin steeper, wheel keeps turnin,
sun keeps burnin, wagon keeps goin, wheel keeps rollin,*

We are bound to reach our promised land !!