

# Home On The Range

[Lisa Loeb](#)

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day  
Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day  
Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the stream  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day  
Oh often at night, when the heavens are bright  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
From the light of the glittering stars  
If their glory exceeds that of ours  
Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

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