

# ACRES OF GLAMS

Moderate

1. I've wan-der'd all o-ver this  
 coun - try, Pros-pect-ing and  
 dig - ging for gold. I've tun-nel'd, hy-  
 drau-licked and cra-dled, And I near-ly  
 froze in the cold. And so I de -  
 part - ed for Pu - get Sound, — A -  
 way from a world full of shams. — I  
 sing of my hap - py con - di - tion, Sur -  
 - round - ed by a - cres of glams. —

2. For one who got wealthy by mining,  
 I saw many hundreds get poor.  
 I made up my mind to go digging —  
 For something a little more sure. (Chorus)
3. No longer the slave of ambition,  
 No leader, just one of the lambs,  
 I sing of my happy condition,  
 Surrounded by acres of glams. (Chorus)