

Please Don't Sell Nova Scotia

Anne Murray

Sell your trees, sell your water
Sell your wheat fields, sell your daughter
Sell your paper, sell your schemes
Sell your silver, sell your dreams

Please don't sell Nova Scotia
You know you'll never get it back
You feel good now with a pocket full of money
But nowhere to go when you've lost it at the track

What seems like only a piece of ground
Can get into your blood and move your heart around
So the land you've always known
Becomes a little bit of earth called home

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