

Oklahoma Hills

Arlo Guthrie

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie and Jack Guthrie Many a month has come and gone

Since I've wandered from my home

In those Oklahoma hills

Where I was born Many a page of my life has turned

Many lessons I have learned

And I feel like in those hills

Where I belong CHORUS:

Way down yonder in the Indian nation

Ridin' my pony on the reservation

In the Oklahoma hills where I was born

Way down yonder in the Indian nation

A cowboy's life is my occupation

In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born But as I sit here today

Many mile's I am away

From the place I rode my pony

Through the draw Where the oak and black-jack trees

Kiss the playful prairie breeze

And I feel back in those hills

Where I belong CHORUS Now as I turn life a page

To the land of the great Osage

In those Oklahoma hills

Where I was born

Where the black oil rolls and flows

And the snow white cotton grows

And I feel like in those hills

Where I belong CHORUS

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>