

# Arlo Guthrie, Oklahoma Hills

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