Carrie Underwood, I Ain't In Checotah Anymore

Where 69 meets 40,
There's a single stop light town,
And back when I was really young,
A part of that burned down,
On any given Friday night,
We'd drive a hundred miles,
Between the Sonic and the Grocery Store,
Laughing all the while,
With as many friends as I could pack,
In my daddy's Ford,
But I ain't in Checotah anymore.

My hotel in Manhattan,
Holds more people than our town,
And what I just paid for dinner,
Would be a down payment on a house,
I'd rather be tipping cows in Tulsa,
Than hailing cabs here in New York,
But I ain't in Checotah anymore.

I'm in a world so wide,
It makes me feel small sometimes,
I miss the big blue skies,
the Oklahoma kind.

In a world of long red carpets,
The bright lights of Hollywood,
All the paparazzi flashing,
Could make a girl feel pretty good,
You can get anything you want here,
Except a Wal-Mart store,
But I ain't in Checotah anymore.

I'm in a world so wide,
It makes me feel small sometimes,
I miss the big blue skies,
the Oklahoma kind.

Where the Wildcats beat the Ironheads,
Old Settler's day and the Okrafest,
After prom, down at the bowling lanes,
Catching crappie fish in Eufaula lake,
I ain't in Checotah anymore.

I'm in a world so wide,
It makes me feel small sometimes,
I miss the big blue skies,
the Oklahoma kind,
But I ain't in Checotah,
No I ain't in Checotah,
Oh, there's nothing like Oklahoma.

Where 69 meets 40,
There's a single stoplight town.