

Hank Thompson, Oklahoma Hills

OKLAHOMA HILLS

Writers Woody Guthrie, Jack Guthrie

Many months have come and gone since I wandered from my home
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born
Many a page of life has turned many a lesson I have learned
Yet I feel like in those hills I still belong
Way down yonder in the Indian nation I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
A-way down yonder in the Indian nation a cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I born
But as I sit here today many miles I am away
From the place I rode my pony through the draw
Where the Oak and Blackjack trees kiss the playful prairie breeze
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.
Way down yonder in the Indian nation I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
A-way down yonder in the Indian nation a cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I born
As I turn life a page to the land of the great Osage
To those Oklahoma Hills where I was born
Where the black oil rolls and flows and the snow-white cotton grows
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.
Way down yonder in the Indian nation I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
A-way down yonder in the Indian nation a cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I born