

Jim Reeves, Oklahoma Hills

Many years 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
And I feel that in those hills I still belong.

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
Ride 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 was born.

As I sit here today many miles I am away
From a place I rode my pony through the draw
Where the oak and blackjack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
Ride 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
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--- Instrumental ---

As I turn life a page
To the land of a great old sage
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Where the Blackbony River flows
In the snow white cotton grows
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
Ride 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
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