

# Woody Guthrie, Oklahoma Hills

Many a month has 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;  
Well, I feel like in those hills I still belong.

'Way down yonder in the Indian Nation  
Ridin' my pony on the reservation,  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.  
Now, 'way down yonder in the Indian Nation,  
A cowboy's life is my occupation,  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

But as I sit here today,  
Many miles I am away  
From a place I rode my pony through the draw,  
While the oak and blackjack trees  
Kiss the playful prairie breeze,  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Now as I turn life a page  
To the land of the great Osage  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born,  
While the black oil it rolls and flows  
And the snow-white cotton grows  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.