

Oklahoma Hills

artist:Arlo Guthrie , writer:Woody Guthrie

Thanks to stevemuir - Ultimate Guitar

Many a month has come and gone
ince 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 be-long

Way down yonder on the Indian nation, riding my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
Way down yonder on 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 miles 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 be-long

Way down yonder on the Indian nation, riding my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
Way down yonder on the Indian nation, a cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born

[Way down yonder on the Indian nation, riding my pony on the reservation](#)
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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 be-long

Way down yonder on the Indian nation, riding my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
Way down yonder on the Indian nation, a cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born