

Arlo Guthrie, Oklahoma Hills

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie and Jack Guthrie

Many a month has come and gone
Since 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 belong

CHORUS:

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
Ridin' my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born

Way down yonder in 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 mile's 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 belong

CHORUS

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 belong

CHORUS