

Bruce Springsteen, My Oklahoma Home

When they opened up the strip I was young and full of zip,
I wanted a place to call my own
And so I made the race, and staked me out a place,
And settled down along the Cimarron

It blew away, it blew away,
My Oklahoma home, it blew away
It looked so green and fair when I built my shanty there,
But my Oklahoma home, it blew away

I planted wheat and oats, got some chickens and some shoats,
Aimed to have some ham and eggs to feed my face
Got a mule to pull the plow, got an old red muley cow
And got a fancy mortgage on the place

It blew away, it blew away,
All the crops I planted blew away
You can't grow any grain if there isn't any rain;
All except the mortgage blew away

It blew away my rooster and it blew away my hens;
The pigs and cattle went astray
All the crops that I sowed went a-foggin' down the road
My Oklahoma farm, it blew away

It blew away, it blew away,
Everything I owned blew away
I hollered and I cussed when my land went up in dust,
When my Oklahoma farm, it blew away

It looked so green and fair, when I built my shanty there,
I figured I was all set for life
I put on my Sunday best with my fancy scalloped vest
And went to town and picked me out a wife

She blew away, she blew away
My Oklahoma woman blew away
Just as I bent and kissed her, she was picked up by a twister;
My Oklahoma woman blew away

Then I was left alone a-listenin' to the moan
Of the wind around the corners of my shack;
So I took off down the road when the south wind blew,
A-travelin' with the wind at my back

I blew away, I blew away
Chasin' a dust cloud up ahead
Once it looked so green and fair, now it's up there in the air;
My Oklahoma farm is overhead

Now I'm always close to home no matter where I roam,
For Oklahoma dust is everywhere
Makes no difference where I'm walkin', I can hear my chickens squawkin'
I can hear my wife a-talkin' in the air

It blew away, it blew away,
My Oklahoma home blew away
But my home is always near; it's in the atmosphere,
My Oklahoma home that blew away

I'm a roamin' Oklahoman, but I'm always close to home
And I'll never get homesick 'til I die
No matter where I'm found, my home is all around;
My Oklahoma home is in the sky

It blew away, it blew away,
My farm down upon the Cimarron
But all around the world, wherever dust is whirled,
Some is from my Oklahoma home

[Spare Tire Chorus:]

It blew away, it blew away,
My Oklahoma home blew away
Oh it's up there in the sky in that dust cloud rolling by,
My Oklahoma home is in the sky