

## Jason Aldean "Fly Over States"

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A couple guys in first class on a flight  
From new York to Los Angeles,  
Kinda making small talk killing time,  
Flirting with the flight attendants,  
30, 000 feet above, could be Oklahoma,  
Just a bunch of square cornfields and wheat farms,  
Man it all looks the same,  
Miles and miles of back roads and highways,  
Connecting little towns with unknown names,  
Who'd want to live down there in the middle of  
nowhere,

They've never drove through Indiana,  
Met the men who plowed that earth,  
Planted that seed, busted his ass for you and me,  
Or caught a harvest moon in Kansas,  
They'd understand why god made those fly over  
states,

I bet that mile long Santa Fe freight train engineer's  
seen it all

Just like that flatbed cowboy stacking US steel on a 3-  
day haul  
Road and rails under their feet  
Yeah that sounds like a first class seat

On the plains of Oklahoma  
Where the windshield sunset in your eyes  
Like a watercolor painted sky  
Where like a water color painted sky

You'd think heavens doors have opened  
You'll understand why god made  
Those fly over states

Take a ride across the badlands  
Feel that freedom on your face  
Breathe in all that open space  
Meet a girl from Amarillo  
You'll understand why god made  
Why you'd want to plant your stakes

In those fly over states

Have you ever been through Indiana  
On the plains of Oklahoma  
Take a ride

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