

Moe Bandy

"Oklahoma Hills"

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(Woody Guthrie - Jack Guthrie)

Many months have come and gone
Since I 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
Yet I feel like in those hills I still belong.

Chorus:

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
A-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 Blackjack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.

Chorus:

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
A-way down yonder in the Indian nation
A cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.

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
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.

Chorus:

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

A-way down yonder in the Indian nation
A cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.

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