

# Oklahoma Hills

By Jack Guthrie and Woody Guthrie

D  
Many a month has come and gone  
G E  
Since I wandered from my home  
A7 D A7  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
D  
Many a page of life has turned  
G E  
Many a lesson I have learned  
A7 D  
Yet I feel like in those hills I still belong

Chorus

D  
Way down yonder in the Indian Nation  
G E  
Ridin' my pony on the reservation  
A7 D A7  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
D  
Now, way down yonder in the Indian Nation  
G E  
A cowboy's life is my occupation  
A7 D  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born

D  
But as I sit here today  
G E  
Many miles I am away  
A7 D A7  
From a place I rode my pony through the draw  
D  
While the oak and blackjack trees  
G E  
Kiss the playful prairie breeze  
A7 D  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born

Chorus

D  
Now as I turn life a page  
G E  
To the land of the great Osage  
A7 D A7  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
D  
While the black oil rolls and flows  
G E  
And the snow-white cotton grows  
A7 D  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born

Chorus