

# Oklahoma Hills

[Arlo 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  
Way down yonder in the Indian nation  
Riding 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 miles 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  
Way down yonder in the Indian nation  
Riding 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  
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  
Way down yonder in the Indian nation  
Riding 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

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