

Oklahoma Hills

Jim Reeves

Many years have come and gone since I wandered from my home
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born
Many a page of life has turned many a lesson I have learned
And I feel that in those hills I still belong
Way down yonder in the Indian nation ride 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 sit here today many miles I am away
From a place I rode my pony through the drove
Where the oak and blackjack trees kiss the playful prairie breeze
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Way down yonder in the Indian nation ride 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 a great old sage
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Where the Black bony River flows in the snow white cotton grows
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Way down yonder in the Indian nation ride 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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