

# Oklahoma Hills (Re-Recorded)

**Hank Thompson**

Many months 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  
Yet I feel like in those hills, I still belong  
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 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 Blackjack trees  
Kiss the playful prairie breeze  
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born  
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 born  
As I turn life a page to the land of the great Osage  
To 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  
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 born

Songwriters

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