

Oklahoma

[Sutton Foster](#)

Oklahoma where the wind comes sweeping down the plain
And the waving wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain Oklahoma every night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Making lazy circles in the sky We know we belong to the land and the land we belong to is grand
And when we say ah yippee yo ah yea
We're only saying you're doin' fine Oklahoma
Oklahoma, O K L A H O M A, Oklahoma, yow

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