

Oklahoma Hills

Tex Ritter

Many months have come and gone
Since I wondered from my home
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Many page in life has turned
Many lessons I have learned
Yet I feel that in those hills I still belong

Way down yonder in the Indian nation
I'd ride my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Way down yonder in the Indian nation
A cowboys life was my occupation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born

As I'm standing here today
I am many miles away
From the place I rode my pony through the draw
Where the oak and blackjack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born

As in life I turn a page
To the land of the ole sage
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Where the black oil rolls and flows
And the snow white cotton grows
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born

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