

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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