Oklahoma Hills

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 belongWay 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 bornBut 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 bornWay 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 bornAs 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 bornWay 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

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