

Fly Over States

[Jason Aldean](#)

Couple guys in first class on a flight from New York to Los Angeles
Kinda making small talk, killin' time, flirtin' with the flight attendants
Thirty thousand feet above what would be Oklahoma Just a bunch of square corn fields and wheat farms, man it
all looks the same
Miles and miles of back roads and highways connecting little towns with funny names
Who'd wanna live down there, in the middle of nowhere They've never drove through Indiana
Met the man who plowed that Earth
Planted that seed, busted his ass for you and me
Or caught a harvest moon in Kansas
They'd understand why God made those fly over states I bet that mile haul in Santa Fe freight train engineer's
seen it all
Just like that flat bed cowboy stacking US steel on a three day haul
Roads and rails under their feet, yeah that sounds like a first class seat On the plains of Oklahoma
With a windshield sunset in your eyes
Like a water-color painted sky
You'll think heaven's doors have opened
You'll understand why God made those fly over states Take a ride across the Badlands
Feel that freedom on your face
Breathe in all that open space
And meet a girl from Amarillo
You'll understand why God made...
You might even wanna plant your stakes
In those fly over states
Yeah Have you ever been through Indiana
On the plains of Oklahoma
Take a ride

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