

Oklahoma Hills

Jack Guthrie, Woody Guthrie
Recorded by: Hank Thompson

E⁷ A⁷ D A⁷
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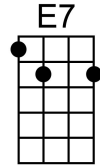
D
Many months have come and gone
G E⁷
Since I wandered from my home
A⁷ D A⁷
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born
D
Many a page of life has turned
G E⁷
Many a lesson I have learned
A⁷ D A⁷
Yet I feel like in those hills I still belong.

CHORUS:

D
'Way down yonder in the Indian Nation
G E⁷
I ride my pony on the reservation
A⁷ D A⁷
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
D
Now, way down yonder in the Indian Nation
G E⁷
A cowboy's life is my occupation
A⁷ D A⁷
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born

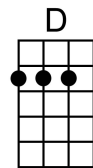
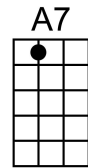
D
But as I sit here today
G E⁷
Many miles I am away
A⁷ D A⁷
From the place I rode my pony through the draw

D
 Where the Oak and Blackjack trees
G **E7**
 Kiss the playful prairie breeze
A7 **D** **A7**
 In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.



CHORUS:

D
 As I turn life a page
G **E7**
 To the land of the great Osage
A7 **D** **A7**
 To those Oklahoma Hills where I was born
D
 Where the black oil rolls and flows
G **E7**
 And the snow-white cotton grows
A7 **D** **A7**
 In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.



CHORUS:

D
 'Way down yonder in the Indian Nation
G **E7**
 I ride my pony on the reservation
A7 **D** **A7**
 In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
D
 Now, way down yonder in the Indian Nation
G **E7**
 A cowboy's life is my occupation
A7 **D** **A7**
 In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born
A7 **D** **A7** **D**
 In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born // /

