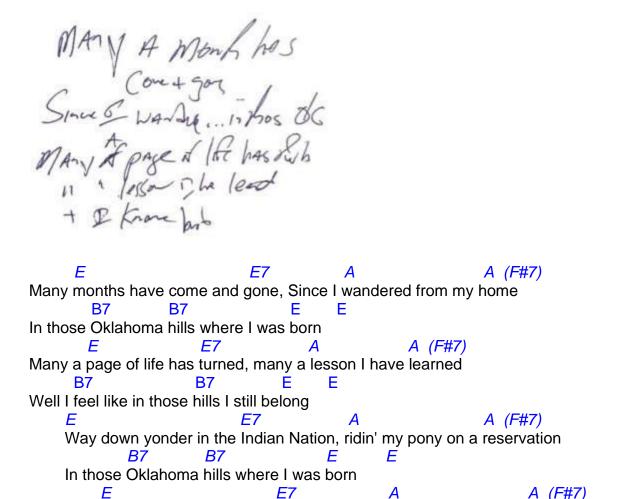
Oklahoma Hills by Woody Guthrie (1945)



Now way down yonder in the Indian Nation, a cowboy's life is my occupation

But as I sit here today, many miles I am away From a place I rode my pony through the draw While the oak and blackjack trees, kiss the playful prairie breeze In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born

In those 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 While the black oil rolls and flows and the snow white cotton grows In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born