

Oklahoma Hills by Woody Guthrie (1945)

MANY A Month has
Come + gone
Since I wandered ... in those hills
MANY A page of life has turned
It's a lesson I've learned
+ I know how

E *E7* *A* *A (F#7)*
Many months have come and gone, Since I wandered from my home
B7 *B7* *E* *E*
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born
E *E7* *A* *A (F#7)*
Many a page of life has turned, many a lesson I have learned
B7 *B7* *E* *E*
Well I feel like in those hills I still belong
E *E7* *A* *A (F#7)*
Way down yonder in the Indian Nation, ridin' my pony on a reservation
B7 *B7* *E* *E*
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born
E *E7* *A* *A (F#7)*
Now way down yonder in the Indian Nation, a cowboy's life is my occupation
B7 *B7* *E* *E*
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born

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

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