

Oklahoma State Of Mind

Christian Kane

Six pack
Stereo
20 minutes to the show
Wet roads
Heavy loads
Runnin' lotsa Friday nights
The boys are in the back
With a bottle and a steel guitar
Hollywood sunset
Haven't seen the worst yet
Singin' songs at the top of our lungs
Smackin' everybody's hands
As they're slidin' through the alley
And we drive into the local bar
Well, rain or shine
Yeah, man
We're in an Oklahoma state of mind

Pop stars
Porn stars
Sixty thousand dollar cars
Hollywood women with the venom still in 'em
They got my TV rights
Your dirty cosmo politician and wine
We got NASCARs
Strip bars
American made cars
Country rockin' women now to get up and get 'em
We got Budweiser beer
Jim Beam
Jack, tequila and lime
Well, everybody's got their own definition of just their kind
Oh me
I'm in an Oklahoma state of mind

Well, don't be scared of the rhythm
You can dance to this just fine
Yeah, put yourself in an Oklahoma state of mind
Yeah
When the Hollywood nights come then here I'll stay
And there's a big attitude in Dallas way
Well, I say okay L.A. let's show 'em me!
Ow!

Now don't be scared of the fiddle
You can dance to this just fine
Get yourself in an Oklahoma state of mind
Cut off t-shirts and leather mini skirts
With the big armed boys and red red girls
Cowboy hats and Tony Lama's
In crimson and white
She got it if you don't write
You're jeans aren't too tight
And it ain't my fault she caught
You out here tonight
Trustin' me to force em in
And getting' me to get it all night

Well if you nip off again
You might get knocked on your behind
Sweat boy
Yeah, man
I'm in an Oklahoma state of mind
Well they're stringin' beers
And we'll dance on into the night
Yeah
Put yourself in an Oklaho- ha-ha ooh