

# 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