

Fly Over States

Jason Aldean

A couple of guys in first class on a flight
From new York to Los Angeles,
Kinda making small talk killing time,
Flirting with the flight attendants,
Thirty-thousand feet above, could be Oklahoma,

Just a bunch of square cornfields and wheat farms,
Man, it all looks the same,
Miles and miles of back roads and highways,
Connecting little towns with funny names,
Who'd want to live down there in the middle of nowhere?

They've never drove through Indiana,
Met the men who plowed that earth,
Planted that seed, busted his ass for you and me,
Or caught a harvest moon in Kansas,
They'd understand why god made
Those fly over states,

I bet that mile long Santa Fe freight train engineer's seen it
all
Just like that flatbed cowboy stacking US steel on a 3-day haul
Roads and rails under their feet
Yeah that sounds like a first class seat

On the plains of Oklahoma
With a windshield sunset in your eyes
Like a water-colored painted sky

You'll think heaven's doors have opened
You'll understand why god made
Those fly over states

Take a ride across the badlands
Feel that freedom on your face
Breathe in all that open space
And meet a girl from Amarillo
You'll understand why god made
You might even wanna plant your stakes
In those fly over states
(Ya)

Have you ever been through Indiana?
On the plains of Oklahoma?
Take a ride.