

# Oklahoma Hills

Jim Reeves

Many years have come and gone  
Since I wandered from my home  
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born  
Many a page of life has turned  
Many a lesson I have learned  
And I feel that in those hills I still belong.

Way down yonder in the Indian nation  
Ride my pony on the reservation  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born  
A way down yonder in the Indian nation  
A cowboy's life is my occupation  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

As I sit here today many miles I am away  
From a place I rode my pony through the draw  
Where the oak and blackjack trees  
Kiss the playful prairie breeze  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

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Ride my pony on the reservation  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born  
A way down yonder in the Indian nation  
A cowboy's life is my occupation  
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As I turn life a page  
To the land of a great old sage  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born  
Where the Blackbony River flows  
In the snow white cotton grows  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Way down yonder in the Indian nation  
Ride my pony on the reservation  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born  
A way down yonder in the Indian nation  
A cowboy's life is my occupation  
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born...