

Oklahoma!

O-k-lahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain

And the wavin' wheat, can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain

O-k-lahoma, ev'ry night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk, and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand

And when we say, Yeeow!
A-yip-ih-oh-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma
Oklahoma, O.K!