

The Everlasting Hills of Oklahoma

Hank Thompson

The everlasting hills of Oklahoma
They hold a million treasures to be found
Golden grain on hills of green
Wave to valleys cool and clean
Too bad some folks have never seen
The everlasting hills of Oklahoma
The everlasting hills of Oklahoma
Are told of clouded statues in the sky
Pioneers who long have gone
Their wagon wheels still rumble on
When thunder peels and falls upon
The everlasting hills of Oklahoma
The everlasting hills of Oklahoma
Will live in names of men she claimed her own
Some were right and some were wrong
In history's pages, prose and song
Oh hail them now for they all belong
To the everlasting hills of Oklahoma