

Oklahoma

Chase Rice

It ain't the pink-
blue skies or the way the sun dies in the evening
Ain't the sage or the windmills out where the thunder rolls
Ain't a poster on the wall from the '99 fall, when Ragweed filled this bar
It's an Okie gal that stole this Tennessee heart

I should roll on down the highway
I should put this two-tone half ton in the wind
Ain't coming home, probably shoulda told ya
But I just can't leave Oklahoma

It ain't the open road, no matter which way to go, just to clear your mind
It's not the four-
way stop, with the old Blair bar and the flashing light
It ain't the flatland farms or the dried-
up ponds I'm passing by
It ain't the shelter belt that stood there and held strong since '39

I should roll on down the highway
I should put this two-tone half ton in the wind
Ain't coming home, probably shoulda told ya
But I just can't leave Oklahoma

They say sooner or later the cowboy leaves
But no, not me

I should roll on down the highway
I should put this two-tone half ton in the wind
Ain't coming home, probably shoulda told ya
But I just can't leave Oklahoma
No, I just can't leave Oklahoma