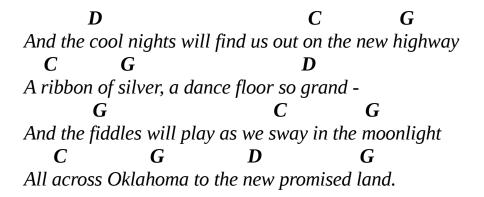
## All Across Oklahoma

Bill Bryson

G	$\mathbf{L}$	)	G
They're pouring a highway, it starts in Chicago			
G		D	
It runs with the sun all the way to the sea			
G	$\mathbf{C}$	G	
Straight as an arrow, all across Oklahoma			
$\mathbf{C}$	G	D	G
They say there'll be labor for a poor man like me.			

I'm a hardscrabble farmer with a young wife and daughter Raising nothing but dust on this old family ground. So I'll lay down the plow and pick up a shovel, Go to work on the new road with the neighbors all round.



Oh the concrete sets swiftly in the hot prairie sunlight, Every mile takes us further on the new road we laid. From sunup to sundown the ribbon gets longer As we waltz our way westward on the dance floor we made

## Chorus

I'll lay myself down to dream by the highway
Of a whole country movin' on the work that we've done.
Now we're both cracked and weathered, and both are forgotten
And we sleep in the quiet of the warm prairie sun.

Chorus