

Boy From Oklahoma
Willis Alan Ramsey

Boy from Oklahoma
by Willis Alan Ramsey (Wishbone Music)

Tabs by Casey Carr

C# **F#**
Travelin'™ across the country
G# **C#**
playin'™ on the circuit line
C# **Bbm**
sometimes I think about a man
Eb7 **G#**
who was here before my time.
F# **C#**
Named for the 28th president
F# **G#**
with a Guthrie tacked to the end.
C# **G#**
born in Okemah shoes
B **F#**
with the Dust Bowl blues,
C#
a friend of the working man.
C# **F#**
Now he wasn't partial to New York buildings
G# **C#**
that tried to touch the sky
C# **Bbm** **Eb7** **G#7**
West Virginia coal mines that took so many lives
F# **C#**
for the way they drove the migrant workers
F# **G#**
back over into Mexico way.
C# **G#**
and the scabs they run
B **F#**
when they heard he'd come
C#
and the bosses started to pray.

Chorus:

F# **G#**
Just a boy from Oklahoma
C# **Bbm**

on an endless one-night stand

F# **G#**

wanâ€™drinâ€™ and a-ramblinâ€™

C# **Bbm**

driftinâ€™ with the midnight sand.

F# **G#**

He played the blues and the ballads

C# **F#**

and all that came between

Ebm

his heart was in the Union

B **G#**

and his soul was reachinâ€™ out

C# **G#m** **C#**

for the servantâ€™s dream.

C# **F#**

Now I was talking to a man that met him

G# **C#**

in a bar near Clovis town.

C# **Bbm**

He said the whole place was a-shakinâ€™

Eb7 **G#7**

as he was passing his songs around.

F# **C#**

In between the tunes he asked him

F# **G#**

where heâ€™d be when the morrow came

C# **G#**

He said through his grin,

B **F#**

I put my thumb in the wind

C#

and Iâ€™m off down the road again.

Chorus:

F# **G#**

Just a boy from Oklahoma

C# **Bbm**

on an endless one-night stand

F# **G#**

I wander and I ramble

C# **Bbm**

and I drift with the midnight sand.

F# **G#**

I play the blues and the ballads

C# **F#**

and all that comes between

Ebm

my heart is in the Union

B **G#**

and my soul is reachinâ€™ out

C# **G#m** **C#**
for the servant's dream.

C# **F#**
Now you know that Woody Guthrie
G# **C#**
Is dead and buried in the ground

C# **Bbm**
Sometimes I sing his songs

Eb7 **G#7**
and I get to thinkin' that he's still around.

F# **C#**
I'll hold that his fires everlastin'

F# **G#**
Testify that his voice has rung true

C# **G#**
and the ramblin' man's risin'

B **F#**
and the kingdom's his

C#
but his songs are for me and you.

Chorus: