

**Boy From Oklahoma**  
**Willis Alan Ramsey**

Boy from Oklahoma  
by Willis Alan Ramsey (Wishbone Music)

Tabs by Casey Carr

**E** **A**  
Travelin'™ across the country  
**B** **E**  
playin'™ on the circuit line  
**E** **C#m**  
sometimes I think about a man  
**F#7** **B**  
who was here before my time.  
**A** **E**  
Named for the 28th president  
**A** **B**  
with a Guthrie tacked to the end.  
**E** **B**  
born in Okemah shoes  
**D** **A**  
with the Dust Bowl blues,  
**E**  
a friend of the working man.  
**E** **A**  
Now he wasn't partial to New York buildings  
**B** **E**  
that tried to touch the sky  
**E** **C#m** **F#7** **B7**  
West Virginia coal mines that took so many lives  
**A** **E**  
for the way they drove the migrant workers  
**A** **B**  
back over into Mexico way.  
**E** **B**  
and the scabs they run  
**D** **A**  
when they heard he'd come  
**E**  
and the bosses started to pray.

Chorus:

**A** **B**  
Just a boy from Oklahoma  
**E** **C#m**

on an endless one-night stand

**A** **B**  
wanâ€™drinâ€™ and a-ramblinâ€™  
**E** **C#m**  
driftinâ€™ with the midnight sand.

**A** **B**  
He played the blues and the ballads

**E** **A**  
and all that came between

**F#m**  
his heart was in the Union

**D** **B**  
and his soul was reachinâ€™ out

**E** **Bm** **E**  
for the servantâ€™s dream.

**E** **A**  
Now I was talking to a man that met him

**B** **E**  
in a bar near Clovis town.

**E** **C#m**  
He said the whole place was a-shakinâ€™

**F#7** **B7**  
as he was passing his songs around.

**A** **E**  
In between the tunes he asked him

**A** **B**  
where heâ€™d be when the morrow came

**E** **B**  
He said through his grin,

**D** **A**  
I put my thumb in the wind

**E**  
and Iâ€™m off down the road again.

Chorus:

**A** **B**  
Just a boy from Oklahoma  
**E** **C#m**  
on an endless one-night stand

**A** **B**  
I wander and I ramble

**E** **C#m**  
and I drift with the midnight sand.

**A** **B**  
I play the blues and the ballads

**E** **A**  
and all that comes between

**F#m**  
my heart is in the Union

**D** **B**  
and my soul is reachinâ€™ out

for the servant's dream.

Now you know that Woody Guthrie  
Is dead and buried in the ground  
Sometimes I sing his songs  
and I get to thinkin' that he's still around.  
I'll hold that his fires everlastin'  
Testify that his voice has rung true  
and the ramblin' man's risin'  
and the kingdom's his  
but his songs are for me and you.

Chorus: