

*All Across Oklahoma* (Bill Bryson)

C / / /

1 They're pouring a highway, it starts in Chi - cago, it runs with the sun all the way to the sea; Straight as an ar - row, all a - cross Okla - homa They say there'll be labor for a poor man like me.

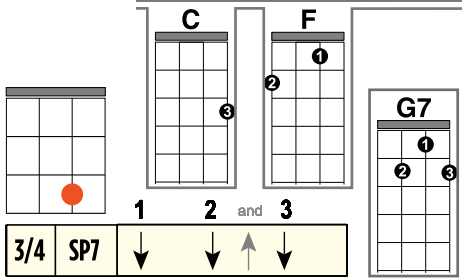
2 I'm a hardscrabble farmer with a young wife and daughter, raisin' nothin' but dust on this old family ground. So I'll lay down the plough and pick up a shovel, Go to work on the new road with the neighbors all round.

**Ch** And the cool nights will find us out on the new highway, a ribbon of silver, a dance floor so grand; and the fiddles will play as we sway in the moonlight, All a - cross Okla - homa to the new promised land.

3 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]**

4 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.

**Ch**  
**x2** And the cool nights will find us out on the new highway, a ribbon of silver, a dance floor so grand; and the fiddles will play as we sway in the moonlight, All a - cross Okla - homa to the new promised land.



*This was a song recorded and performed by a Californian group called The Brombies, written by their bass player Bill Bryson (not the well known author).*

