All Across Oklahoma (Bill Bryson)

C / / /

F C G7 C F C /
1 They're pouring a highway, it starts in Chi - cago, it runs with the sun all the way to
G7 / C / F C
the sea; Straight as an ar - row, all a - cross Okla - homa
F C G7 F C G7 C
They say there'll be labor for a poor man like me.

F C G7 C F C
2 I'm a hardscrabble farmer with a young wife and daughter, raisin' nothin' but dust
C G7 / C / F C
on this old family ground. So I'll lay down the plough and pick up a shovel,
F C G7 C /
Go to work on the new road with the neighbors all round.

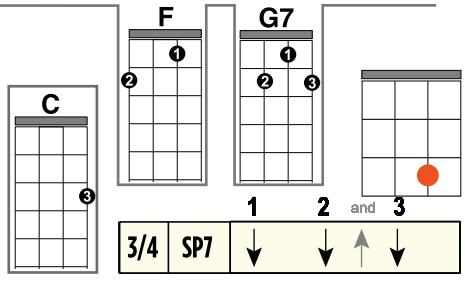
G7 / F C / F C
Ch And the cool nights will find us out on the new highway, a ribbon of silver,
C G7 / C / F C /
a dance floor so grand; and the fiddles will play as we sway in the moonlight,
F C G7 F C G7 C
All a - cross Okla - homa to the new promised land.

F C G7 C F C
3 Oh the concrete sets swiftly in the hot prairie sunlight, every mile takes us further
C G7 / C / F C
on the new road we laid. From sunup to sundown the ribbon gets longer
F C G7 C /
As we waltz our way westward on the dance floor we made. *[Chorus]*

F C G7 C F C /
4 I'll lay myself down to dream by the highway, of a whole country movin' on the work
G7 / C / F C
that we've done. Now we're both cracked and weathered, and both are forgotten
F C G7 C /
And we sleep in the quiet of the warm prairie sun.

G7 / F C / F C
Ch And the cool nights will find us out on the new highway, a ribbon of silver,
x2 C G7 / C / F
a dance floor so grand; and the fiddles will play as we sway in the
C / F C G7 F C G7 C—
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).



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