

Oklahoma's Son

In school they made us sing it every morning like the sun
And the words all ran together 'til it ended up as fun
All the images forever captured by an Oklahoma son
That could be the biggest thing a man has ever done

Oh, Woody, you were past it by the time that I was born
And your Huntington's disease had left you frail and mute and torn
Already bound for glory, a million thoughts, a thousand songs
Already passed to legend by the day that I was born

You were Oklahoma's son, but in the end belonged to no one
Signpainter, singer, sailor, soldier, bum
Both a father and a child, a fascist-fighting, union man
Writing songs and poems for everyone

No the Dust Bowl couldn't stop you, nor could the bulls in the railroad yards
You found thousands of your people under bridges and in boxcars
There was opportunity in everything you saw
A chance to turn a witnessing into another song

You were Oklahoma's son, but in the end belonged to no one
Signpainter, singer, sailor, soldier, bum
Both a father and a child, a fascist-fighting union man
Writing songs and poems for everyone

Sure, in later years you staggered drunk, disabled, rambling on
There's so much in your short life and work to cherish and pass on
And though they don't sing all your words in polite company
Still I know this land was truly made for you and me

So every time I sing that song to the old or to the young
Yeah, I sing all the verses like I know you would have done
And I bow my head to greatness, make sure they know who you were
And that's the greatest gift I got from Oklahoma's son
That could be the greatest gift from Oklahoma's son
And that could be the biggest thing a man has ever done