

Fly Over States

Jason Aldean

A couple of guys in first class on a flight
From New York to Los Angeles
Kinda making small talk, killing time
Flirting with the flight attendants
30, 000 feet above, could be Oklahoma
Just a bunch of square cornfields and wheat farms
Man it all looks the same
Miles and miles of backroads and highways
Connecting little towns with funny names
Who'd want to live down there in the middle of nowhere?
They've never drove through Indiana
Met a man who plowed that earth
Planted that seed, busted his ass for you and me
Or caught a harvest moon in Kansas They'd understand why God made those fly over states I bet
that mile long Santa Fe freight train engineer's seen it all
Just like that flatbed cowboy stacking US steel on a 3-day haul Road and rails under their feet
Yeah that sounds like a first class seat On the plains of Oklahoma With a windshield sunset in
your eyes
Like a watercolor painted sky
You'd think heavens doors have opened
You'll understand why God made
Those fly over states
Take a ride across the badlands
Feel that freedom on your face
Breathe in all that open space
Meet a girl from Amarillo
You'll understand why God made
Might even want to plant your stakes
In those fly over states
Have you ever been through Indiana
On the plains of Oklahoma
Take a ride

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