

OIL!

The black gold rolled and flowed
from this Oklahoma land!
Oil derricks blocked the sun,
barely room for a man to stand.

Fortunes made and lost, and fortunes made again -
the oil men rolled the dice!
Punch a hole and bust, or punch a hole and gusher;
no matter, they would pay the price!

It was the new frontier of oil and mud,
and rugged roughneck men,
who did the dangerous work by day,
and by night they practiced sin!

They were living for the moment,
going hard and fast.
Making money, spending more -
they knew it couldn't last!

Oklahoma oil! It was pumped to run this land.
Oklahoma oil! That smooth black siren
called to the soul of every eager man!

And it lifted some to greatness,
and fortunes beyond belief!
In the Oklahoma of the rich,
it was not gold, but oil that paved the streets.

Still, after all these years,
the name Oklahoma summons oil,
and images of boomtowns
springing from the soil!

Oklahoma, where that black gold
rolled and flowed,
was the engine of America -
its future bright and bold.

But as quickly as they started
the boom days faded fast.
New fields were found in other places;
it wasn't meant to last.

But for just a while Oklahoma was
the darling of them all -
where that black oil flowed in rivers
and the roughnecks worked and brawled!

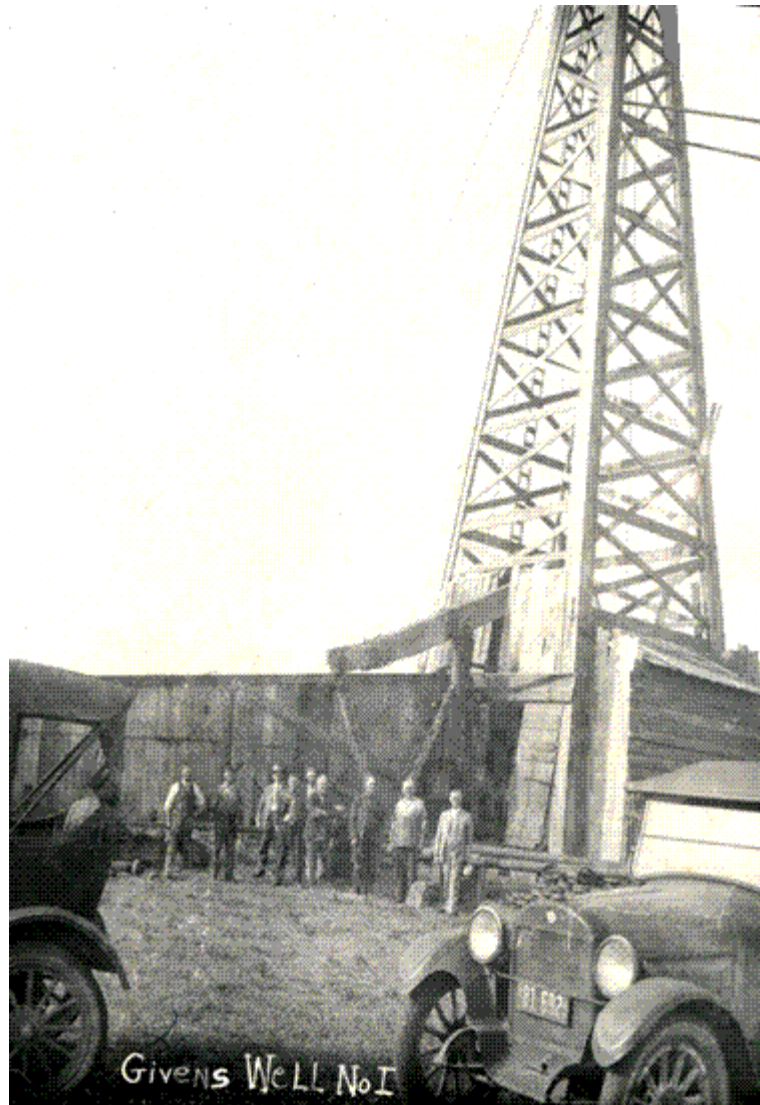


Photo Courtesy of the Museum of the Western Prairie—Altus, OK