

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>