A couple 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 back roads 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 the 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

Where like a water color 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

You might even wanna plant your stakes

In those fly over states, yeah

Have you ever been through Indiana

On the plains of Oklahoma

Take a ride

http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/j/jason\_aldean/fly\_over\_states.html