

Tulsa Turnaround

Three Dog Night

Oh, Lord I wish I had never been stoned,
'Cause when I get high I can't leave those women alone.
Omaha sheriff and his boys getting' ready to slaughter,
Lookin' for the man who turned on the mayor's daughter. Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing,
Down in the holler ev'ry evenin' you could hear her sing, yeah.
You know a funky butt a-showed me the Tulsa Turnaround,
Stepped on my toes, turned me on and turned me down,
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to love, y'all. Five miles o' road between me and the hounds,
A rosey throat sheriff and his deputies trackin' me down.
Wish I was back in Macon takin' it easy
'Cause when a man's gonna eat fried chicken he's a-gonna get a-greasy. Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a
thing,
Down in the holler ev'ry evenin' you could hear her sing, yeah.
You know a funky butt a-showed me the Funky Turnaround,
Stepped on my toes, turned me on and turned me down,
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to love, you all.

Songwriters

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