

Tulsa

Sixty Acres

You taste of potato chips in the morning

Your face has the Marlon Brando club calling And who would have thought that I'd owe it all to Tulsa?

And that fat guy with the green shirt

That we both signed together

Once he hears this song, won't live it down forever Your suit was the whitest thing since you know who I fear that that savior I mentioned may be you And who would have thought that I'd owe it all to Tulsa?

And that poor girl who waited in the rain

For hours to meet me, not you, baby

Once she hears that song, won't live it down completely And I owe it all to Tulsa, Oklahoma

This is just a reminder of the antique shop

That I wanna go back to and visit when it's open

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, just in case

You don't appreciate this song about you

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