

# Tulsa

## Rufus Wainwright

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

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