Tulsa

Rufus Wainwright

You taste of potato chips in the morning
Your face has the Marlon Brando club callingAnd 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 foreverYour suit was the whitest thing since you know who
I fear that that savior I mentioned may be youAnd 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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