

Death Trip To Tulsa

Mark Lanegan

High, high, high
Away up in the sun,
Waiting for you doctor
Are you gonna come?
My, my, my
Rolling in the sound
Thinking 'bout you baby
Are you gonna drown?Went up to the station
Found a horror scene
Fell into the strangest
Lonely, lonely dream
The lord made me a poor man
The lord made me a thief
A thousand miles of midnight
To shine beyond belief
It's my last trip to the corner
Now how am I gonna breathe?
A child upon his wasteland
The teeth of the diseaseWent out on location
Found a horror scene
Fell into the strangest
Lonely, lonely dream
High, high, high
Away up in the air
I look for you baby
But you ain't never there
Death trip to Tulsa
You know I might suffer some
Waiting for you doctor
Are you gonna come?Went down to the nation
Found a horror scene
Fell into the strangest
Lonely, lonely dream
Lonely, lonelyHigh, high, high
Away up in the sun
Away up in the sun
Away up in the sun
Away up in the sun

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