

Tell Me Something Bad About Tulsa

George Strait

Love is so beautiful
When everything is fine
But when it is like hers and mine
It lives and dies at least
Ten Thousand
Times

Tell me something bad about Tulsa
How those old oil wells
Smell in the wind
Tell me something bad about Tulsa
So I won't have to go back
Believing I belong there
Again

Eyes as blue as Tulsa skis
I kept getting lost in when I met her
Hair like Oklahoma sand
I could run my hands through forever
But all good things must end
All rivers have to bend
I keep runnin' out
But she keeps pullin' me back in

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