

# Passing Through Tulsa

Tom Paxton

Passing thru Tulsa at four in the morning  
Crossing the Arkansas one more time  
Moon on the river, it's lower than usual  
Can't get much lower than this gas gauge of mine  
All the lights in Tulsa could not warm my heart now  
That is something only you would know  
I'm passing thru Tulsa at four in the mornin'  
But I've really got nowhere to go  
Stoppin' for gas and a bottle of ice tea  
I asked the kid if he's new around here  
He's up from Dallas; he moved here in eighty  
I had a hell of a future that year  
Movin' and shakin', I was always in motion  
My name in the papers, a man in the know  
Now I'm passing thru Tulsa at four in the morning  
But I've really got nowhere to go  
Sun comin' up in my rear view mirror now  
Openin' the wide blue skies  
I hope the sun helps me see things clearer now  
As mile after meaningless mile roll by  
Up in the visor I stash all my photographs  
All of them taken a long time ago  
You in the swimming pool, you on your bicycle  
You on the river at Cape Girardeau  
Gone with the Arkansas, swept by the current now  
Where you are now only you and God know  
Me, I'm passing thru Tulsa at four in the morning  
But I've really got nowhere to go  
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