

# Don't Make Me Come To Tulsa

Wade Hayes

Don't make me come to Tulsa  
You know I hate the flight  
I ain't been back to Oklahoma baby  
Since you said goodbye  
I heard a rumor you missed me  
I hope to God it's a lie  
You know how much I love you  
Don't make me come to Tulsa

You had me eatin' right out of your hand  
I was your genuine cowboy man  
You threw me over for another guy  
I ran Dallas on a one way flight  
Now I'm accustomed to the shape I'm in  
Don't take me down again

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I hope to God it's a lie  
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Don't make me come to Tulsa

I'd love to hold you in my arms tonight  
I'd like to think that you'd treat me right  
If I believed you'd really wanted me  
I'd crawl to Tulsa on my achin' knees  
But you'd just hurt me like you did before  
Can't take them blues no more

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