

Passing Thru Tulsa
Words and Music by 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 guage 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 morning,
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 her 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.

[musical interlude]

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[musical exit]