

# Burt Bacharach, Twenty Four Hours From Tulsa

Dearest darling I had to write to say  
That I won't be home anymore  
For something happened to me  
While I was driving home  
And I'm not the same anymore

Oh I was only twenty fours hours from Tulsa  
Ah only one day away from your arms  
I saw a welcoming light  
And stopped to rest for the night

And that is when I saw her  
As I pulled in outside of the small hotel  
She was there and so I walked up to her  
Asked where I could get something to eat  
And she showed me where

Oh I was only twenty fours hours from Tulsa  
Ah only one day away from your arms  
She took me to the caf  
I asked her if she would stay  
She said okay

Oh I was only twenty fours hours from Tulsa  
Ah only one day away from your arms  
The jukebox started to play  
And night time turned into day

As we were dancing closely  
All of a sudden I lost control  
As I held her charms  
And I caressed her, kissed her  
Told her I'd die before  
I would let her out of my arms

Oh I was only twenty fours hours from Tulsa  
Ah only one day away from your arms  
I hate to do this to you  
But I love somebody new  
What can I do when I can never,  
Never, never go home again