

# George Strait, Take Me Back To Tulsa

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry  
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry

You see that girl with the red dress on,  
Some folks call her Dinah  
Stoled my heart away from me  
Way down in Louisiana

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry  
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry

The big bee sucks the blossom  
And the little bee makes the honey  
Poor man throws the cotton  
And the rich man makes the money

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry  
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry

We travel all over this country wide  
Playing music by the hour  
Always wear this great big smile  
We never do look sour

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry  
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry

Would I go...  
You ...  
Let me off ...  
And I'll walk down to Greenwood

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry  
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry