

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
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